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THE HAPPY WARRIOR**

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CALCUTTA AND MADRAS



THE HAPPY WARRIOR

THE BOOK OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

BY
HENRY NEWBOLT

*'Who is the Happy Warrior! Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?'*

WITH 8 COLOURED PLATES AND 25 OTHER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY J. FORD

NEW IMPRESSION

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PREFACE

TO ALL BOYS

TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME

GENTLEMEN,—The stories which form the greater part of this book are not entirely new, but they will probably be new to you in their present form. Some of them have until now been hard to come at without spending time on mediaeval French and Latin; some have been put into English which did not gain them a fair hearing, and some into very simple language fit only for the extremely young. Bayard's life has been well translated by Sara Coleridge, and I have borrowed freely from her version; but for the rest I had to do most of the work myself, and very pleasant work it was.¹ The 'Chanson de Roland' is so magnificent a poem that you cannot get too close to the original; the translator who tries to embellish it is wasting his own time and defrauding his readers. Vinsauf's chronicle of Richard Cœur de Lion's crusade is written in fine flowing Latin, with verse quotations and neat phrases in the most modern style; who would have supposed that 'They made a virtue of necessity'

¹ Part of it I had already done: 'News from Poitiers' will be found in *The Old Country*, and 'France v. Gentlemen of England' in *The New June*.

was a saying of the twelfth century in England? Even better is the fourteenth-century Chronicle of Geoffrey le Baker de Swynebroke—his account of Poitiers is full of good things, and the finest thing perhaps in any chronicle is his report of the Black Prince's speech to his men before the battle. The mediaeval French chronicles, especially the ones in verse, are more difficult, and they make strange work with English surnames; but I particularly recommend to you the lives of Bertrand du Guesclin and the Chevalier Bayard—they are easy to read and still easier to understand, for both those great and chivalrous gentlemen were downright scallywags in their boyhood.

A scallywag is one who is constantly breaking rules. Remember that these two, though they would break rules made by others, never broke the rules they made for themselves. You will not get the best out of these stories of great men unless you keep in mind, while you read, the rules and feelings that were in their minds while they fought. Chivalry was a plan of life, a conscious ideal, an ardent attempt to save Europe from barbarism, even when nations were at war with one another. It was at first dressed up in a distinctive set of forms and ceremonies—very fine forms and ceremonies, but not absolutely necessary; when they died out the ideal, the plan of life, was great enough to survive without them. It still survives, and still gives the answer to both barbarians and pacifists.

Its main principles—the main ideas that were in the minds of all these great fighters of the past—were these: First, Service, in peace and war, in love and in religion. Secondly, Brotherhood and Equality throughout the Order—whatever their rank or nation-

ality, and whether they were hunting or dining together, or fighting against one another, all knights were brothers. Thirdly, a Right Pride—the pride of *parage*, not *orgueil*: pride, that is, not in yourself but in your Order. Fourthly, the Consecration of Love; and, Fifthly, the Help and Defence of the Weak, the Suffering, and the Oppressed.

Those are the Laws of Chivalry, the rules which the heroes of these stories vowed never to break. While men continue to fight, these rules, and these alone, can save the weaker from slavery and the stronger from universal hatred and moral ruin. Our ancestors knew this, and took care to hand on the truth to us. At the end of the book you will find two chapters in which I have tried to show how the tradition has been kept to the present day. The old method of training the young squires to knighthood produced our public school system, which is not at all the same as the monastic system. The monastic kind of school aimed at making clerics or learned men, and it was as much like a juvenile monastery as possible. The public school, on the other hand, has derived the housemaster from the knight to whose castle boys were sent as pages; fagging, from the services of all kinds which they there performed; prefects, from the senior squires, or ‘masters of the henchmen’; athletics, from the habit of out-door life; and the love of games, the ‘sporting’ or ‘amateur’ view of them, from tournaments and the chivalric rules of war.

This ideal, this plan of life for boys, includes any amount of learning, both in literature and science, but its peculiar virtue is that it teaches how you may live, and even fight when necessary, without spoiling or

corrupting life for others or for yourself. It is the ideal of those who realise that victory, success, possession, power, are not the first or most valuable things in the world; they come second by a long way to the value of certain spiritual things, which are the real making of life, and which we call by many common names, such as kindness, humanity, decency, honour, good faith—whatever they are called, we know them well enough, and we know that to give them up under any circumstances whatever, would be a loss greater than any defeat or death. In my last two chapters, then, if you have time to read them, I have written at greater length of these beliefs and how we have inherited them.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

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THE BOOK OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

THE SONG OF ROLAND

1. THE PRIDE OF ROLAND

CHARLES the King, the great Emperor, has been seven full years in Spain : as far as to the sea he has conquered all the high land. Not a castle could hold against him, not a town or wall : Charles the Great has laid Spain waste, beaten down the castles, and taken the cities by storm. 'My warfare is accomplished,' says the King, and behold him riding towards the sweet land of France. The day is going, night is coming on. Count Roland has the rear-guard of the army, with Oliver his comrade : he has planted his banner on the hill-top right against the sky : all about, his Frenchmen make their camps. But the heathen army is riding by the high valleys to attack him, with hauberks and double mail on back, swords on hips, shields about their necks, and lances ready in their hands. On a height among these hills there is a wood : there they halt, there four hundred thousand men of them are waiting for dawn to rise. God ! what grief that the Frenchmen know it not !

Fair came the day, and bright the sun : no armour

was there that did not flash it back. To make all more splendid, a thousand trumpets are sounding. 'Sir Comrade,' says Oliver, 'I think we may well have battle with the Saracens.' And Roland: 'God grant it! Our duty is to hold on here for our King. For his lord a man should suffer distress: and endure frost or heat, and lose all, even to his hair and skin. Let each take care that he strike good strokes: let no ill song be sung of us! The heathen are wrong, the Christians right: no man shall ever take a bad example from me.'

Oliver mounts a height: he looks to the right into the grassy valley, and sees the coming of the whole heathen army. He calls his comrade Roland: 'From Spainwards I see advancing such a turmoil, so many bright hauberks, so many flashing helms. There is great wrath coming on our Frenchmen.' With all speed he has left the hill, he has come down towards the Frenchmen, and has told them all. Says Oliver, 'I have seen heathen: no man on earth has ever seen more of them. Before us are a good hundred thousand, with shields, with helms laced, with bright hauberks, lances couched and brown blades gleaming. Battle you will have, such as never was yet. My lords of France, God give you courage: hold your ground, that we be not vanquished.' Said the Frenchmen, 'Sorrow take him that runs! For life or death, not one of us shall fail you.'

Says Oliver, 'The heathen are in great force: of our French there seem to be but few. Comrade Roland, sound your horn: so shall Charles hear it, and bring back his army.' Roland answers, 'I should be right mad: in sweet France I should lose my fame. But I

will strike great strokes with Durendal, my sword : bloody shall the brand be to the golden hilt : strongly too shall our Frenchmen strike. These heathen felons have come to the passes in an evil hour for them : I swear to you, they are all doomed to death.'

'Comrade Roland, sound your horn : so shall



'Oliver sees the coming of the whole heathen army.'

Charles hear it, and bring back his army : the King and his barons shall succour us.'

Roland answers, 'God forbid that my kindred should bear reproach for me, or sweet France fall into dishonour.'

'Comrade Roland, sound your horn : so shall Charles hear it as he goes through the passes : on my oath the French will turn back.'

‘God forbid,’ replies Roland, ‘that any man living should tell of me that I was sounding horn for any heathen. I will not bring that reproach upon my kin. But when I am in the great battle, there will I strike a thousand strokes, and seven hundred more : you shall see the blade of Durendal drip with blood.’

Says Oliver : ‘Here I see no reproach ; I have seen the Saracens of Spain. The valley and the mountains are covered with them, and the heaths and all the plains. Great is the host of this alien folk, and we be very few.’ Roland answers, ‘My desire is the greater ; God forbid that France by me should be the loser. I would rather die than live to shame.’

Roland is brave, and Oliver is wise : both have marvellous courage. The felon heathen are riding in great wrath. Says Oliver : ‘See, Roland, they are near us now, and too far away is Charles. You would not deign to sound your horn, or here would be the King, and we should take no hurt ; there is no blame for them. Look towards the pass of Aspre ; there you may see a rear-guard in sorry plight. Many a man there shall never be in any guard again.’ Roland answers, ‘Speak not so wildly : ill take the heart that is a coward. We will stand fast in our place : from us shall come the blows and the battle !’

Into the passes of Spain goes Roland on Veillantif, his good charger : he bears his arms, right well they become him. He goes with lance in hand, the point turned up against the sky, and decked with a pennon all of white : the golden fringe of it flaps against his hand. His form is gallant, his face clear and gay : after him comes his comrade Oliver, and the French acclaim him as their champion. To them he speaks a

THE SOUNDING OF THE HORN 5

word courteously : ‘ Lords, keep a gentle pace ; these heathen come looking for a great slaughter ; we shall have a fair and goodly booty to-day, none so rich ever fell to a King of France.’

Said Oliver : ‘ I care not for words. You would not deign to sound your horn, you will have no succour of Charles—no blame to him, for he knows nought of the matter. Now, lords, ride your best and hold your ground ! In God’s name be resolved to strike, to give and take again ; let us not forget the war-cry of King Charles ! ’

At that word the Frenchmen shouted ‘ Montjoie ! ’ and he that heard them would have known what courage meant. Then they ride, God ! with such pride ! They spur for speed, they rush to fight—what else should they do ? The Saracens, too, fear not : Franks and heathen, there you see them hand to hand.

2. THE SOUNDING OF THE HORN

The battle is terrible and long : the Frenchmen strike with their sharp swords—not one of them but is red with blood. They cry ‘ Montjoie ! ’ the famous war-cry : through all the land the Saracens are flying. The Franks from Christian land are upon their heels : now they see that the mellay is right hard. The heathen folk in sorrow and wrath give ground, and turn to flight : those who would take them are close upon their heels. There may you see the plain all covered, so many Saracens fallen upon the rough grass, so many bright hauberks and shining coats of mail, so many broken lances, so many banners torn. This battle have the French won, yet ah ! God ! how great is their

loss ! Charles will lose his pride and defence : into great sorrow will fall the land of France.

There might you see Roland and Oliver fighting and striking with their swords : well may you know the numbers of those whom they have slain : it is written in charters and in briefs : as saith the Chronicle, more than four thousand fell. In four encounters it has gone well with ours, but the fight is heavy and sore for them. All the knights of France are slain, all but sixty whom God has spared. Before they die they will sell themselves right dear !

Count Roland sees the great losses of his men : his comrade Oliver he calls, ' Fair comrade dear, God be with you ! see all these good soldiers lying on the ground. Well may we weep for sweet France, fair France, left desolate of such noble barons. Ah ! King and friend, why are you not here ? Oliver, my brother, what can we do to send him news of our need ? ' Said Oliver, ' I know not where to look : I had rather die than bring shame upon me.'

Then says Roland, ' I will blow my horn. So shall Charles hear it, as he goes down the passes. I pledge you my word, the Franks will turn then.' Said Oliver, ' The shame would be great, and a reproach to all your kin : this dishonour would last them all their lives. When I bade you do it, then you would not : now you shall not with my consent. If you blow now, it will not be bravely done : now you have both arms bloody.' Answers the Count, ' Ay ! I have struck full many a good stroke ! ' Then said Roland, ' Hard is our battle ; why are you angry against me ? ' And he answers, ' Comrade, it is your doing : good sense in courage is not folly : better worth is measure than madness. The



Roland blows his horn in the valley of Roncevaux.

French are dead by your light folly : Charles will get no more service of us. If you had listened to me, we should have played out this battle ; the heathen king would have been taken or dead. Your prowess, Roland, has wrought our ill : Charlemagne shall get no more of you : never again shall there be such a man from now till God's judgment-day. Here you will die, and France will come to shame thereby. To-day, too, must end our faithful fellowship : right sore will be our parting before night.' Then did they weep and sigh, each grieving for the other.

Now Roland has put the horn to his lips : he grasps it well, and with great force he blows it. High are the hills and the sound goes very far : thirty long leagues they hear it echo. Charles hears it, and all his comrades. Then says the King, 'Our men are giving battle.' Count Roland, with pain and anguish, with great dolour, sounds his horn : from his mouth streams the bright blood, his temples are bursting. But of the horn he holds the sound is right loud : Charles hears it as he goes down the passes, Duke Naimés hears it, and all the Frenchmen listen to it. Then said the King, 'I hear the horn of Roland : never would he sound it if he were not fighting.'

The Count Roland has blood upon his mouth : his temples are bursting : he sounds his horn with great pain, with great anguish. Charles and his Frenchmen hear it : then said the King, 'That horn is blown with a long breath !' Answers the Duke Naimés, 'There Roland is in pain : battle there is, by my faith, and someone has betrayed him. Arm yourself, and cry your war-cry : rescue your noble servants : you hear well enough that Roland is in despair.'

The Emperor has bidden his horn to sound : the French dismount, and arm themselves with hauberks and helms and golden-hilted swords : fair shields they have, and long and strong lances, and banners white and red and blue. All the barons of the host spring to horse, and spur till they have crossed the passes again. Not one of them but says to another, ' If we could but see Roland before he dies, at his side we would deal great blows.' Who cares for that ? They have delayed too long.

The night has turned to light, and the day has dawned : against the sun armour is shining, hauberk and helm flash out flames, and shields all painted with flowers, and lances and gilded banners. The Emperor rides in wrath, and the French are grieved and angry : there is none but weeps bitterly : for Roland they are in great fear.

High are the hills and dark and vast : deep are the valleys, and swift the torrents. Behind, before, sound the trumpets, all answering the horn of Roland. The Emperor rides wrathfully, the Frenchmen rage and grieve ; there is none but weeps and laments and prays God to keep Roland safe until they come into the field together ; then with him they will strike right strongly. Who cares for that ? Naught avails now ; they delayed too long, they cannot come in time.

In great wrath rides Charlemagne ; over his coat of mail lies his white beard. All the barons of France spur onward, for there is none but is lamenting not to be with Roland, the captain who is fighting the Saracens of Spain. If he is wounded, would a soul remain alive ? Ah ! God ! what men are the sixty in his company ! Better men had never King or captain.

3. THE DEATH OF OLIVER

Roland looks across the hills and heaths: of the men of France he sees so many lying dead, and he mourns for them like a noble knight. 'Noble barons, God have mercy on you, and bring all your souls to Paradise, to lie on holy flowers. Better soldiers than you I never saw: so long a time you have served me, so great lands have you conquered for Charles. The Emperor has nurtured you to no good end. O land of France, a right sweet country art thou: to-day thou art bereft of so many noble barons. Barons of France, through me I see you dying, yet can I not defend you or save you: God be your aid, who never breaks His promise. Oliver, my brother, it is not for me to fail you; I shall die of grief, if I am not here slain by some other. Sir Comrade, let us to battle again!'

Count Roland is gone back to the field: in his hand is Durendal, and like a brave soldier he strikes therewith. When he sees the accursed folk who are blacker than ink, with nothing white about them but their teeth, then said the Count: 'Now know I truly that to-day we shall die. Strike, Frenchmen! for again I begin the battle.' Said Oliver, 'Ill luck to the laggard!' And as he spoke the Frenchmen rushed on.

When the heathen saw that the French were few, there was pride and comfort among them. One to another they said: 'The Emperor has the wrong of it.' The Caliph springs upon a roan horse and spurs well with his golden spurs: he strikes Oliver behind, in the middle of the back, he has pierced through the shining hauberk to his body, and out through his breast the spear has gone. Then said he, 'You have taken a

mortal wound : Charlemagne did ill to leave you in the pass. The Emperor has done us wrong, but he will have no boast of that, for by your death alone have I well avenged our men.'

Oliver feels that he is stricken to death : he will not wait long for his vengeance. In his hand is his sword Halteclere, brown of blade : he smites the Caliph on his helm all gilded, and dashes from it stones and crystals : he cleaves his head, even to the teeth, and strikes him down to death. Then said he, 'Heathen, curse upon you : I say not that Charles has not lost, but neither to wife nor to lady shall you boast, in the land of your birth, that you have taken from Charles a penny's worth, or done him harm by me or by another.' And then he called Roland to his aid.

Oliver feels that he is stricken to death, and never can he have enough of vengeance. In the great press he strikes like a noble baron : he cleaves lances, bucklers, hands and feet, sides and shoulders. Whoever had seen him thus hacking the Saracens in pieces and hurling them dead one upon another, would long have kept the memory of a good fighting man. Nor did he forget the war-cry of Charles : 'Montjoie !' he cried, loud and clear. He calls on Roland, his friend and peer : 'Sir Comrade, come then to my side : to-day to our sorrow we shall be parted.' And each for the other they began to weep.

Roland looks Oliver in the face : changed he was and livid, colourless and pale : his bright blood streaming from his body and pouring to the ground. 'God !' said the Count, 'now I know not what to do. Sir Comrade, your courage has undone you. Never shall be seen again a fighting man like you. Alas ! sweet

land of France, how art thou to-day bereft of good soldiers, confounded and cast down! The Emperor will have great loss of them.' And at that word Roland swooned upon his horse.

See you Roland swooning upon his horse, and Oliver wounded to death? So has he bled that his eyes are dim: neither near nor far can he see clear to know again any man on earth. His comrade, when he meets him, he has struck upon his gold and jewelled helm: he has cloven it to the nose-piece, but has not touched the head. At that blow Roland looks at him and asks him tenderly and gently, 'Sir Comrade, do you this of your own will? I am Roland, who have always loved you: and in no way have you ever been against me.' Said Oliver, 'I hear your voice: I cannot see you: may the Lord God see you! I have struck you: Oh, forgive me that!' Roland answers: 'I have taken no harm: here and before God I do forgive you.' Thereat they leaned over to embrace each other: in such loving fashion have you seen them make their parting.

Oliver feels death greatly anguish him: his two eyes turn within his head: his hearing is lost, his sight is gone. He leaves his saddle, he lays himself to earth: he confesses his sins aloud. With joined hands held up to Heaven he prays God to grant him Paradise, and to bless Charles the King and the sweet land of France, and above all other men his comrade Roland. His heart fails, his helm droops, he lies at full length on the ground. Dead is the Count, he is no longer here. Roland the Baron weeps and laments for him: never on earth will you hear tell of a man more sorrowful.

Count Roland, when he sees his friend dead, lying there with his face towards the East, cannot keep himself from weeping and sobbing. Very tenderly he begins to mourn for him : ‘ Sir Comrade, your valour has undone you ! Together have we been many years, many days : never did you hurt me, never did I do you wrong. Now you are dead, it is my sorrow that I live.’ At that word he swoons upon his charger Veillantif : but his golden stirrups hold him up, so that whichever way he go he cannot fall.

4. THE DEATH OF ROLAND

Count Roland fights nobly, but his body sweats and burns : in his head he has pain and great sickness : burst are his temples with blowing the horn. But he would fain know if Charles will come : he takes his horn again, feebly he sounds it. The Emperor has halted, he listens : ‘ Lords,’ said he, ‘ it goes right ill with us ; Roland my nephew is this day lost to us ; I hear by the horn that he has not long to live. He that would be there, let him ride quickly. Sound your trumpets, every one that is in all this army.’ Then sixty thousand of them blow so loud that the hills resound and the valleys answer. The heathen hear, and have no desire to laugh ; one to another they say : ‘ Now we shall have Charles upon us.’

The heathen say : ‘ The Emperor is returning : hear the trumpets of the men of France. If Charles comes we shall be lost : if Roland lives he will renew our war, we shall have lost our land of Spain.’ Then four hundred of them gather in their helms, the best there are upon the field. On Roland they make onslaught hard and fierce : the Count has much ado to meet them on his

side. Say the heathen: 'In an evil hour were we born! To-day a fatal day has dawned for us: we have lost our lords and our peers. Charles is coming with his great host: we can hear the clear trumpets of the men of France, and great is the noise of their war-cry "Montjoie!"' Count Roland is of so great pride, he will never be conquered by any mortal man. Let us shoot at him from afar: so we may leave him on the field.' So they said: lances and spears, javelins and winged darts they flung at him, they pierced and broke the shield of Roland, they rent his hauberk and tore away its broidery: his body they have not touched, but Veillantif is wounded in thirty places: beneath the Count he has fallen dead. The heathen flee, they leave him there: Count Roland is alone on foot.

Roland turns again, he goes once more to search the field. Under a pine, beside a brake of eglantine, he has found his comrade Oliver: against his breast he has clasped him closely, and returned as best he can. On a shield beside the other peers he has laid him down. Then his grief and pity wax greater; thus says Roland: 'Fair comrade Oliver, you were son to the good Count Renier, who held the marches of Gennes in the valley: to break a lance, to shatter a shield, to rend a hauberk's mail, to hold council with the wise, to bring traitors to dismay, in no land was there ever a better knight.'

Count Roland, when he saw his peers all dead, and Oliver whom he so loved, was moved with tenderness and began again to weep. His face was all discoloured: so great was his grief that he could no longer stand upright. Will he, nill he, to the ground he fell swooning.

Then Count Roland returns from his swoon ; he rises to his feet, but he has great pain : he feels that death is near him. For his peers, he prays that God will summon them, then he commends himself to the angel Gabriel. He takes the horn in one hand, that there be no reproach, and in the other Durendal his sword. Further than an arbalest can send a shot he marches towards Spain : he enters a field, he mounts a rise : there, under two fair trees, are four steps of marble : upon the green grass there he falls, there he swoons : for death is very near to him.

High are the hills, and very high the trees : four steps are there, of shining marble. On the green grass lies Count Roland swooning. One Saracen is spying on him every way : he had feigned death, he lay among the rest, he had covered his body and his face with blood. Now he gets him to his feet, he comes up running : a fine man and strong, and of great courage. Full of pride and deadly rage, he seizes Roland, his body and his arms, and he speaks a word : ‘ Vanquished is the nephew of Charles the King : this sword of his I will bear away to Araby.’ He took it in his fist, and pulled the beard of Roland ; and at that pull Count Roland was aware of him.

Roland feels that his sword is being taken from him : he opens his eyes, he speaks a word : ‘ Well know I, thou art none of ours ! ’ With his horn, that he would never lose, he strikes him on his gold and jewelled helm : he breaks the heathen’s steel, his head and his bones, both his eyes he dashes from his head, at his feet he flings him dead. Then says he, ‘ Coward ! how didst thou dare, by right or by wrong, to lay hand on me ? None that hears tell of thee, but shall hold thee

for a fool. Broken is the broad mouth of my horn : fallen are the gold and crystal of it.'

Now feels Roland that death is hastening upon him : he gets him to his feet, he rouses him as he may :



‘With his horn he strikes him on his gold helm.’

he has lost the colour from his face. He grasps Durendal his sword all naked : before him he has a brown rock. Ten strokes he strikes upon it in grief and wrath : the steel grates, it is not broken nor dented. Then said the Count : ‘Saint Mary, aid ! Alas ! Durendal, good

sword, ill was thy fortune ! When I part from thee, my care of thee is past. So many fights in field have I won with thee, so many great lands conquered that Charles now holds, Charles with his hoary beard. Let no man ever own thee that would turn his back for an enemy. While I live, never shall thou be taken from me : to a right good soldier thou hast long time belonged ; never shall be such another in the free land of France.'

Roland strikes again upon the Sardinian rock ; the steel grates, it is not broken nor dented. When the Count sees that he cannot break it, to himself he begins his lament. ' Alas ! Durendal, how art thou clear and bright ! how thou gleamest and flashest against the sun ! Charles was in the valley of Maurienne when God in Heaven bade him by an angel give thee to a Count and Captain ; then did the gentle King Charlemagne gird me with thee. With thee I won for him Anjou and Brittany ; with thee Poitou and Maine, the free land of Normandy, Provence and Aquitaine, and Lombardy and all Romania ; with thee I won for him Bavaria and Flanders, Bulgaria and all Poland : Constantinople did him homage, and Saxony was at his will. With thee I won for him Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and England, that he holds as his demesne. With thee have I won so many lands and countries that Charles now holds, Charles of the white beard. For this my sword, I have great grief and heaviness : rather would I die than that it should be left in heathen hands. Lord God, my Father, let not France be so dishonoured ! '

Roland strikes yet again upon a dark rock : harder he smites than I can tell. The steel grates : it breaks not nor is dented : against the sky it springs back

on high. When the Count saw that he could not break it, very gently he lamented to himself, 'Alas! Durendal, how fair thou art and holy! It is not right that heathen should have thee: by Christians shouldst thou be kept. So many battles have I won with thee, and conquered so many great lands that Charles now holds, Charles of the flowing beard: by thee is the Emperor both strong and rich. May no man own thee that does cowardly: God! let not France be so dishonoured!'

Roland feels that death is seizing him: from his head to his heart it is descending. Beneath a pine he has gone in haste: on the green grass he has thrown himself down: under him he lays his sword and his horn. He has turned his face towards the heathen folk: this has he done because he wishes truly that Charles may say and all his people, how that the gentle Count died conquering. Then he confessed his faults great and small, again and again: for his sins he offered up to God his gauntlet.

Count Roland lay beneath a pine: towards Spain he turned his face. Then of many a thing he began to have remembrance: of the many lands that he had conquered, of sweet France, of the men of his kindred, of Charlemagne his lord, who nurtured him, and of the men of France, of whom he was so trusted. He could not but weep and sigh: but of himself he would not be forgetful, he confessed his faults, he prayed God for His mercy: 'O very Father of men, Thou who never failest of Thy promise, Thou who didst raise up Lazarus from death, and defendedst Daniel from the lions, keep Thou my soul from all perils from the sins which in my life I did.' He offers for them his right gauntlet to

God : and from his hand Saint Gabriel has received it. Upon his arm he holds his head bent down : with his hands joined he has gone to his end.

Dead is Roland : God has his soul in Heaven : the Emperor is come to Roncevaux. Not a road is there, not a path, not an open space, not a yard of earth, not a foot, but there lies the body of a Frank or of a heathen. ' Fair nephew,' cries Charles the King, ' where are you ? ' In vain : for there is none that answers.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

1. THE LION AND THE GRIFFONS

IN the year of our Lord MCLXXXVII Richard, Count of Poitou and Duke of Aquitaine, took the Cross in the lifetime of his father Henry, King of England. And this he did without the consent of the King, but moved, according to his nature, by his own will and passion. For of all men of whom we have any true record, he was the one that most loved war and most excelled in fighting; also he was touched in his heart with grief and indignation for the kingdom of Jerusalem, which had been in that year overthrown and the Holy Sepulchre itself taken and defiled by infidels, and by the ruler of them—Saladin,¹ Sultan of Syria and of Egypt.

Now it happened, within two years after, that King Henry died, and Richard was crowned King of England in his stead. Then the desire of war and pilgrimage came again upon him and he began with haste to make ready for his voyage, and to gather money and arms as for a long day's work. And to this end he sold everything that he had, both lands and manors and jewels that were his own, and also grants royal (as of earldoms, and castles, and the seats of justice), so that there were many who deemed him to be without hope of returning to his own, and looking only to die for the Holy

¹ Pronounced Salâh-din (Salah-al-din).

Sepulchre in the van of the armies of Christendom. And in this they were deceived, but not in their high imagination of him ; for though he was hasty in many things and especially in anger, yet he was always generous and easy to be appeased, and what his haste spoiled his prudence mended. Above all, he had the virtues of a king that is a great man of arms ; for in all that he did his mind was noble, and his valour was such that he never knew defeat. Always he was jealous of his right ; but he would never close his hand from giving, nor forget a good turn, nor fail to succour his own party, and he would have had all his enemies to be hardy and honourable, for he loved such and desired to fight with none other. As for his body, he was tall and full of grace ; his hair between red and gold ; his arms full long, and not to be matched for foining with the sword or striking ; in everything he looked like one that should command others. And as Master Geoffrey de Vinsauf wrote, who knew him well, he was far above all men of his time both for goodness and for strength, and ever to be remembered for his prowess in battle, and by his deeds he shone beyond all that could be said of him. Also he was fair of face as no king has been of all the kings of England before or since ; and that may be seen by the image upon his tomb, which is in the Abbey Church of Fontevrault in France.

It was on September 3 that Richard was crowned King at Westminster, and on December 11, after he had set the realm in order, he set sail from Dover and came to Normandy, in the first year of his reign and the thirty-second of his age. He kept Christmas at Lyons-la-Forêt, and marched thence to Tours, and afterward to

Vezelai, where he had agreed to meet with Philip, King of France ; and they two, having made a treaty for their warfaring together, marched with their armies to Lyons on the Rhone and there parted to make their diverse ports, having taken tryst to meet at Messina in Sicily.

King Richard came to Marseilles and was there three weeks. The ships which he found ready by the shore were in number a hundred, and fourteen busses beside, which were ships of great size and wonderful swiftness, strong and very staunch ; and whereas the other ships had each three spare rudders, thirteen anchors, thirty oars, two sails, three sets of ropes, with a tried master and a picked crew of fourteen men, and for freight forty men of arms with their horses, and forty foot soldiers, and provision for a whole year, yet the busses were so great that they carried double of all these. The King's treasure (which was of value past reckoning) was parted among the ships and busses, so that if one part were lost the other might be saved. Then the King with his household and the chief men of his army took the sea on August 7, and on September 23 he came to Messina, and found the King of France there before him.

There he found also the rest of his own army, which had sailed from other ports, and had been but ill received by certain of the people of Messina, of whom many were come of Saracen blood. And these, who were called Griffons and Lombards, fell upon the Englishmen within a day after the coming of King Richard and attacked the hostel where Hugh de Brun was lodged. But the King hearing of it ran instantly upon them, though he had but twenty men with him, and scattered them like sheep and drove them into their city and made assault upon their battlements ; also our galleys from seaward

stood into the port to block it, but the King of France hindered them from coming in and some of them were lost in the attempt. But on the land side, where the King of England was, the attack was pressed home. The walls were left without guard, for no one could look out from them but he would have an arrow in his eye before he could shut it ; and by means of a postern gate, which King Richard had before seen to be deserted by the citizens, he forced an entry with great boldness, and let in the rest of the army into the city. Then about ten thousand men marched through the city, and before them King Richard, who was first in every attack ; for by his daring he brought courage to his own men and discomfiture to his enemies, so that they were mown down by the sword like corn. Thus he took Messina by one assault, in less time than a priest would take to chant mattins ; and lo ! after this was done, the French suddenly beheld the ensigns and banners of King Richard floating above the walls of the city. Whereat the King of France was so mortified that he conceived in his heart that hatred against King Richard which lasted as long as his life. Yet he had offered no helping hand to the King of England against a stubborn enemy, as by his treaty of fellowship he was bound to do—nay, he resisted as long as he could. And when the city was taken he sent orders, by the advice of his council, that King Richard should take down his banners and put up the banners of France in their stead, in token of greater dignity. Thereat King Richard was indignant, considering what had happened, and bearing in mind the rights of their fellowship : and he sent no answer, lest he should seem to give up his right, and the victory should be ascribed not only to one who had done nothing,

but to a faithless adversary. Yet, by the intercession of



The Banners of England and France together are raised on the
Towers of Messina.

mediators, his anger was at last appeased, and he who

was held invincible yielded to the request of the King of France, so that in the towers were placed guards of both nations, and the banners of both were raised above the walls of the city.

Nevertheless, after this there were again disputes between these kings, and the Griffons were stirred up by the King of France to do such injury as they could to King Richard, so that they forbade the supplying of provisions necessary for so great an army, and ordered that nothing should be exposed for sale, to the end that the English might be compelled to submit themselves to the power of their people. But King Richard, with great labour and diligence, built him a wooden castle, to which he gave the name of Mategriffun or Kill-Griffon. At this the Griffons were greatly angered, seeing that it was intended for their destruction; for it was built on a hill close by the city, and very convenient for shelter. And lest the army should suffer from lack of provisions, which were forbidden to be sold, the King made them use those which had been brought by the ships as a store against the time to come. The enemy therefore did what harm and injury they could to our men, and the King of France openly favoured them. But the most part of the nobles were earnest for peace, and went to and fro between the palace and Mategriffun, to soften anger; and in the end King Tancred of Sicily sent messengers to King Richard to offer peace, and said how he was unwilling to bear the ill-will of so great a man, to the danger of his own people; and he made alliance with King Richard and gave his daughter to be betrothed to the King's nephew, Arthur of Brittany, with 20,000 ounces of gold for a marriage portion.

All things having been also restored, whether of silver

or gold, which had been taken from the city, the people and the pilgrims mixed gladly together, and the friendship of the kings was also renewed ; and when the great feast of Christmas came, King Richard with all respect bade the King of France to dinner, and by the public crier called upon every soul to pass that day with him in joy and gladness. At this courteous request the King of France came with an innumerable company of nobles and a crowd of others, and they were received with honour into the Castle of Mategriffun, where every one sat down according to his rank. Who could count the variety of the dishes which were brought in, or the diverse kinds of cups, or the crowds of servants in splendid attire ? Which if any should wish to do, let him measure in his mind the great-heartedness of King Richard, and so understand of what manner the feast would be. And after the feast was at an end, King Richard set before the King of France such cups as were of most beauty, and gave him his choice in honour of the day, and likewise to each noble according to his rank ; for like Titus, after whose manner he bestowed his wealth, he counted that day lost on which he happened to have given nothing.

Then, after the stormy months of winter were past, there came to King Richard his mother Queen Eleanor, bringing with her the noble damsel Berengaria, daughter to the King of Navarre, and betrothed wife of King Richard. And in no long space after, the King of France sailed for Palestine, and Queen Eleanor, having stayed but a short time, departed again to Normandy ; then the King sent forward his betrothed to Cyprus, with his own sister, and on the Wednesday after Palm Sunday he followed after her. And when he came to Cyprus he

found there the buss in which the queens were, lying at anchor off the port of Limasol. For in Cyprus also there were Griffons, which hindered our men from landing and took some of them and slew others ; so that from fear of the cruelty and treason of the Emperor of Cyprus the queens had not yet disembarked.

But while the pilgrims were fighting for their lives, King Richard arrived in the port of Limasol with all his fleet, and sent two knights to the Emperor to ask satisfaction of him in a peaceful manner. Whereat the Emperor was indignant, and used strong words, saying ‘ Prut, Sire,’ and boasting that an Emperor had nothing to do with a King, being answerable only to God.

When the envoys brought back this message King Richard shouted out loud ‘ To arms ! ’ and went with all his men in boats to seize the port, and the Emperor and his defended the shore, some with slings and bows, and some in galleys. Then our men came to close quarters and shot into the galleys and took them all, and came near to shore and shot arrows like rain at those who kept the landing-place. But the fight was long time doubtful, until King Richard, perceiving that his men were not daring enough to leave their boats and go to the shore, leaped first from his barge into the water and boldly attacked the Griffons. Then also, our men, following him, cut down the Greeks and pursued them beyond the city. The King himself found a common horse, and speedily vaulted upon it by the aid of a lance, and with cords for stirrups rode on after the Emperor, crying out, ‘ My Lord the Emperor, I defy you to single combat.’ But he, as though he were deaf, fled swiftly away.

On the morrow the Griffons would fight again ; but

while the Emperor was encouraging his men, the King came suddenly upon him at full speed and with his spear struck him from his horse, but in the crowd he got himself another horse and escaped to the mountains. Then the King struck down his banner-bearer, and gave orders that the banner, which was of great splendour and beauty, should be kept for him.

King Richard's desire was to pursue the Emperor wherever he was, and to take him by force; but by the mediation of the Hospitallers of Jerusalem it was determined that a treaty should be made between the King and the Emperor, and the Emperor sware to keep all the conditions thereof. Nevertheless, on the following night, the Emperor, by the advice of a treacherous knight named Pain de Caiffa, fled away to his city of Famagusta. Thereupon King Richard pursued after him in his galleys, and took the city of Nicosia and the three forts called Cherines, Didimus, and Bufevent; and in Cherines was taken the Emperor's daughter and his treasure. Which when the Emperor heard, he was nearly mad with grief, and came humbly to King Richard and fell on his knees before him and submitted himself wholly to his mercy. But the King, moved with pity, raised him up and made him sit beside him; also he had his daughter brought to him, whom he embraced with marvellous joy, while tears started from his eyes.

Thus the King took all Cyprus into his hand in fifteen days; and in the same time he was wedded to Berengaria, daughter of the King of Navarre, at Limasol, and there she was crowned queen. Then when the marriage had been celebrated in royal manner, one day all the King's galleys, which had long been looked

for, arrived in port, and he added to them five ships which he had taken from the Emperor.

And at the last he got his baggage on board, and took the queens in company to sail with a fair wind. But by chance he heard that the King of France was at point to take the city of Acre ; whereat he sighed deeply and cried, ‘ May God withhold the taking of Acre till I come.’ Then making ready with all speed he went on board one of his largest and swiftest galleys, and rushed forward in advance, impatient of delay, as was his wont.

2. THE SIEGE OF ACRE

Now, as with all haste they ploughed the sea, for the first time they had sight of the Holy Land. First they saw the fort called Merkeb, then Tortusa on the sea-shore, then Tripolis, Enfeh, and Botrun ; and soon after appeared the high tower of Jebeil. Lastly, on this side of Sidon, opposite Beyrout, there bore in sight a ship filled with Saracens whom Saladin had chosen from all the Pagan Empire for the relief of the besieged in Acre ; and because of the Christian army, which was close at hand, they were standing out to sea a little, waiting for the moment to dash suddenly into the port. King Richard, perceiving the ship, sent Peter des Barres, captain of one of his galleys, to inquire who commanded it ; and when they answered that it belonged to the King of France, the King eagerly drew near to it. But it had no mark of the French, nor any ensign nor banner of the Christians to bear them out ; and when he looked at it nearly, the King was astonished at its great size and solid build, for it towered up with three tall masts, and its sides were painted green and yellow, and

it was abundantly furnished in the best manner. The King therefore sent again to inquire, and when, instead of their former answer, they replied that they were Genoese, bound for Tyre, one of our galley-men said to the King, 'I give you free leave to cut off my hand, or hang me up, if I do not prove these men to be Saracens.' So, by the King's command, a galley was sent at full speed after them, for they were making off; and when the galley reached their ship and rowed by without giving a salute, they began to throw darts and arrows at our men. Then the King ordered the ship to be attacked forthwith.

But though our galley-men rowed round and round the ship, they could not find where to attack it; for it was solid and well built and defended by a guard of soldiers, who threw darts without ceasing. Our men took it hard to face darts flung from a ship much higher than their own; they hung back therefore, to see what their unconquered and high-hearted King would think of such a case. But he shouted loudly, 'Will you let the ship go off untouched? Shame! Have you grown slack, after so many victories? Is it the time to rest, when luck has thrown an enemy in your way? You shall be hanged, every man of you, if you let them get away.' Our men therefore made a virtue of necessity, and leaped into the sea, diving under the ship and fouling the rudder with ropes; others caught hold of the cables and swarmed on board. The Turks received them stoutly and cut them down, chopping off hands, arms, and heads as they came aboard, and throwing the bodies into the sea. Then other of our men, fired with anger and revenge, made a yet fiercer onslaught, and leaped over the bulwarks and rushed upon the Turks

hand to hand. And at last, with a mighty effort, they drove the enemy back to the prow of the ship; but other Turks, young and picked men, well armed, rushed up from below, and drove our men back and forced them overboard.

Then the King, seeing the peril of his men, and judging that it would be hard to take the Turks with all their arms and provisions, commanded that all the galleys should ram the ship with their spurs, that is, their iron beaks. So the galleys drew off, and then came on at a quick stroke to ram, and the ship was instantly broken and began to make water and sink. When the Turks saw this they leapt into the sea, and our men killed some and drowned others. The King saved thirty-five alive, namely the admirals and skilled engineers. The rest all perished, and their arms sank, and their serpents; for they had aboard great store of Greek fire, in bottles, and two hundred deadly serpents for the destruction of the Christians. And if that ship had arrived safe at the siege of Acre, the Christians would never have taken the city.

So King Richard, with all his following, hastened on towards Acre to his heart's desire, and cast anchor that night off Tyre. On the morrow he weighed and set sail, and had not gone far when he sighted Scanderoon—then, after passing Casal Imbert, he saw the high tower of Acre, and little by little the rest of the battlements of the city. It lay besieged on every side by an infinite multitude gathered from every Christian nation under heaven, now trained to arms and the toil of war; for the city had been long besieged. Also, on the outer side of these, was the Turkish army, in number past counting, and covering mountain and valley, hill and plain, with

tents of diverse shapes and radiant colours. There also were seen the pavilions of Saladin himself and the tents of his brother Saphadin¹ and of Tchehedin, the high steward of Paganism. King Richard gazed at all their army, and reckoned it up; then when he put into port, the princes, chiefs, and nobles of the whole army came to meet him with joy and exultation, for they had been longing eagerly for his coming. The people showed their joy by shouts of welcome and blowing of trumpets. But with the besieged Turks it was the other way about; they were terrified and cast down, for they considered how there would be no more coming and going for them, because of the multitude of the King's galleys.

Then King Richard betook himself to the tents prepared for him and disposed himself for business; for he had many things on his mind, as by what efforts, tactics, or machines, the city could be more quickly taken. As for the joy of the people at his arrival, no pen could possibly describe it nor tongue tell it. Even the calm night seemed to shine upon them from a clearer sky. On this side trumpets blared, on that side horns; here shrill fifes were heard, and there drums, or the deeper notes of the harp; and out of all these discordant sounds arose a kind of harmony that soothed the ear. None could be found who did not show his joy in his own fashion; singing popular ballads for gladness of heart, or reciting ancient deeds for an example to modern times. Some drank to the health of the singers; others spent the night in dancing with all who came, high or low. And to lighten the darkness waxen torches and flares blazed on every side, so that night seemed to have borrowed the brightness of day, and

¹ Saphâh-dîn.

the Turks thought that the whole valley was on fire together.

By the union of the forces of the two kings the whole Christian host became one army. With the King of France was the Marquis of Montferrat, who aspired to be King of Jerusalem; with the King of England was Guy, the rightful King of Jerusalem, who had lost his kingdom to Saladin. King Richard was praised of all: 'Here,' they said, 'is the man we have so longed to see, when will the assault be made? Now the best of kings has come, now let God's will be done.' Their hopes were all on King Richard. But when he had been there a few days he fell sick of the grievous disease called Arnold's disease, from the strangeness of the climate, which did not suit him. But for all that he had stone-throwers and mangonels set up, and a fort in front of the city gates, and gave much care to the building and finishing of machines.

The King of France, disdaining this delay, sent word to King Richard that now was the moment for making the assault. King Richard showed that he was not yet ready, both on account of his sickness and also because some of his men were late in arriving, being wind-bound, but he hoped that they would come in the next fleet and bring material for making the machines. The King of France, however, not choosing for that to quit his purpose, sent orders through the army, by a herald, for the assault. Then you might have seen a multitude of armed men trained in arms, and so many coats of mail, gleaming helmets, noble chargers, pennons, banners and picked troops as were never seen before. And when the besieged Turks saw all this, they set up a voice like thunder with shouts and blare of horns,

signalling to Saladin and the army outside to come to their succour, as they had agreed beforehand. Then the Turks from without gathered in a body, and got together everything within reach to fill up our trenches, and essayed to cross over and attack our men ; but in this they failed. Nevertheless so heavy was the fighting, that our men who were assaulting the town were forced to retire, for they were not enough to attack and also to defend their camp ; and many of the French perished, slain by darts and stones and Greek fire, and there was great complaining and crying out among the people. ‘ Oh, why did we so long look forward to the coming of the Kings ? Our hopes have failed ; they are here, and we are none the better, but our losses are heavier than before.’ The Turks also gibed at them shamefully, and threw Greek fire on the machines which the King of France had built with such care, and destroyed them one after another. Whereat the King of France was so upset with rage and fury that from grief he fell, it was said, into a languid sickness, and could no longer mount his horse, for confusion and despair.

The two Kings were now both sick. The King of France recovered first, and turned his mind to the building of machines and stoners, which he intended to ply day and night. He had one very good one which he called *Malvoisin* or ‘ Bad Neighbour.’ The Turks in the city had another which they called ‘ Bad Kinswoman,’ and by her violent casts she used frequently to knock Bad Neighbour to pieces ; but the King of France kept rebuilding it, until by firing volleys he broke down part of the main wall and shook the tower called *Maledictum* or ‘ the Accursed.’ From one position the stoner of the Duke of Burgundy shot effectually,

from another that of the Templars, and from a third that of the Hospitallers. Besides these there was another stoner, built by subscription, which was called 'God's stoner.' Close to it a priest used to preach assiduously, a very honest man who raised much money for restoring the engine and hiring men to bring stones for it to throw. By this machine a part of the wall, two poles' length, near the tower Accursed, was at length shaken down. The Count of Flanders, too, had a choice stoner, which after his death belonged to King Richard, and another good one but smaller. Besides these King Richard had made two other new ones of choice material and workmanship, which would hit any spot you pleased with unspeakable accuracy. He had also built a machine commonly called 'Berefred,' with very strong sides, and steps to mount it, and covered with hides and ropes and solid timber, so that it could not be shattered by stones or injured by pouring on Greek fire or other stuff. He also prepared two mangonels, one of which was of such power that its shots reached the inner streets of the city market-place. So the stoners of King Richard kept shooting day and night in volleys, and it is known for certain that a single stone from one of them struck twelve men down dead. The stone was afterwards sent for Saladin to see, and those who brought it told him that that devil of a King of England had brought these sea pebbles from Messina to punish the Saracens, and nothing could resist them, for they shattered or pulverised all.

Amongst other engines the King of France had prepared one for scaling the walls, called a 'Cat,' because, like a cat, it crept up and clung to the wall. But one day the Turks let down upon it a heap of very dry

wood, and threw upon it Greek fire, and aimed a stoner



Richard watches the Stoners at Work at the Siege of Acre.

at it, and when it had caught fire broke it in pieces

with their shots. Upon this the King of France was enraged beyond measure, and in the heat of his passion, when the day was drawing in, he gave orders by voice of herald that an assault should be made on the city on the morrow.

This assault failed by reason of a memorable deed, not to be passed over in silence. There was a famous man of valour named Alberic Clements, who, when he saw the French sweating to little purpose, cried with great spirit, 'This day, I will either die or, please God, I will go into Acre.' With that he boldly mounted the ladder, reached the top of the wall, and killed many of the Turks who rushed upon him. The French would have followed him, but the ladder could not bear them all; so that they fell and some were killed, others were dragged out much hurt. The Turks shouted with joy. Alberic Clements, left alone on the top of the wall, was surrounded and pierced with innumerable wounds. So his words came true, for that day he fell a martyr and failed to go into Acre because he was cut off from all support. The French were much discouraged by his death, and gave up the assault.

Now King Richard was not yet fully recovered; nevertheless he was intent upon taking the city, and ordained that his men should try an assault. Perceiving therefore how difficult success was against so warlike an enemy, he thought it better to incite his younger men by rewards than to urge them on by severity. He ordered the herald to proclaim a reward of two gold pieces, afterwards raised to three and four, to whoever should knock out a stone from the walls, near the aforesaid tower. And he had himself carried to the fight on a silken litter, under cover of a great hurdle

very stoutly put together ; and from this he shot with his arbalest, being a good marksman, and killed many of the enemy. One of the Turks, flaunting in the armour of the aforesaid Alberic Clements, which he had put on, was bragging against our men on a high part of the wall, but King Richard with a deadly shot of his arbalest pierced him fairly through the breast. The Turks, in grief at his fall, rushed to avenge him, as if they feared neither darts nor bolts. They struck, they pushed, they charged our troops like madmen ; never were men of any creed finer fighters or better at defence. The very memory of their deeds is astounding. Our men were compelled to retreat, and the enemy began to shout loudly as if victorious. Then again our esquires and the Pisans attacked them and mounted the tower in force, but again they were driven back ; for no race was ever seen like those Turks for efficiency in war. They must be admired for their valour and their honesty all round ; if they had been of the right faith, there would have been, humanly speaking, no better men on earth.

Yet they dreaded our men, not without reason ; and they begged a truce to inform Saladin of their condition, but nothing was accomplished. Meanwhile the stoners of the Christians never ceased to shake the walls, day and night ; and when the Turks saw this, they were at last smitten with terror and confusion ; and many, yielding to fear, dropped over the walls at night and deserted. Then Saladin, seeing the danger of delay, assented to their making the best terms they could ; and forthwith the chief men of the city went to the Kings and offered to give up unconditionally the city of Acre, and surrender the Holy Cross and 250 noble

Christian prisoners ; and when our people refused, they offered 2000 noble prisoners and 500 of inferior rank, whom Saladin was to seek out from all his dominions, the Turks to give up all arms, goods, and provisions and to march out in their shirts only ; and as ransom for their own lives to pay the two Kings 200,000 Saracen talents. After the two Kings had consulted with the wisest of their chief men, the opinion of all was for accepting the offer. Thus, on the Friday after the Translation of St. Benedict, the richest and noblest of the Saracen admirals were given and accepted as hostages, and the space of one month was fixed for collecting the prisoners and giving up the Holy Cross.

Then it was forbidden, by voice of herald, that any should molest the Turks by word or deed, or provoke them by abuse ; and when the day came when the Turks, so admired for their honesty and courage, so strenuous in war and so famed for magnificence, were going to and fro on the walls ready to leave the city, the Christians went out to look at them in admiration for their fighting and to renew the memory of it. They were also astonished at the becoming countenances of those who were driven from their city almost destitute, and their bearing unsubdued by severity. Forced only by extreme necessity to own themselves conquered, they were neither crushed by care nor dejected by loss of goods ; their faces were steadfast, their fierce looks seemed almost a claim to victory. At last, when they had all departed, the Christians, by order of the two Kings, entered the city freely through the open gates, with dances and joy, and with uplifted voices praising the Lord and giving thanks. Then the banners and

various standards of the two Kings were set up over the walls and towers, and the city was equally divided between them.

3. THE MARCH ON JERUSALEM

On the following Monday it was two years to a day since the siege of Acre was begun by the Christians; and on the morrow of St. Bartholomew, being Sunday, the army was drawn up to advance along the sea-coast, in the name of the Lord. King Richard led the first line and had the vanguard; the Normans formed the escort for the Standard. This was a great pole like a ship's mast, carried on four wheels in a solid square base, with panelled sides dovetailed and armour-plated, impervious to sword, axe or fire. A picked body of troops were generally set to guard it, especially in open fighting, lest an enemy attack should injure or upset it; for if, by any accident, it fell, the army would be scattered or thrown into confusion, for lack of a rallying-point. But while it remains upright they have a sure refuge: to it they bring the weak and wounded, and even the dead, if they happen to be famous or of high rank; and so, because it stands as a signal to the army, it is called the Standard. It is quite consistent that it should be on wheels; for, according to the state of the battle, it follows the enemy's retreat, or retires before his advance. It was now escorted by the Normans and English.

The army advanced by the coast, beating off many attacks of the Turks, but suffering much from thirst and from the weight of their packs. As each night came round, we were attacked by a sort of reptile called tarantulas, which have most atrocious stings; those who

were stung by them immediately swelled up with the poison, and suffered agonies of torture. The rich and great relieved their pain with Tyrian ointment; and at last the more careful observers, noticing that the pestilent reptiles were frightened by loud sounds, started the plan of making as much noise as possible at their approach, hammering on their shields, helmets, seats, poles, casks, flagons, basins, platters, cauldrons, and anything else that came handy, and so drove the beasts away. It was also the custom of the army that every night, before lying down to sleep, a man appointed for this purpose called out with a loud voice, in the middle of the camp, ‘Help! for the Holy Sepulchre!’ At this cry all shouted together the same words, stretching out their hands to heaven with many tears and imploring God’s mercy and aid. Then the herald himself used to cry the words a second time, ‘Help! for the Holy Sepulchre!’ and again they repeated them; and so in like manner they all made the same response, the third time, with great searching of heart and much weeping. Who could control himself at such a moment? Even to tell the story might well bring tears from those who hear it. And by crying out in this fashion, the army found themselves in no small degree refreshed.

After a very hard march of some days they reached Cæsarea, where, by the King’s orders, the royal fleet had come with a number of men and a sufficient quantity of victuals. There the army pitched their tents, and spent the night by a river near the city, called the Crocodile River, because there crocodiles once devoured two soldiers while bathing. After some days they again advanced through a desolate mountainous country. The Templars had the rearguard and lost so many horses

from the Turks' attacks that they were almost in despair. On that day the King was wounded in the side by a javelin while he was cutting down the Turks and driving them off; but he was only slightly touched, and the smart of the wound made him the more keen and whetted his appetite for revenge; he fought hard all day without a halt, and beat off the Turks by organised charges. Our men spent that night at the Salt River and stayed there two days. There was no small crush here over the carcasses of the horses which had been killed. The crowd were so eager to buy the flesh, even at a high price, that they actually came to blows. When the King heard this, he proclaimed that he would give a live horse to anyone who would distribute his dead one to the best man in his service who needed it. So they ate horse-flesh as if it were game, and with hunger for sauce they thought it delicious.

Two days afterwards they advanced towards Arsûf, carefully marshalled by King Richard to do battle with the Turks, whom they had vowed to attack that day with all their might. The enemy appeared about nine o'clock—first, 10,000 Turks shooting and yelling, then a host of black goblins called negroes, then the Saracens of the desert, called Bedouins; they covered two miles of ground, closely massed. Our arbalesters and archers repelled them stoutly for some time, till they were swamped by the flood of enemies. The best of them then continued the march backwards, with their faces still towards the foe. The Hospitallers, too, in the rearguard, were nearly crushed, and being forbidden to charge by King Richard, two of them by disobedience led away the rest and so reversed the order of the march. The King, on seeing this, came from the extreme front, spurred

with all his following to the rescue, right through the Hospitallers who had begun the charge, and hurled himself like a thunderbolt on the Turkish infantry, who gave way, falling to right and left. The Normans and English also, who were in charge of the standard, came slowly up to the troops who were engaged, stopping a little way off, that all might have a fixed rallying-point. The final charge was led by William des Barres, a very distinguished knight, who broke the Turkish line, cut down some of them and routed the remainder. The King on a big Cyprian charger, with a picked company, followed them up the hills, sparks flying from his sword and helms ringing beneath it. At last our men returned to the standard, dressed their ranks, and marched on Arsûf, where they pitched tents outside the town. As they were doing this, a huge column of Turks attacked our rear. King Richard, hearing the noise, called on his men, and with only fifteen companions charged the enemy with loose rein, shouting 'Help us, God and the Holy Sepulchre!' Our men hastened to follow him, broke the Turks, and scattered them as far as Arsûf, from whence they had first come out. Then the King returned from slaughtering the Turks, and came into camp, and his tired men slept that night in peace.

The Sultan, hearing that his choice troops had been so routed, was filled with anger and confusion. He summoned his admirals and said to them, 'Eya! how splendidly my men have behaved, after all their boasting and arrogance! They have got the war they wanted, but where is the victory they bragged about?' At these words, and more of the same kind, the admirals looked down in silence, till one of them (named Sanscuns of Aleppo) replied, 'Most sacred Sultan, saving your

Majesty, you blame us unjustly, for we did our best, both in charging the Franks and in meeting their counter-attacks. Nothing is of any use against them ; they are armed, not like us, but in impenetrable armour. And moreover there is one of them about whom there is something most astonishing. It is he who confounds and destroys us—we have never seen his like. He is always first and foremost, and no one can stand up to him or save those whom he has once gripped. They call him, in their language, Melech Richard. Such a King deserves to have the whole earth for his dominion. And what more can we do against a man so strong and so invincible ? ’

About this time King Richard happened to be out with a very small escort, to take a walk with his falcons, and if he saw any Turks to reconnoitre them and catch them unawares. Being tired with his march he chanced to fall asleep, and some Turks, observing this, made a great dash to capture him. He drew his sword and charged ; they led him into an ambush and surrounded him. But suddenly one of his companions, named William de Pratelles, called out in the Saracen language that he himself was ‘ Melech,’ that is, the King, and the Turks, believing it, immediately took William and carried him away prisoner. Hearing the news, a force came out at full gallop to find the King ; he turned with them and pursued the Turks, but being unable to overtake them he returned to camp. His men exulted with joy at his escape, but grieved for William de Pratelles, who had loyally and generously given himself up to the enemy and freely ransomed his lord the King with his own body.

Again, on St. Leonard’s Day, some esquires and

servants had gone out to get fodder, with an escort of Templars. Suddenly about four thousand mounted Turks rushed upon them. Andrew de Chavigny with fifteen knights galloped to the rescue, and a fight raged, till King Richard, who was busy rebuilding Casal Maen, heard of it and sent help. Soon afterwards he himself came up furious, and as the fight was all mixed up and his force greatly outnumbered, some of his people said to him, 'My Lord King, in our opinion it is not fitting to undertake what cannot be carried through. We are too few to face so strong an enemy with safety; since we cannot rescue our friends, it would be better to leave them to perish than to get you too cut off with them and lose the hope of Christendom. The sanest counsel is to keep you safe, while we can still refuse the risk.' At this advice the King changed colour with indignation, and replied, 'After sending forward my dear comrades and pledging myself to support them, if I do not keep my word to the utmost of my power, if by my default they meet their death, which God forbid, I will never again be called a King.' He said no more, but spurred hotly, not to say furiously, into the midst of the Turks, and broke their ranks; then turned upon them again with flashing sword, coming and going this way and that, like a lion fearless whom he might encounter. Among the rest he slew an admiral, a brave and famous man, whom fate threw in his way. In short, the enemy were all routed, killed, or captured.

Saladin now retreated to Jerusalem, whereupon there was great rejoicing in our army, for they hoped soon to reach the long-desired Sepulchre of our Lord. They rubbed up their armour, their helmets, and their

swords, lest their brightness should be spoiled by damp ; and boasted loudly that, in spite of all the Saracens could do to stop them, they were going to fulfil their vow of long ago. But the wiser ones did not think fit to acquiesce in these desires ; for the Templars, Hospitallers, and others who lived in that country, with a sharper eye to the future, dissuaded King Richard from marching on Jerusalem at that moment, and urged that the city of Ascalon should first be rebuilt, to keep watch for the Turkish food convoys going from Egypt to Jerusalem. To this the majority of the council assented. When the army received the announcement of the decision to retreat they were indescribably smitten with grief, groaning and lamenting that the hope of visiting the Lord's Sepulchre, which they had cherished deep in their hearts, was thus suddenly cut away from them. And there was a story told long afterwards how, when this news was being discussed, one of the King's officers called out, ' Sire, Sire, only come hither, and I will show you Jerusalem.' But the King said with tears, holding his mailed hands before his face, ' Ah ! Lord God, I pray Thee that I may never see Thy Holy City of Jerusalem, since it hath fallen out thus and I cannot deliver it out of the hands of Thine enemies.'

4. THE LAST BATTLE

Meanwhile a certain depraved set of men among the Saracens called Mamelukes, of Aleppo, and Kurds, very active young fellows, met together to talk over the state of affairs. They said it was a scandal that such a huge host as theirs should have abandoned Joppa in face of an army so small and short of horses ; they reproached themselves, and ended by making an

arrogant compact to kidnap King Richard in his tent and bring him to Saladin, who would most gratefully reward them.

They therefore sallied forth armed at midnight, by the light of the moon; but on their way the Kurds, being mounted, fell to disputing with the Mamelukes, who were on foot, as to which party should seize the King and his men, and which should cut them off from escaping to the fort. When at last they were agreed and went hastily forward, the first streaks of dawn were already appearing; and now, by the providence of God, who would not that His champion and devoted servant should be taken in his sleep by infidels, a certain Genoese was inspired to go out very early into the fields. There, in the faint light, he was astonished to hear a noise as of men and horses marching; and stooping down, he saw against the sky the crests of helmets glimmering. At that he ran back to the camp in haste shouting repeatedly, 'To arms!' The King was awakened by his shouts, and leapt startled from his bed, put on his coat of chain-mail and ordered his men to be roused at once.

Lord God of valour! who would not be perturbed by so sudden an alarm? The King himself and all the men he could raise, in the urgency of the moment, rushed to battle with their shins uncovered, armed anyhow, some even without their breeches, though they would have to fight as they were all day. Meanwhile the Turks came on. The King mounted; he had only ten knights with him, and these are their names: Count Henry of Champagne, the Earl of Leicester, Bartholomew Mortimer, Ralph de Mauléon, Andrew de Chavigny, Gerard de Furnival, Roger de

Sacy, William de la Mare, Hugh de Villeneuve, a very good servant, and Henry, the King's standard-bearer. These alone had horses, and even what they had were



King Richard aroused by the Night Alarm.

some of them underbred and feeble animals, untrained to arms. The troops were skilfully drawn up in lines and columns, with officers to keep them in order. The knights were posted nearer the shore, with their left near the Church of St. Nicholas, for the Turks had

launched their heaviest attack in that direction. Outside the gardens of the suburbs were the Pisans and Genoese, with sundry others.

The Turks began by charging with horrid yells, and a thick shower of darts and arrows. Our men prepared to receive this reckless attack as best they could, each kneeling on his right knee with toes fixed in the earth, so that they might the better hold together and keep their ground. Their left hands held forward their shields, targes, and bucklers ; in their right hands were their spears, the butts of which were fixed in the ground and the steel points turned to meet the enemy. The King, who was a master of war, placed between every two of the men thus covered with their shields, an arbalester with another behind him to help in loading more quickly, so that while one was shooting the other was cocking the second arbalest. This was a good plan for our men and a very bad one for the enemy. So, when he had arranged everything as well as the shortness of time and the smallness of our numbers allowed, the King went quickly along the line, cheering everyone, exhorting them to stand fast, and damning all slackness and fear. ‘Harden your hearts against the enemy,’ he said, ‘and you will weather the storm yet. Show that you can stand bad luck—there is nothing that cannot be borne by a manly heart—in good times courage is cast into the shade, in adversity it shines out. Besides, there is no chance for flight ; the enemy are all round us and it would be certain death. Hold on, then, and let your bitter need put courage into you ; it is a man’s choice, to win bravely or die with honour. We should accept martyrdom with a thankful spirit ; but before we die let us avenge



“King Richard with a deadly shot of his arbalest, pierced him fairly through the breast.”

our death, and thank God that He has granted us the end we looked for. This will be the reward of our labours, to end both our life and our wars together.'

He had hardly done speaking when the hostile army rushed headlong upon them in seven squadrons, each of about a thousand horse. Our men received the onslaught unmoved, with their right feet firmly fixed in the sand and their spear-points forward ; if they had budged an inch, the Turks would have broken through. But finding, when they came to the charge, that our men were immovable, their first line swerved away to one side and our arbalesters caught them, as they recoiled, with a thick hail of missiles, shooting down many men and horses. The second line at once came on ; and swerved away in the same manner. In this way the Turks came again and again like a whirlwind, hoping that without an actual attack our men would scatter and give them a chance of getting at them ; and each time, when they seemed to be on the point of engaging, they craftily drew rein and turned away. The King and his knights, when they saw no end to this, put lance in rest and spurred into the thickest of the enemy, emptying their saddles right and left and spearing many ; they had started with such impetus that they went through the whole force and only pulled up in the last Turkish line.

Suddenly the King looked to one side and saw, close by, the noble Earl of Leicester, dismounted and fighting splendidly. Instantly he snatched him from the hands of those who were overwhelming him, and helped him to remount. Then there was a terrific fight ; the Turks gathered round and pressed on with all their might to crush our little company. Stung by our success, they

rushed toward the Royal Lion standard, for they would rather have had the King's life than a thousand others. In the very thick of this fight the King saw Ralph de Mauléon being dragged away a prisoner, and came to the rescue at full gallop, driving off the Turks and saving Ralph for his own service.

The King was like a giant in battle, with valour for his royal prerogative; so far beyond all example was his fighting, with such swiftness and elegance did he turn on every side upon the thousands of his enemies that no man however famous, no prince however brave or powerful, could even distantly approach his reputation. That day he played the man against the horde of yelling Turks, and with his lightning sword cut down countless numbers of them. Some he cleft from helm to teeth; from others he slashed off heads, arms, and other members; such was his sword-play that his right hand was galled and blistered with continual smiting. While the King was thus toiling in fight beyond belief, suddenly a Turk was seen coming rapidly towards him, mounted on a fine horse covered with foam. He was sent by Saphadin of Arcadia, Saladin's brother, a liberal and munificent man, who might have ranked with the best if he had not rejected the Christian faith. This Saphadin then sent to the King two Arab horses of the finest breed, a gift in accord with his well-known honourable character; earnestly begging that, as the King seemed to need them at the moment, he would accept and mount them, and that if by God's grace he came safe and sound out of the danger which threatened him, he would bear the gift in mind and make what return he should think fit. The King accepted the horses and afterwards made him a magnificent recompense. What a virtue is chivalry,

even in a foe ! Thus a Turk and an enemy felt himself bound to do honour to the King for his surpassing valour. And the King did not refuse his gift, especially at so tight a moment, but vowed that he would accept any number of such horses even from a bitterer foe, for he needed them in such an affair as this.

Meanwhile the Turks, with a shout, began to enter the town on all sides. The King heard them and instantly rushed in with only two knights, but taking some arbalesters with him. In one of the streets he met three Turks magnificently accoutred, cut them down in royal style and captured two of their horses. He then routed the rest in the town, placed guards there, and went down to the shore, where many of our men had taken refuge on board the galleys. These he led back and with them fell furiously upon the mass of the enemy, penetrating them and breaking them up completely. Never was such a charge made by any single knight. Who ever heard of such a man ? His spirit never slackened—

The tide of ills could never bear him down.

Who could describe his blows ? Whoever felt one of them had no need of a second. With his strong right arm he cleft rider and horse alike. By one marvellous stroke he killed an admiral who charged him at full gallop. The King met him with lifted sword, and in spite of all his armour smote off his head, shoulder, and arm at a single blow. This took all spirit from the Turks and they gave way. The King returned safe and unhurt, but his body was stuck thick all over with darts, like a hedgehog, and his horse bristled with the arrows in his trappings. Seven hundred Turks lay dead on the field,

and 1500 horses ; yet they did not, as they had boasted, bring back the King as a present for Saladin, who is said to have derided them, asking, ‘ Where are the men who are bringing Melech Richard here a prisoner ? Who was the first to take him ? Where is he, I say, and are you not going to produce him ? ’ To which one Turk, from the ends of the earth, replied, ‘ My Lord, this Melech you ask about is truly not like other men. Never since the world began has any such knight been heard of, so brave, so proved, so trained in arms. He is wisest in counsel, first in attack, last in retreat. We did our utmost to take him, but in vain ; for no one can escape his sword. To face his onset is terrible, to meet him is death, his deeds are beyond the measure of man.’

But forthwith, from the exertions of that day and the severity of the fighting, King Richard and our army fell into a languid sickness, partly from fatigue and partly from the smell of the dead bodies, which so infected the place that they all nearly died. The King’s health became so bad that he began to despair of recovery ; and, in his anxiety for others as well as for himself, he decided, after prudently weighing many plans, that the least objectionable would be to negotiate a truce, rather than to abandon his enterprise and leave the country to be devastated, as many others had done by sailing home in crowds. So he requested Saphadin, the brother of Saladin, to mediate between them, and he now with great zeal procured a truce on these terms : namely that Ascalon, which had always been a menace to Saladin’s government, should be dismantled and not rebuilt for the space of three years, but after that it might be reoccupied by whichever power was the stronger : that Joppa should be restored to the Christians to be freely and peaceably inhabited, with all the

surrounding country : that peace should be kept strictly between Christians and Saracens, with leave for each to come and go everywhere as they pleased : that the Christians should have free access to the Holy Sepulchre without any kind of payment, and the right to import merchandise and trade freely throughout the whole country. This treaty, when drawn up in writing and submitted to King Richard, received his sanction ; for being ill, and backed by only a moderate force, with an enemy no more than two miles off, he could not hope for better terms. And whoever maintains a different opinion may consider himself guilty of wilful falsehood.

The treaty having been ratified by deed and oath, the King had himself conveyed, as best he could, to Haipha, to take medicine for his cure. In the meantime he announced by proclamation that any one who wished might visit our Lord's Sepulchre, and the pilgrims were accordingly marshalled to go to Jerusalem in three companies, the first under Andrew de Chavigny, the second under Ralph Taissun, and the third under Hubert, Bishop of Salisbury. Saladin talked long and intimately with the Bishop, through an interpreter, and at last told him to ask for anything he liked and it should be granted him. The Bishop, with many thanks, begged to be allowed till next day to consider. Next day, then, he asked that at the Lord's Sepulchre, which he had visited, and at which divine service was poorly performed in the outlandish manner of the Syrians, it might in future be celebrated, in conjunction with the Syrians, by two Latin priests and two deacons, to be maintained by the offertories of pilgrims, and similarly at Bethlehem and at Nazareth. This was a great thing to ask, and very pleasing, it is thought, to God. The Sultan granted the request, and the Bishop insti-

tuted the priests and deacons, after which the pilgrims returned from Jerusalem to Acre.

Meanwhile King Richard's ship was fitted out for the voyage home. Then the King, of his own free will and generous impulse, gave for the ransom of William de Pratelles (who, as you have heard, had let himself be captured in the King's place) the liberty of ten Turks of the highest rank, though they would gladly have given an infinite sum of money to keep him; but the King disdained to tarnish his generosity by any bargaining whatsoever. Also, when everything was settled and he was on the point of embarking, that nothing might detract from the perfection of his conduct, he made proclamation that any creditors should come forward and that all his debts should be paid in full, and more. Then he went on board and set sail.

All night the ship ran on beneath the stars; but when the next day dawned, the King looked back with loving eyes upon the land he had left, and after long meditation he prayed aloud in hearing of many: 'O Holy Land, I commend thee now to God, and if His loving grace shall grant me so long to live that in His good pleasure I may bring thee help, I hope, as I am purposed, some day to rescue thee.'

With what profound darkness our eyes are blinded! We measure out our life for long years, and know not what the morrow shall bring forth. Thus the King sent his thoughts into the far and doubtful future, and dealt in his spirit with time to come—hoping one day to recover the Lord's Sepulchre, and forgetting altogether that

All human things hang by a slender thread.

ST. LOUIS, KING OF FRANCE

1. HOW YOUTH WENT CRUSADING

IN the name of the Most Holy and Most Sovereign Trinity, I, John, Lord of Joinville, Seneschal of Champagne, do indite and cause to be made into a book the life and most pious acts and sayings of my late lord St. Louis, King of France, from that which I myself saw or heard during the space of six whole years that I was in his company, as well in the holy voyage and pilgrimage beyond sea as since our return therefrom. This book will be divided into two parts, whereof this part will speak of his gallant chivalry and deeds of arms; and the both parts will show plainly that no man of his time lived a more godly or conscientious life than he did, from the beginning of his reign to the end of it.

This good King, St. Louis, as I have often heard say, was born on the feast day of St. Mark in the year of grace 1215. On this day crosses are carried in procession in divers parts of France, and are called 'the Black Crosses,' a sort of observance amongst the people to keep in memory the great multitudes who died, as it were crucified, in the voyages of their pious pilgrimage; that is to say, in Egypt and before Carthage. This was the cause of much grief and lamentation in the world, but now there is great joy in Paradise among those who died for the faith of God in those devout pilgrimages.

He was crowned the first Sunday in Advent in the year 1226, and in the year 1248 he took the cross in manner as I shall now relate. It happened that the good King was taken grievously ill at Paris, and so evil was his state that I have heard how one of the ladies who nursed him, thinking that all was over, would have covered his face with a sheet, but that another lady who was on the opposite side of the bed (so God willed it) would not suffer his face to be covered, or as it were buried, for she declared continually that his soul was still in his body.

While these ladies were yet conversing, our Lord worked upon him, and gave him back his speech. The good King desired them to bring him a cross, and this they did. Then when the good lady, his mother, heard that he had got his speech again, she was in the greatest joy that could be ; but when she came and saw that he had put on the cross she was struck with fear, and made as though she would rather have seen him lying dead.

In like manner as the King had put on the cross, so did Robert, Count of Artois ; Alphonse, Count of Poitiers ; Charles, Count of Anjou, who was afterwards King of Sicily, all three brothers to the King ; and many others. Among the rest were Sir Gilbert of Apremont and his brothers, in whose company (being my cousins), I, John of Joinville, crossed the sea in a little ship which we hired ; and we were twenty knights in all, of whom ten came with me and ten with my cousins.

Before I departed I summoned all my men and vassals of Joinville, who came to me on the vigil of Easter Day, and on the same day was born my son John, Lord of Acerville. During that whole week I was busy in feast and banquets, with my brother

Geoffrey of Vaucouleurs and all the great folk of that part of the country ; wherein, after eating and drinking, we solaced ourselves with songs and led a joyous life. When Friday came I spoke thus to them : ‘Sirs, know



St. Louis puts on the Cross.

that I am about to go to the Holy Land, and it is uncertain whether I shall return ; if, therefore, there be any of you to whom I have done wrong, or who thinks he has cause to complain, let him come forward, for I will make him amends as I am wont to do those who complain of me or of my people.’ This I did according to the custom of my country and my lands ; and that

they might not be awed by my presence while they took counsel together, I withdrew from them, for I wished to accept what they might say without restraint. Also I was unwilling to take away with me one penny wrongfully, and to fulfil such demands as might be made, I had pawned to certain friends great part of my inheritance, so that there was not left to me at most 1200 livres of yearly revenue; for my lady mother was still living, who held the best of my lands in dower.¹

When I was nearly ready to set out I sent for the Abbot of Cheminon, reputed the most worthy of all the White Monks, that I might make my peace with him. He gave me my scarf and bound it on me, and likewise put my pilgrim's staff in my hand. After which I left the castle of Joinville, never to enter therein again until I returned from oversea. Then, on foot, without shoes and in my pilgrim's shirt, I visited all the holy places hard by, such as Blehicourt, St. Urban's, and others. But as I journeyed from Blehicourt to St. Urban's, being compelled to pass near to the castle of Joinville, I dared not turn my eyes that way, for fear of too great regret, and lest my courage should fail me at leaving my two babes and my fair castle of Joinville, which I loved in my heart.

Then we went to dine at Fontaine l'Archevêque near Donjeux; and there the Abbot of St. Urban's—God rest his soul!—gave to me and my knights many very fine jewels. We then took our leave of him and went straight to Auxonne, where we embarked on the Saône for Lyons with our armour, and our chargers were led along the banks. It was in the month of August in

¹ He was at this time twenty-two years old, and his mother about forty.

this same year that we took ship at the Rock of Marseilles. The sally-port of the ship was opened, that the horses might enter which we were to take overseas with us. When we were all aboard, the port was shut to, and caulked up as close as a tun of wine, because, when the ship was at sea, the port was under water. Then the captain of the ship called out to his people on the prow, 'Is all done? Are we ready?' and they replied, 'Ay, truly, we are ready.' Then the captain made the priests and clerks mount to the turret of the ship and chant in praise of God, that He might be pleased to grant us a prosperous voyage. They all, with a loud voice, sang the hymn *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, from the beginning to the end; and as they sang, the mariners set the sails in God's name. And in no long time a wind filled our sails and took us out of sight of land, so that we only saw sea and sky, and each day we were further away from the places where we had set forth.

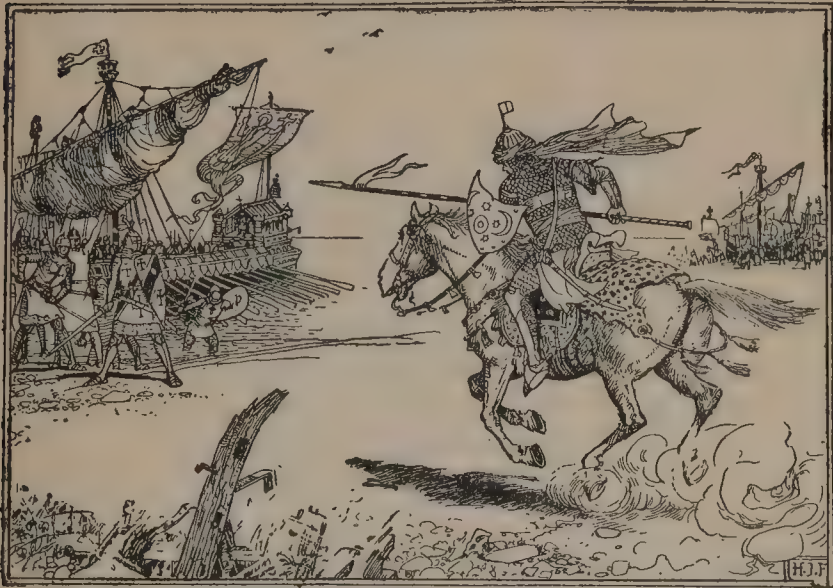
2. THE CAPTURE OF DAMIETTA

When we landed at Cyprus we found that the good King St. Louis was already there, and had laid in great store of provision. On my arrival I had but twelve score livres in gold and silver, after paying the freightage of the ship; so that many of my knights told me they would leave me if I did not better provide myself with money. Thereat I was somewhat cast down, but I put my trust in God; and when the good King St. Louis heard of my distress he sent for me, and retained me for his service, allowing me, as a kind lord, 800 livres Tournois. Whereupon I gave thanks to God, for I had now more money than I had need of.

As soon as the month of March was come, the King, the Queen, and their households went aboard their several ships. On the Friday before Whitsunday the King ordered that all should follow him on the morrow and make for Egypt; and on the morrow every ship made sail, which was a fine thing to see; for the whole sea, as far as the eye could reach, seemed to be covered with canvas, from the many sails that were spread to the wind, being reckoned at 1800 ships, great and small. On the Thursday after Whitsuntide the King arrived with his fleet at Damietta.

On the shore we saw the whole force of the Sultan, fine men to look upon. The Sultan wore arms of burnished gold, so fine that when the sun shone on them he seemed a sun himself. The tumult and noise they made with their horns and drums was terrible to hear. The King and his barons agreed that he should land on the Friday before Trinity Sunday, and fight with the Saracens. On the Friday, then, we began to sail after the boat of the King's great ship, and made for land; but they cried out to us to wait until the banner of St. Denis should be there, which was going in front of the King in another boat. But I took no heed of them and landed over against a great battalion of Saracens and Turks, about six thousand in number. Forthwith, when they saw us ashore, they spurred their horses towards us; but we struck our spears and shields into the sand with spear-points towards them, which when they perceived they quickly turned about and fled. On our left, the Count of Jaffa landed in most noble array; for his galley was all painted inside and out with shields of his arms, which were a cross patée gules on a field gold. And in the galley were full three

hundred seamen, each with a target of these arms, and on each target was a pennon with the same arms done in gold. On our right, the galley bearing the banner of St. Denis came ashore within a crossbow shot of us; and when she touched land a Saracen rode against her company at great speed, whether because he could



* When she touched land a Saracen rode against her company at great speed.*

not hold his horse, or thinking that his men would follow him; but he was soon destroyed and cut to pieces.

When the good King St. Louis heard that the banner of St. Denis was a-land, he quitted his ship, which was already close inshore, without waiting till he could be disembarked; and in spite of the Pope's Legate, who was with him, he leaped into the sea, which was up to his shoulders, and waded ashore with his shield around

his neck, his helm on his head and his spear in his hand. When he came to his men and saw the Saracen army, he asked who they were ; and it was told him that they were Turks and Saracens. Thereupon, with his spear under his arm and his shield before him, he would run a course alone against them ; but those which were with him would not allow him to do this, and desired him to rest until his whole army should be come together and armed.

Carrier pigeons were sent thrice to the Sultan of the Saracens to tell him of the coming of the King of France ; but no answer was returned, for the Sultan was sick. The Saracens thereupon abandoned the city of Damietta, believing him to be dead. When the King heard this news, he sent a knight to Damietta to know the truth of it ; who, when he returned to the King, said that the news was true, for he had entered into the houses and they were empty. Upon this the King had the Legate called, with all the prelates of the army, and ordered the *Te Deum Laudamus* to be sung ; after which the King and his army mounted and went to take up their quarters in Damietta.

3. THE BATTLE OF MANSOURAH

At the beginning of Advent, the King and his whole army began their march towards Cairo. The King determined to have a causeway made, to pass over the Nile to the Saracens ; and to guard those at work upon it he had two belfries or towers built, called ‘ cat-castles.’ These belfries had each two turrets in front and two sheds behind, to keep off the shots thrown by the Saracens’ engines, of which they had sixteen that did wonders.

The King commanded eighteen engines to be built under the ordering of Jocelyn of Cornaut, and with these engines did each army play upon the other.

One night the Turks brought forward an engine called by them 'The Stoner,' a terrible one to do mischief, and they placed it over against the cat-castles, which Sir Walter de Cureil and I were guarding by night. From this engine they flung such masses of Greek fire that it was the most horrible thing ever seen. When my companion, the good Sir Walter, saw this shower of fire, he cried out, 'Sirs, we are all lost without remedy : for if they set fire to our castles we must be burnt ; and if we quit our post, we are for ever dishonoured ; so that no one can save us but God. I advise, therefore, that wherever they throw this fire, you all go down on your hands and knees and cry for mercy to our Lord, in whom alone is all power.' As soon, therefore, as the Turks threw the fire, we flung ourselves down as the wise man had advised ; and this time it fell between our two towers into a hole which our people had made, and it was put out by a man set ready therefor.

This Greek fire was in fashion like to a large barrel, and its trail of fire was as long as a great spear ; it made a noise like thunder, and had the semblance of a dragon flying through the air. It gave so bright a light with its flame that we could see in our camp as clearly as in broad day. Thrice this night did they throw the fire from the Stoner, and four times from crossbows. Each time that our good King St. Louis heard them throwing the fire at us, he cast himself on the ground and cried with a loud voice to our Lord ; and believe me, his earnest prayers did us great service. At every time

when the fire fell near us, he sent one of his knights to know how we were ; and if the fire had hurt us. We put out the fire with great labour and difficulty ; for



St. Louis prays to avert the Greek fire from his Towers.

the Saracens in the meantime shot so briskly from the opposite bank that we were covered with arrows and bolts.

After some days both our castles were burnt, and the King had two new ones built with timber from the ships.



The Lord of Joinville on his way to the Crusade.

But the Turks again brought up the Stoner against them and again burnt them with their Greek fire. The King and his barons then perceived that they could not throw a causeway over the river; but Sir Humbert of Beaujeu, Constable of France, told the King how a Bedouin had said to him that if he would give him 500 gold besants, he would show a safe ford, which might easily be crossed on horseback.

It was determined by the King that the Duke of Burgundy should guard the army from the Saracens, while he with his three brothers (the Counts of Poitiers, Artois, and Anjou) should make trial of the Bedouin's ford. When the appointed day came, which was Shrove Tuesday, we all mounted our horses, armed at all points, and followed the Bedouin to the ford. Before we set out, the King had ordered that the Templars should lead the van, and the Count of Artois should command the second division of the army; but as soon as the Count of Artois had passed the ford with all his people, and saw the Saracens flying, they put spurs to their horses and galloped after them, whereat those in the van were much angered at the Count of Artois. But he could not make any answer, because of Sir Foucault of Le Merle, who was holding the bridle of his horse, and Sir Foucault, being a good knight but deaf, heard not a word of what the Templars were saying to the Count of Artois, but kept bawling out 'Forward! forward!'

When the Templars saw this they thought they would be dishonoured if they let the Count of Artois go before them, and they spurred on their horses, pursuing the Saracens through the town of Mansourah into the country towards Cairo; but as they returned

through the narrow streets the Turks shot at them a plenty of arrows, and there the Count of Artois, and the Lord Raoul of Coucy were slain, with full three hundred other knights.

My knights and I pursued some Saracens through their camp; but when they saw that we were cut off from our army they attacked us boldly, and slew Sir Hugh of Trichatel, and made prisoner Sir Raoul of Wanon, of our company, whom they had struck to the ground. But as they were dragging him away, my knights and I knew him and made haste to help and deliver him. While I was returning, the Turks bore me down with their spears, so that my horse fell on his knees and threw me to the ground over his head; and they would have killed me but for Sir Arnaud de Commenge, Viscount of Couzerans, who came most valiantly to my succour. And from the time that he gave me this aid, there was never a day of my life that I did not most truly love him.

We went together towards an old ruined house, and as we were going another company of Turks came on to attack a company of ours hard by, and as they passed they struck me to the ground with my shield over my neck and rode over me thinking I was dead, as indeed I very nearly was. When they had passed, Sir Arnaud de Commenge, who had boldly fought with them, came back to me and raised me up, and we went to the walls of the ruined house. There also the Turks came to attack us, and some of them entered within the walls and were a long time fighting with us at spear's length. And there Sir Hugh of Scots was grievously hurt with three great wounds in the face; also Sir Raoul and Sir Frederic of Loupey were sore wounded

in their shoulders, so that the blood spouted out like to a tun of wine when it is tapped. Sir Erard of Syvery had so strong a sword-cut across his face that his nose hung down over his mouth. He said to me, 'Sir, if you did not think it was done to abandon you and save myself, I would go to ask help for you from my Lord of Anjou, whom I see on the plain.' I said to him, 'Sir Erard, it would be greatly to my pleasure and your honour, if you would go and seek aid to save our lives, for your own life also is in peril.' And I said truly, for he afterwards died of that wound. So I quit hold of his bridle and he rode towards the Count of Anjou. And there was with the Count a great lord who would have held him back, of whom he took no heed but spurred towards us with his men; and the Saracens saw them and left us.

There I saw the King come up with his whole company, and with a great noise of trumpets, clarions and horns. He halted on a rising ground, for somewhat that he had to say, and be sure I never saw so goodly a man in arms. He was head and shoulders above any of his men, and he had a gilded helm on his head and a long sword in his hand. Soon after, he halted the best of his knights, and rushed to battle with the Turks. And you must know that in this fight were done the most noble deeds that were ever done in this voyage to the Holy Land; for there was no use of bows or cross-bows, but the fighting was with blows on both sides by battle-axes, swords and butts of spears, all mixed together.

I was soon mounted, and rode by the side of the King. Sir John of Valery, who was in attendance on him, advised him to make for the river-side on the

right, that he might have support from the Duke of Burgundy, and likewise that his men might have water for their thirst, for the heat was great. As this was being done, Sir Humbert of Beaujeu came and entreated the King to go to the aid of his brother who was much pressed in Mansourah. The King replied, 'Constable, go on, and I will follow you.' I also said to the Constable that I would be his knight, and we all rode toward Mansourah.

Presently came a mace-sergeant to the Constable and said how the King was in the midst of the Turks; and there were between us and him a full thousand, and we were only six in all. So we turned to go round them by the other side, and as we came back down the stream we saw how the two armies met on the banks, with miserable fortune; for part of our army thought to cross over to the Duke of Burgundy, but they could not, for the day was hot and their horses were worn out. And as we came down we saw the river covered with lances, pikes, and shields, and men and horses that were not able to save themselves from death.

There then we six halted, to guard a small bridge hard by; and as for the King, you may believe me when I say that he did that day the most noble deeds that ever I saw in any battle. It was said how the army would have been all destroyed if he had not been there; for he forced himself wherever he saw his men in any distress, and gave such strokes with sword and battle-axe that it was a wonder to see. The Lord of Courtenay and Sir John of Sailienay told me that six Turks caught hold of the bridle of the King's horse, and were leading him away; but the King fought with



• King Louis fought with such valour that he alone delivered himself.

such valour that he alone delivered himself. Whereat many others, seeing how well he defended himself, took courage and left crossing the river and made haste to help the King.

In front of us, beside our bridge, were two of the King's serjeants, William of Bron and John of Gamaches, against whom the Turks brought a rabble of peasants who pelted them with clods and stones. And at last they brought one who thrice flung Greek fire at them and set the tabard of William of Bron afire. We also were covered with the stones and arrows which they threw at the serjeants. But, by good fortune, I found a Saracen jibbah of coarse cloth, and turned it inside out and made a sort of shield, which served me well; for I was only wounded in five places, whereas my horse was hurt in fifteen. Soon after, one of my men from Joinville brought me a banner with my arms and a sharp iron head to it; and when we saw these peasants pressing on the serjeants, we made a charge and they fled. Then the good Count of Soissons began to jest with me, and said, 'Seneschal, this rabble may bawl and bray, but you and I shall yet talk of this day's adventures in our ladies' chambers.'

Towards evening the Constable brought up the King's crossbows on foot; and they covered us while we dismounted. Then the Saracens fled and left us in peace. The Constable told me we had done well in guarding the bridge; and he bade me go to the King, and not quit him till he should be dismounted and in his pavilion. So I went, and the King then rode towards his pavilion and took off his helm, and I gave him my iron cap that he might have more air.

As we rode thus together, Father Henry, Prior of

Ronnay, came to the King and kissed his hand in the mail, and asked if he had any news of his brother, the Count of Artois. 'Ay,' said the King, 'I have heard all'; which was to say that he knew well he was now in Paradise. The Prior, thinking to comfort him, said: 'Sire, no King of France has ever gained such honour as you, for with great courage have you and your army crossed over a perilous river to fight your enemies, and you have so well done that you have turned them to flight and won the field of them, together with their engines wherewith they had so marvellously troubled you, and in the end you have taken their quarters and shall yourself lie in them to-night.'

The good King replied that God should be adored for all that He had granted him; and then big tears began to fall down his cheeks, which many great ones round him perceived, and were weighed upon with anguish and compassion, seeing him so weep and praise the name of God, who had enabled him to gain the victory.

4. GREAT IN DEFEAT

After this battle on Shrove Tuesday, and another on the first Friday in Lent, great ill-fortune befell our army. You must know that all Lent we ate no fish but mud-eels, which are gluttonous fish and feed on dead bodies. From this cause and from the bad air of the country, where it scarcely ever rains a drop, the whole army was infected with a sore sickness, which dried up the flesh on our legs to the bone, and our skins became tanned black, like an old book that has long lain behind a chest.

The better to cure us, the Turks, a fortnight after,

tried to starve us, as I shall tell you. They had drawn their galleys over land and launched them again below our army, so that those who had gone to Damietta for provision never returned ; for the Turks captured four score of ours and killed their crews. When the King and his barons saw this, they advised to march and join the Duke of Burgundy on the other side of the river. The King, however, and his division never moved until the baggage had crossed ; and then we all passed after the King, except Sir Walter of Chatillon, who commanded the rear-guard. I heard from a knight that he had seen Sir Walter post himself with his drawn sword in a street at Casel, and whenever any Turks entered that street he attacked and drove them before him with hard blows, and they, as they fled, shot arrows at him with which he was covered. And ever, when he had routed them, he picked the arrows out of his body, and did on again his coat of mail. He was a long time thus ; and the knight saw him rise in his stirrups and wave his sword and cry, ‘ Ha ! Chatillon ! Knights ! Where are my good knights ? ’ but not one was with him. And afterwards I met with a knight called Sir John of Frumons, who told me that as they were carrying him away prisoner he saw a Turk on the horse of Sir Walter of Chatillon, whose tail and crupper were covered with blood.

There was also a most valiant man in our army, whose name was Lord James du Chatel, Bishop of Soissons. When he saw that we were going towards Damietta, and that everyone was eager to go home to France, he chose rather to be with God than to return to the land where he was born. So he made a charge against the Turks, as if he meant to fight with their

whole army alone; and they in no long time sent him to God, among the company of martyrs.

To return to my story: the King had the same sickness as the rest of his army, with a dysentery, which if he had pleased he might have prevented, by living aboard his great ship; but he said he would rather die than leave his people. And true it is that there were parleyings respecting a peace; and it was agreed that the King should give back Damietta to the Sultan, and the Sultan should render up to the King the realm of Jerusalem. But the Sultan demanded security, and refused to accept any other hostage but the King himself: to which the good knight, Sir Geoffrey of Sergines, replied that the Turks should never have the King, and that he would rather we should all be slain than that it should be said that we had given our King in pawn; and thus the matter remained.

Then Sir Geoffrey of Sergines brought the King to the village of Casel, and when they had dismounted he laid the King in the lap of a woman from Paris; for he thought that every moment must be his last, and had no hope that he could pass that day without dying. Then came Sir Philip of Montfort, and the King entreated him to go again to the Saracens, and declared that he would abide by all such terms as they should agree upon. And when Sir Philip came to the Saracens they took their turbans from their heads and he gave them a ring from his finger, as a pledge that they should keep truce and accept the terms as offered.

But, even at this moment, a terrible ill-fortune befell us; for a traitor serjeant named Marcel set up a loud shout to our people and said, 'Sir Knights, surrender yourselves! The King orders you by me so to do, and

not to cause him to be slain.' Then all thought that the King had in truth sent such orders, and they gave up their arms to the Saracens.

In the end, the Sultan's Council made a new agreement and took oath to keep it; which being done, the King promised cheerfully to pay for the ransom of his army 500,000 livres, and for his own ransom to give up Damietta to the Sultan. And when the Sultan heard of it, he said: 'By my faith, the Frenchman is generous and liberal, for he does not stoop to bargain about even so great a sum of money, but has agreed quickly to the first demand. Go and tell him from me that I make him a gift of 100,000 livres, so that he has only 400,000 to pay.' And the King was to swear to give into their hands 200,000 livres before he quitted the river, and the other 200,000 he should pay in Acre. When the first payment was made, Sir Philip of Montfort told the King that the Saracens had miscounted one scale weight, whereby they had come short of 10,000 livres. The King was greatly enraged thereat, and commanded Sir Philip, on the faith he owed him as his liege man, to pay these 10,000 livres, if they had in fact not been paid. And he said that he would never depart until the uttermost penny was paid.

In the year after this, the King was all Lent making ready his fleet to return to France; and on the Eve of St. Mark the King and Queen went on board their ship, and put to sea with a fair wind. The King told me that he was born on St. Mark's Day; and I replied that he might well say that he had been born again on St. Mark's Day, in that he was thus escaping from so pestilent a land, wherein he had so long remained.

The King landed at Hyères, and came thence to the

city of Aix in Provence. He passed the Rhone at Beaucaire; and when the King was in his own realm I took my leave of him, and went to my niece, the Dauphiness of Vienne, and thence to my uncle the Count of Chalons, and to the Count of Burgundy his son; and thence I came to Joinville.

ROBIN HOOD

1. THE GREENWOOD LAWS

To all gentlemen that are of free-born blood I tell this tale : namely of Robin Hood, which Robin was born at Loxley, a good yeoman of England, but by reason of many wrongs and oppressions was at the Battle of Evesham found in arms against King Henry the Third ; and being outlawed therefor he kept first the forest of Pyperode in Feckenham and afterward the forest of Sherwood in Nottinghamshire and the forest of Barnesdale in Yorkshire ; wherein he lived with his men a merry life in the greenwood, in despite of the said King and of Prince Edward his son, taking for his victual the King's deer and for his purse the moneys of the proud, and succouring therewith the poor true men ; for while he walked on ground he was ever a gentle outlaw and a courteous. Hearken then how Robin stood on a day in Barnesdale, leaning against a tree, and by him stood three of his men, Little John and Scathelock and Much the miller's son, and it drew toward dinner-time. Then said Little John, ' Master, since we must spread our board, tell us where to go and how to deal ; what to take and what to leave, whom to rob and whom to beat and whom to let be.' Now Robin loved our dear Lady above all ; therefore he said, ' Look ye first that ye do no harm to any company where there is a woman

therein; and after that look ye do no man harm that tilleth with plough; no more shall ye harm no good yeoman, nor knight nor squire that will be a good fellow. But ye shall beat and bind these bishops and archbishops and the like, and especially forget not the High Sheriff of Nottingham. And until I have taken some proud baron that may pay for the best, I care not to dine.'

'This word shall be kept,' said Little John, 'but the day grows late; God send us a guest soon, that we may dine.' 'Take your good bow then,' said Robin Hood, 'and Much and Scathelock with you, and go up to Watling Street and look for any guest that may chance that way—be he baron, abbot or knight, bring him here and he shall dine with me.'

Then they went up to Watling Street all three, and saw no man; but, as they looked, a knight came riding by a narrow lane. He was no proud one, but dreary to look upon; he had but one foot in stirrup, his hood hung over his eyes, his array was poor—no sorrier man ever rode on a summer's day. Little John met him full courteously, 'Welcome, gentle knight, welcome to greenwood; my master has been awaiting you fasting these three hours.' 'Who is your master?' said the knight. Little John said, 'Robin Hood.' 'He is a good yeoman,' said the knight, 'I have heard much good of him. I will come with you, though my purpose was to have dined to-day elsewhere.' And as they went the gentle knight was full of care, and tears fell from his eyes.

So they brought him to the door of their lodge. 'Welcome, Sir Knight,' said Robin, and he doffed his hood courteously. 'Welcome, for I have awaited you fasting, these three hours.' Then said the knight-



Little John with Much and Scathelock invite the gentle and sad knight to dine with Robin Hood.

‘God save you, good Robin, and all your fair fellowship!’ and they washed together and wiped, and set to their dinner. Bread and wine they had, and deer’s tripe, and swans and pheasants and wild fowl. ‘Eat heartily, Sir Knight,’ said Robin. ‘I thank you, sir,’ said he, ‘I have not had such a dinner these three weeks; if I come again this way, Robin, I will make you as good a dinner as you have made me.’ ‘I thank you,’ said Robin, ‘I was never so hungry yet as to beg my dinner of another man. But tell me—before you go—was it ever the manner that a yeoman should pay for a knight?’

‘It shames me,’ said the knight, ‘but I have naught in my coffers that I can pay.’ ‘Tell me truth,’ said Robin, ‘so help you God.’ ‘So help me God, I have but ten shillings.’ ‘If you have no more,’ said Robin, ‘I will not take a penny of you; nay, if you need more, more I will lend you.’ Then he said to Little John, ‘Go look now, Little John, and tell me the truth; if there be no more than ten shillings, I will take not a penny.’

Little John spread out his mantle on the ground and turned over the knight’s coffer; there he found but ten shillings. He let it lie and came to his master. ‘What tidings, Little John?’ ‘Sir, the knight is true enough.’ ‘Then fill of the best wine,’ said Robin, ‘the knight shall begin.’ And to the knight he said, ‘Tell me one word and I will keep your counsel. I guess you were made a knight by force, or else you were yeoman born, or perchance you have been thriftless or quarrelsome or an evil liver, wasting your substance.’ ‘I am none of those,’ said the knight, ‘by Him that made me; my ancestors have been knights this hundred years. It happens often, Robin, that a man may be unlucky;

but God may amend all. Within two years past, as all my neighbours well know, I had the spending of full four hundred pound of good money. Now, as God will have it, I have nothing left but my wife and my children.'

'In what manner,' then said Robin, 'have you lost your wealth?' 'By my great folly,' he said, 'and my kindness. I had a son, Robin, that should have been my heir; he was twenty years of age and a fair jouter in field. But he slew a knight of Lancashire, and a squire too; and to save him from forfeiture all that I had must be set and sold. My lands are given in pledge until a certain day, to a rich Abbot hereby of St. Mary's Abbey.'

'What is the sum?' said Robin Hood, 'tell me the truth of it.' 'Sir,' he said, 'it is four hundred pound; the Abbot lent it me.' 'If you lose your land,' said Robin Hood, 'what will become of you?' 'I must make ready and get me gone over the salt sea, to the land where Christ lived and died on Mount Calvary. There is no help for it; farewell, my friend, and good luck to you.' With that tears fell from his eyes, and he would have gone his way. 'Farewell, friends,' he said, 'and good luck to you; I am sorry that I have no more to give you.'

'Where are your friends?' said Robin Hood. 'Sir, no one will know me now. When I was rich enough at home they made great boast of their friendship; now they run away from me, and take no more heed of me than if they had never seen me.' Then Little John, Much, and Scathelock all fell to weeping for pity; but Robin said, 'Fill of the best wine, for here is no hard matter. Have you no friends that will be

your sureties ?' Then said the knight, 'I have none, but Him that died on tree.' 'Jest not,' said Robin, 'for I will have none of it. Think you I would take God to surety, or Peter or Paul, or John ? Nay, find me some other surety, or you get no money of me.'

'I have none other,' said the knight, 'unless it be our dear Lady ; and till this day she has never failed me.' Then said Robin, 'Dear God, though I searched England through, I could never find a better surety for my money. Come now, Little John, go to my treasury and bring me four hundred pound, and see that it is well told.' So Little John went with Scathelock, and told out eight and twenty score for four hundred pound. 'Call you that well told ?' said Much. But Little John answered him, 'What is troubling you ? This is alms to help a gentle knight that is fallen in poverty.' Then he said to Robin, 'Master, his clothing is full thin. You must give the knight a livery, for you have scarlet cloth and green in plenty ; there is no merchant so rich in merry England, I dare swear.'

Then said Robin, 'Take him three yards of each colour, and see that it is good measure.' And Little John took his bow for measure, and at every handful that he took he leaped over three feet. 'What devil-kin's draper do you think you are ?' said Much ; but Scathelock laughed and said, 'He measures right. He may well give good measure, for it cost him little enough.'

'Master,' then said Little John, 'you must give the knight a horse, to lead home all this.' 'Give him a grey courser,' said Robin, 'and a new saddle ; he is Our Lady's messenger.' 'Give him a good palfrey too,'

said Much. 'And a pair of boots,' said Scathelock. 'What will you give him, Little John?' 'Sir, a pair of gilt spurs; and God bring him out of sorrow.' Then said the knight, 'Sir, when shall my day be?' 'This day twelvemonth,' said Robin, 'under this greenwood tree; and since it were great shame that a knight should ride alone without squire or yeoman or page, I shall lend you Little John, my man; if you should have great need, he may stand you in yeoman's stead.'

2. ABBOTS AND THE LIKE

The knight went on his way. 'This is a good game,' he said to himself, and when he looked back on Barnesdale and thought of Robin Hood and Scathelock, Much and Little John, he blessed them for the best company he was ever in. Then he said to Little John, 'Tomorrow I must go to York, to St. Mary's Abbey, and pay the Abbot his four hundred pound; if I am not there by to-night my land is lost for good.'

Next morning the Abbot said to his convent: 'This day, twelve months ago, a knight came and borrowed four hundred pound of us; unless he comes with it this very day he will forfeit his heritage.' But the Prior said: 'It is full early; the day is not yet far gone. I had rather pay a hundred pound than see this done. Maybe the knight is far beyond sea, suffering hunger and cold and sorry nights; but his right is his in England, and it were great pity so to take his land. If you are so light of conscience, you will do him great wrong.' 'By God and St. Richard!' said the Abbot, 'you are always plucking my beard!' and with that broke in a fat-headed monk that was High Cellarer. 'The knight,' he said, 'is dead or hanged, be sure of

it ; and we shall have the spending of his four hundred pound a year.'

Then the Abbot and the Cellarer started forth into the city, to the High Justice, and bought him over to help them ; and the High Justice and others took in hand all the matter of the knight's debt, to the intent to do him shame and wrong. The Abbot and his crew were right hard upon the knight. ' If he come not this very day,' they said, ' he shall lose his heritage.' ' He will not come now,' said the Justice, ' I dare well answer for that.' But before the day was out, the knight came, in a sorry hour for them all.

Now, as they came, the knight and Little John had put off their good clothing and put on old things such as men wear who have come from sea. And when they had so changed their dress they came to the gates of the Abbey, and the great porter was there himself, and he knew the knight when he saw him. ' Welcome, Sir Knight,' he said, ' my Lord Abbot is at meat,' and then he grinned and said, ' He has a many gentle men to dinner to-day, all in honour of you.' But when he saw the knight's horses he was astonished and swore a great oath. ' By God, here be the best conditioned horses that ever I saw. Take them into the stable,' he said, ' to rest and feed.' But the knight said, ' Nay ! they shall come into no stable of yours.'

In the Abbot's hall the great lords were sitting at meat ; the knight came in and saluted them all. Then he knelt humbly before the Abbot and said, ' Sir Abbot, I am come to keep my day.' The Abbot had no courtesy for him ; the first word that he spoke was, ' Have you brought me my money ?' ' Alack is me !' said the knight, ' not one penny of it.' ' You are a cursèd

sort of debtor,' said the Abbot. 'Sir Justice, drink to me!' Then he said again to the knight, 'What are you doing here, if you have not brought your money?' 'I came,' said the knight, 'to pray you for a longer day.' 'Nay!' said the Justice, 'you have broken your day, you get no land now.' 'Good Sir Justice,' said the knight, 'be my friend, and help me against my enemies.' 'I am bound to my Lord Abbot,' said the Justice, 'both by reason of his cloth and of his fee.' The knight turned him to the Sheriff, 'Now, good Sir Sheriff, be my friend,' he said. 'Not I,' said the Sheriff. Then the knight knelt again to the Abbot and prayed him: 'Of your courtesy, good Sir Abbot, be my friend, and keep my lands in your hand until I have made satisfaction for my debt; and I will be your servant and serve you truly till you have four hundred pounds of me, good money.' But the Abbot swore a great oath, 'Get your lands where you may; you will get none of me.'

Then the knight stood up. 'Sir Abbot!' he said, 'if I get not my land again, it shall be bought full dearly! God help you! you thought me penniless; but what if I were but minded to try a friend, before I had need of him?' Thereat the Abbot began to doubt, and cried out villainously against him. 'Out!' he said, 'you false knight, get you gone quickly from my hall!' 'You lie, Abbot, in your hall,' said the gentle knight. 'By God that made us both, I was never a false knight. I have been many a time in jousts and tournaments, and gone as far forward in fight as any that ever I saw. You have no courtesy, to let a knight kneel to you so long!'

Now the Justice saw how the matter was turning,

and he said to the Abbot, 'How much more will you give the knight, to make you a release? For else, I tell you surely, you will never hold your land in quiet possession.' 'A hundred pound,' said the Abbot. The Justice said, 'Give him two.' 'Nay,' said the knight, 'you get not my land so; though you should offer a thousand pound more, you would be none the nearer. No Abbot, Justice, or friar shall ever be my heir!'

With that he strode to a table and shook out of a bag four hundred pound, even money. 'Take here your gold, Sir Abbot, that you lent me; if you had been courteous when I came here, I would have made it worth your while.'

The Abbot sat still. He had had enough of his royal dinner; his eyes were fixed and his head drooped on his breast. 'Sir Justice,' he said, 'give me my gold again that I gave you for your fee.' But the Justice said, 'Not I, by God, not a penny!' Then the knight said, 'Sir Abbot, and you men of law, I have kept my day; now, for all that you can say I shall have my land again.' And out of the door he went, free of all his care.

Then he put on his good clothing again, and went home singing merrily. At his own gate, in Uttersdale, his lady met him. 'Welcome, my lord,' she said. 'Is all your land lost?' 'Be merry, dame,' said the knight, 'and bless Robin Hood; but for his kindness, we had been beggars by now. The Abbot and I are quits—he has his money—the good yeoman lent it me, as I came by the way.'

The knight then lived at home till he had got together four hundred pound; also he bought a hundred bows, and a hundred sheaf of arrows with peacock feathers;

and purveyed him a hundred men, all in his livery of white and red, and he took lance in hand and rode away merrily into Barnesdale, to pay his debt to Robin Hood.

Now, as he went, he came to a bridge, where were men wrestling a match, all the best yeomen of the West Country. And it was a full fair game with great prizes—a white bull, a horse saddled and bridled, a pair of gloves, a ring of red gold, and a pipe of wine. And there was a yeoman there that was the best; but since he was far from home, and a stranger, he was like to have been slain. The knight had pity of him, and swore that for love of Robin Hood he would see that the yeoman should have no harm. He pressed into the place, and his hundred men followed him, with bows bent and arrows on string, to shame that company; and the countrymen made room for him, to hear what he would say. Then he took the yeoman by the hand and gave him fair play for his game; and when he had won he gave him five marks for his wine, and bade them broach it there where it stood, that all might drink.

And while the gentle knight thus tarried till the wrestling was over, so long in the greenwood Robin waited fasting, three hours past noon.

3. THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM

Now turn we back a little, to hear good mirth of Little John, that had been the knight's man this year past. Upon a feast day, when the young men had made a match to shoot, Little John fetched his bow and said that he would meet them. And so he did, and he shot three times, and every time he cleft the wand. Now the proud Sheriff of Nottingham came up and

stood by the marks, and he swore a full great oath. 'This man is the best archer that ever I saw yet.' Then he said to Little John, 'Tell me now, my brave young man, what is your name, where were you born, and where do you live?'

'I am my mother's own son,' said Little John, 'and I was born in Holderness; when I am at home men call me Reynold Greenleaf.' Then said the Sheriff: 'Reynold Greenleaf, will you take service with me? and I will give you for your wages twenty mark by the year.' 'I have a master already,' said Little John, 'he is a courteous knight, and it were better if you could get leave of him.' So the Sheriff got Little John of the knight for twelve months, and gave him a good strong horse.

Now was Little John with the Sheriff, who thought he would serve him well; but Little John thought otherwise. 'By my loyalty,' said he, 'I shall be the worst servant to him that he ever had yet.' Then it befell on a day when the Sheriff was gone hunting, that Little John lay in bed at home forgotten. And when it was noon and he was still fasting, he said to the steward, 'I pray you, good Sir Steward, give me to dine, for I am too long fasting.' 'Till my lord come home,' said the steward, 'you will get nothing to eat or drink.' 'I vow,' said Little John, 'I would sooner crack your crown than wait so long.' The butler also was uncourteous in like manner; he went to the buttery and shut the door fast. But Little John gave him such a rap that he nearly broke his back—he would go the worse for that rap though he lived a hundred years after it. Then Little John burst the door with his foot; it went up well and fine, and he gave out good commons

of wine and ale. 'Since you will not give me to dine,' he said, 'I will give you to drink; and you shall remember me, though you live a hundred year.' So he ate and drank as he would.

Now the Sheriff had in his kitchen a cook, a stout man and bold. 'I vow,' said this cook, 'you are a shrewd servant to live in a household, and come and ask to dine in this fashion.' And he lent Little John three good blows. 'I vow,' said Little John, 'I like these blows; you are a good man and a hardy, and I will make better trial of you before I leave.' Then he drew his sword, and the cook took another in his hand. They had no thought of giving way, but stood stiffly up one to the other, and there they fought hard together the best part of an hour without either taking any harm. 'I vow,' said Little John, 'by my true loyalty, you are one of the best swordsmen that I ever saw yet. If you could shoot as well with a bow you should go to greenwood with me, and twice a year Robin Hood would give you new clothing, and every year twenty mark to your wages.' 'Put up your sword,' said the cook, 'we will be fellows.'

Then he fetched for Little John doe venison and good bread and wine, and they ate and drank together. And when they had well drunken, they plighted troth with each other that they would be with Robin Hood that very day by night-time. Then they went as fast as they could go to the Sheriff's treasure-house. The locks were of good steel, but they broke them every one. They took away the silver—pieces, bowls, spoons—they forgot none of it; nor the good coin, three hundred pound and more, and straight they took it all to Robin Hood, under the greenwood tree.

‘God save you, my dear master,’ said Little John. And Robin said to Little John, ‘Welcome to you, Little John, and welcome to that good yeoman that you bring with you; and now tell me, what tidings from Nottingham?’ Then said Little John, ‘The proud Sheriff greets you well, and sends you here by me his cook, and his silver vessels, and three hundred pound of money.’ ‘I vow to God,’ said Robin, ‘and to the Trinity, it was never by his good will that all this came to my hands!’

Then Little John bethought him of a shrewd wile. He left Robin there and the cook, and ran off through the forest; five mile he ran seeking, and he happened on what he sought. He met the proud Sheriff, hunting with hound and horn. He came up courteously and kneeled before him, saying, ‘God save you, my dear master.’ Then the Sheriff asked him, ‘Reynold Greenleaf, where have you been now?’ ‘I have been in this forest,’ said Little John, ‘and there I saw a fair sight, one of the fairest sights that I ever saw yet. Yonder I saw a right royal hart; his colour is green and in his company are seven score of deer in a herd; on his tines are sixty points and more, so sharp that I durst not shoot for fear they should slay me.’ ‘I vow,’ said the Sheriff, ‘I would fain see that sight.’ ‘Make you ready, then, my dear master,’ said Little John, ‘and go thitherward with me.’

So the Sheriff rode thitherward, and Little John, that was right smart of foot, ran with him, and presently they came where Robin was. Then said Little John to the Sheriff, ‘Here is the master hart.’ The Sheriff stood stock-still; he was a sorry man. ‘Woe worth you, Reynold Greenleaf,’ he said, ‘you have betrayed

me.' 'I vow,' said Little John, 'it is you, master, that are to blame; when I was in your house at home I was mis-served of my dinner.'

Then Robin took the Sheriff and bade him to supper, and soon they were set at table and served with bright silver; and when the Sheriff saw his own silver, he could not eat for sorrow. But Robin said to him, 'Make good cheer, Sheriff, for charity's sake! and for the love of Little John, your life is granted you.'

When they had well supped, the day was all gone. Then Robin called Little John and bade him pull off his hose and his shoes, his kirtle and his short cloak that was finely furred, and take only a green mantle, to wrap himself in for the night. And he commanded his sturdy young men that they also should lie under the greenwood tree, to sleep in that same sort, and so that the Sheriff might see them. And the Sheriff himself lay all night in his breeches and shirt, there in the greenwood; no wonder it was that his sides ached. But Robin Hood made jest at him, saying anon, 'Make glad cheer, Sheriff, for charity's sake! for this is our order of life, you know, under the greenwood tree!' 'This is a harder order,' said the Sheriff, 'than any friar or hermit keeps; I would not dwell long here for all the gold in merry England.' 'You shall dwell here with me,' said Robin, 'these twelve months to come; I will teach you, proud Sheriff, to be an outlaw.'

Then said the Sheriff, 'Rather than lie here another night, I pray you, Robin, smite off my head to-morrow morning, and I will forgive you.' Then he said again, 'For saint charity, let me go, and I will be the best friend that you ever had.' 'Then you shall swear me an oath,' said Robin, 'on my bright sword, that you

will never plot evil against me by land or by water ; and if you find any of my men, by day or by night, upon your oath you shall help them in any way you can.'

The Sheriff swore his oath, and began to take his way home. He was fed full of the greenwood, as full as ever a rose-hip was filled with stone.

4. ROBIN REPAID

The Sheriff went home to Nottingham. He was right glad to be gone ; and Robin and his merry men went back to the greenwood. Then, on a day, Little John said, 'Go we to dinner,' for it was time ; but Robin said, 'Nay ! for I fear lest Our Lady be wroth with me, seeing that she hath not sent me yet my money.' 'Have no doubt, master,' said Little John, 'the sun is not yet at rest ; I dare say and swear that the knight is true.' 'Then take your bow in hand,' said Robin, 'and Much with you, and William Scathe-lock, and leave me here alone ; and go ye up to Watling Street and look if by chance ye may meet with some uncouth guest. Whether he be a messenger, or one that can make mirth, if he be a poor man he shall share of what I have.'

So Little John started forth, half in trouble and grief, and he girt him with a good sword, and those three yeomen went up to Watling Street and looked east and west ; but they could see no man. But, as they looked, they were ware of a Black Monk, which came by the highway upon a good palfrey. Then Little John began to say to Much, 'I dare well wager my life that monk hath brought our money. Make glad cheer, then, and dress your good yew bows ; see that your

hearts are steady and sure, and your strings trusty and true. This monk hath seven pack-horses and two and fifty men ; no bishop in the land rides more royally. Brethren, we are no more than three ; but unless we bring them to dinner, we dare not face our master. Bend your bows, make them all stand ; I hold the foremost monk of them in my hand, for life or death.' Then he called to the Black Monk. 'Bide where you are, churl monk ! Go no further ; if you do, your death is in my hand ! Evil thrift upon your head and your hat and your hat-band ! You have angered our master, you have kept him so long fasting.' 'Who is your master ?' said the monk. 'Robin Hood,' said Little John. 'I never heard good of him,' said the monk, 'he is a strong thief.' 'You lie,' said Little John, 'and you shall rue it, he is a yeoman of the forest, and he has bidden you to dine by me.'

Much was ready with a blunt arrow on string ; quickly he shot the monk fair in the breast and felled him to the ground. Of all his two and fifty yeomen there stayed not one by him, save a little page and a groom that led the pack-horses. Then Little John and Much and Scathelock brought the Black Monk, whether he would or no, to the lodge-door in the greenwood, and bade him, despite his teeth, to speak with Robin Hood.

When Robin saw the monk, he put down his hood. The monk was not so courteous, he let his hood be. 'He is a churl,' said Little John wrathfully. 'No matter,' said Robin, 'there can be no courtesy in such. How many men had this monk, Little John ?' 'Fifty and two when we met them,' said Little John, 'but many of them are fled.' 'Let blow a horn,' said Robin

Hood, 'that our fellowship may know where we be.' They blew, and seven score of sturdy yeomen came running up; each of them had a good mantle of scarlet and striped cloth, and they all came to Robin to hear what he would say to them.

Then they made the Black Monk wash and wipe, and sit down to dinner; and Robin Hood and Little John both served him together. 'Eat heartily, monk,' said Robin. 'I thank you much, sir,' he said. Then said Robin, 'Where is your Abbey, when you are at home, and who is your patron saint?' 'St. Mary's Abbey,' said the monk, 'but I am not master there.' 'What is your office?' asked Robin. 'Sir, I am High Cellarer.' 'You are the more welcome, so may I thrive,' said Robin. 'Fill of the best wine, Little John, this monk shall drink to me.' Then Robin said again, 'But I have had great marvel all this long day; I dread lest Our Lady be wroth with me, for she hath not sent me my money.' 'Have no doubt, master,' said Little John, 'you need have none. I dare well swear this monk hath brought it, for he is of her own Abbey.' 'Ay!' said Robin, 'and she was surety between a knight and me, for a little money that I lent him here under the greenwood. Therefore, monk, I pray you let me see if you have brought that money, and if instead you have need of me, I will help you right soon.'

The monk swore with sorry cheer. 'I never heard tell a word of this suretyhood.' 'Monk,' said Robin, 'you are to blame; you told me with your own tongue that you are Our Lady's servant, and you are made her messenger to pay me my money; I thank you that you come true to your day. What is in your coffers? tell me truth, monk.' 'Sir,' said he, 'twenty mark,

so may I thrive.' 'If I find more,' said Robin, 'you shall forfeit it. Look now, Little John, and tell me truth ; if there be no more, no penny will I take.'

Little John spread his mantle, as he had done before, and told out of the monk's mail-bag eight hundred pound. 'Sir,' he said, 'the monk is true enough ; Our Lady hath doubled your cast !' 'What told I you, monk ?' said Robin. 'Our Lady is the truest woman that ever I found ; never in all England was a better surety. Fill of the best wine, monk, and greet your Lady.' Then he said, 'Come forth, Little John : I know no better yeoman to search a monk's mail : go see how much is in yon other coffer.' 'By Our Lady,' said the monk, 'what courtesy is this, to bid a man to dinner and then rob him ?' 'It is our old manner,' said Robin, 'to leave but little behind when we dine.'

The monk took horse to go. 'I am sorry I came near you,' he said. 'I might have dined cheaper elsewhere.' 'Greet well your Abbot from me,' said Robin, 'and bid him send me such a monk every day to dine with me !'

Now leave we the Black Monk, and speak we of that knight ; for he came to keep his day, before it was dark. He came straight to Barnesdale, and under the greenwood tree he found Robin Hood and all his merry men. He lit down off his palfrey and courteously doffed his hood. Then said Robin, 'I pray you, Sir Knight, tell me what need drives you to greenwood. Tell me truly, have you your land again ?' 'Yea,' said the knight, 'thanks to God and to you. But take it not ill that I have been so long ; I came by a wrestling, and there I helped a poor yeoman, that was being put

down by wrong.' 'Now for that,' said Robin, 'Sir Knight, I thank you ; whoever helps a good yeoman, I will be his friend.'

Then said the knight, 'Take here the four hundred pound, which you lent me ; and for your courtesy these twenty marks beside.' 'Nay !' said Robin, 'for Our Lady, by her cellarer, hath sent me my money ; and if I should take it twice, it were shame to me.' So Robin told his tale, and laughed over it ; but the knight said again, 'By my troth, here is your money ready.' 'Use it well, gentle knight,' said Robin, 'and be welcome under my trysting tree. But what are these bows for and these arrows ?' 'With your will,' said the knight, 'they are a poor present from me.'

Then said Robin, 'Come forth, Little John, go to my treasury, and bring me four hundred pound that the monk overpaid me. Now, gentle knight, take here four hundred pound and buy you therewith horse and harness and gilt spurs ; and if you lack more to spend, come to Robin Hood, and by my troth you shall never go short while I have anything to give. And use well your four hundred pound, which I lent you, and take my counsel and strip yourself never again so bare.'

Thus good Robin helped the knight of all his trouble ; and so God help us all !

5. RESCUE FOR RESCUE

Hear now again of the proud Sheriff of Nottingham, how he cried a match for all the best archers of the North Country ; whereat he that should shoot best and furthest, fair and low, at a pair of goodly butts set up under the greenwood, should have for prize a right good silver arrow, headed and feathered with rich gold. The

news of this came to Robin Hood under his trysting tree in Sherwood. 'Make ready now, my merry men,' he said. 'You and I will go to this meeting and try the Sheriff, if he will keep his oath or no.' So they took their bows and went with Robin, seven score of sturdy men.

When they came to Nottingham they found the butts set up fair and long, and many bold archers with stout bows shooting at them. Then said Robin to his men, 'There shall but six of you shoot with me; the rest shall stand with bows bent, to keep guard lest I be taken unaware.' So three outlaws shot their round, and then a fourth; the fourth was Robin Hood, and the proud Sheriff knew him as he stood by the butt. Thrice Robin shot, and every time he split the wand. Then Little John and Much and Scathelock shot like good archers; but when all had shot all their rounds, Robin Hood was the best every time. So the good silver arrow was delivered to him, as the most worthy; and courteously he took the gift, and made ready to go home to Sherwood.

Then the Sheriff's men raised hue and cry against Robin Hood, and began to blow great horns. 'Woe take your treason!' said Robin, 'and woe take you, proud Sheriff, for treating your guest to such cheer. In the forest yonder you made me a promise of another sort. I tell you, if I had you again under my trysting tree in the greenwood, you should leave a better pledge than your true loyalty!' Then there was bending of bows on this side and on that, and the arrows began to glide; many a kirtle was torn, and many a man hurt. The outlaws shot so strong that no force could drive them back, and soon the Sheriff's men were right glad to run.



How the King, disguised as an Abbot, visited Robin under the Greenwood Tree.

When Robin saw that the ambush was broken, he would gladly have gone away to the greenwood ; but there was many an arrow shot among his company, and Little John was hurt full sore in the knee, so that he could neither walk nor ride. ‘ Master,’ he said, ‘ if ever you loved me, and if ever I served you, now let the proud Sheriff not take me alive ; but draw your brown sword and smite off my head, or wound me dead and wide, that there be no life left in me.’ ‘ Little John,’ said Robin, ‘ I would not have you dead, for all the gold in merry England.’ Then he took him up on his own back, and bore him away ; many a time he laid him down, and shot another arrow, and took him up again. So he brought him a good mile, to a fair castle a little within the wood ; double ditched it was, and walled about. And there dwelt that gentle knight, Sir Richard at Lee, to whom Robin had lent his money in the greenwood. The knight took in Robin and all his company. ‘ Welcome, Robin Hood,’ he said. ‘ Welcome you are to me, and much I thank you for your courtesy and comfort to me in greenwood ; I love no man in the world so much as I do you, and right here you shall be, for all the proud Sheriff of Nottingham. Shut the gates there, and draw the bridge, and let no man come in ; and come you all of you and make ready, and go to the walls. And one thing I promise you, Robin ; you shall stay here these twelve days, to dine and sup with me.’ So readily and anon the tables were laid and cloths spread, and Robin Hood and his merry men went to meat.

But the proud Sheriff of Nottingham hurried away full fast to the High Sheriff, to rout up the countryside, and they came all about the knight’s castle and beset

it. The proud Sheriff summoned the knight loudly, 'Traitor knight, you are keeping here the King's enemies.



How Robin carried Little John on his back.

against the law.' 'Sir,' replied the knight from his high wall, 'I will avow all that is here done, and answer it with all my lands, as I am a true knight. Go your

way, sir, and do no more to me, until you know what our King will say to you.'

So the Sheriff had his answer, and away he went to London town to tell the King. And finely he told him of Robin Hood and his bold archers, and of that gentle knight, how that he said he would avow what he had done to maintain the outlaws. 'He would be lord,' he said, 'and set you, Sir King, at naught, through all the North Country.' Then the King said, 'Within this fortnight I will be at Nottingham, and I will take Robin Hood, and that knight too. Go home, Sheriff, and do as I bid you ; make ready good archers enough through all the countryside.'

Then the Sheriff took his leave of King Edward and went his way ; but before he came home Robin had gone back to greenwood, and Little John was whole of the arrow shot in his knee, and he came straight to Robin, and they walked the forest under the green leaves as they did aforetime, and the Sheriff was right wroth to hear of it.

He had failed to take Robin, and lost his prey ; but day and night he plotted against the gentle knight. And at last he lay in wait for him as he went hawking by the river side, and took him with a strong force of men of arms, and bound him hand and foot and led him away to Nottingham ; and he swore he would give a hundred pound if he could take Robin too.

When the knight's wife heard this, she set her on a good palfrey and rode anon to greenwood ; and when she came into the forest, she found Robin and all his men under the trysting tree. 'God save you, good Robin,' she said, 'and all your company ; grant me a boon for our dear Lady's sake ! Let not my wedded

lord be shamefully slain ; he is fast bound at Nottingham, and all for love of you.' 'What man has taken your lord ?' asked Robin. 'The proud Sheriff,' she said, 'he has taken him as I tell you ; he is not yet three miles on his way.'

Then Robin started up like a man mad. 'Make you ready, my merry men, for God's sake ; he that leaveth this knight in sorrow shall no longer dwell with me.' Quickly there were seven score bows bent, and seven score men running forth ; they stayed for neither hedge nor ditch. 'I vow to God,' said Robin, 'I would fain see that good knight, and if I may but find him he shall be well quit.' They came to Nottingham and went boldly through the street ; soon they met with the proud Sheriff and his men. 'Stand, proud Sheriff,' said Robin, 'stand and speak with me ; I would fain hear some tidings of our King. Dear God ! I have not run so fast on foot this seven year ; I tell you well, it was not for your good that I came !'

Robin bent his bow and drew a full good arrow. He hit the proud Sheriff that he lay on the ground ; and before he could rise up to stand upon his feet, with his bright brand he smote off his head. 'Lie you there, proud Sheriff, and ill go with you ; for no man might trust you while you were alive.' Then his men drew out their bright swords and laid on to the Sheriff's men, and drove them down the street together. Robin ran to the knight and cut his bonds, and put a bow in his hand and bade him stand by him. 'Leave your horse behind,' he said, 'and learn to run afoot like us. You shall go with me to greenwood, and there dwell till I have got us all grace from Edward our King.'

6. ROBIN AND THE KING

Now the King, with a great array of knights, came to Nottingham to take Robin and that gentle knight, if he could. And first he asked the men of that country about them both, and they told him all the case. And when our King understood their tale he seized into his own hand all the knight's lands, and rode away to hunt the deer. All over Lancashire he went, far and near, till he came to his royal park of Plompton; but he missed many of his deer. Where he was wont to see many a herd, he could scarce find one deer that bore any good horn.

At this the King was wondrous wroth, and he swore a great oath: 'I would that I had Robin Hood here before my eyes! And he that shall smite off that knight's head, and bring it to me, shall have all the knight's lands. I will give them to him by charter, sealed with my own hand, to have and to hold for ever in all merry England.' Then a good old knight that was there said to him, 'Ah! my liege lord, let me say to you one word: there is no man in this country can hold the knight's lands so long as Robin Hood can ride or run or bear a bow. Give them, my lord king, to no man that you wish well to, lest he lose the best ball in his hood, and that is his head.'

Now the King dwelt half a year and more in Nottingham, and could never hear where Robin Hood was. But Robin went from nook to nook and from hill to hill, and killed the King's deer as he pleased. At last came a proud forester and said to the King, 'Sir, if you would see Robin Hood, you must do as I would have you. Take five of your best knights, and walk

down to yon Abbey and get you monks' habits ; then I will be your guide, and I dare lay my head that before you come to Nottingham you shall meet with Robin, if he is still alive.'

Quickly the King and his five knights dressed them in monk's habit ; the King had a great broad hat on his crown over his cowl, as if he were an Abbot, and stiff boots beneath. He rode to the greenwood chanting as he went, and his five monks with him all in grey. His mail and his great baggage-horses followed behind. When they had gone a mile under the greenwood they found good Robin standing in the path, and many a bold archer with him. Robin took the King's horse by the bridle and said, ' Sir Abbot, by your leave, you must stay awhile. We be yeomen of this forest, we live by the King's deer and have no other shift, but you have churches and rents and gold in great plenty ; for saint charity, give us some of your spending.'

Then the King said, ' I have brought with me to greenwood no more than forty pound. I have been at Nottingham this fortnight past with our King, and I have spent much on many great lords. So I have but forty pound with me ; but if I had a hundred, I would give you half of it.' Robin took the forty pound, and parted it in two. Half of it he gave to his men to make merry ; the other half to the King, saying, ' Sir, this for your spending ; we shall meet another day.' ' I thank you,' said the seeming Abbot, ' but Edward our King greets you by me and bids you to Nottingham to dine with him, and for token he sends you his seal.' With that he took out the broad seal and showed it him, and Robin knelt in courtesy. ' I love no man in all the world so well as my King. My lord's seal is

welcome; and for love of my King, you, Sir Abbot, shall dine with me to-day under my trysting tree.'

He led the King there by the hand, and there was many a deer slain and making ready; and Robin took a great horn and blew it, and seven score of stout young men came ready and knelt a-row before Robin. The King said to himself, 'Here is a wondrous seemly sight; his men are more at his bidding than my men are at mine!' Quickly was their dinner prepared, and they went to it. Both Robin and Little John served the King with all their might—they set before him the fat venison, the good white bread, the good red wine, and fine brown ale. 'Make good cheer, Abbot,' said Robin, 'and a blessing on you for your tidings. Now, before you go hence, you shall see what kind of life we lead; then you can inform the King when you are with him again.'

With that they all started up and bent their bows smartly—the King was never so aghast in his life, he thought he was a lost man. But they set up two wands and went to shoot at them. The King said the mark was too far by fifty yards. Each wand had a rose garland about it, and Robin said, 'Whoever shoots outside the garland shall forfeit his tackle, be it never so fine, and yield it to the man that beats him, and he shall stand a buffet on his bare head besides.' And all that fell to Robin's lot he beat, and buffeted right sorely. Little John and Scathelock, and Gilbert of the white hand, whenever they missed the garland, Robin smote them sorely. Twice he shot and cleft the wand; but at the last shot he missed the garland by three fingers' width and more. Then said good Gilbert, 'Master, your tackle is lost; stand forth and take your

pay.' 'If it be so,' said Robin, 'Sir Abbot, I deliver up my arrow to you, and pray you to serve me my buffet.'

'It is not for one of my Order,' said the King, 'to smite a good yeoman.' 'Smite on boldly,' said Robin, 'I give you full leave.' At that same word the King folded back the sleeve of his gown, and gave Robin such a buffet that he well nigh fell to ground. 'I vow,' said Robin, 'you are a stalwart monk; there's pith in your arm. I wager you can shoot.'

Then he looked the King in the face and knew him; so did the gentle knight, Sir Richard at Lee, and together they knelt down before him. And when the wild outlaws saw them kneel, they all did the same. 'Now I know you,' said Robin. 'My Lord the King of England!' 'Then, Robin,' said the King, 'of your goodness and grace I ask you mercy for my men and me.' 'Yes, 'fore God!' said Robin, 'and I also crave mercy, my Lord King, for me and for my men.' 'Yes, 'fore God!' said the King, 'and therefore I came myself, that you should leave the greenwood, you and all your company, and come home, sir, to my Court, and dwell with me there.' 'Right so shall it be,' said Robin, 'I will come to your Court and try your service; and I will bring with me my men, seven score and three. But, if I like not your service, I will come again to greenwood and shoot at the dun deer as I was wont.'

Then said the King, 'Now, Robin, have you any green cloth that you will sell to me?' 'Yea,' said Robin, 'I were a fool else; for another day I guess you will be clothing me, against Christmas.' Then the King cast off his Abbot's gown and did on him a green garment, and his knights likewise: and when they

were all clothed in Lincoln green they cast away their



Robin and his outlaws kneel to the King under the greenwood tree.

grey, and the King said, 'Now will we go to Nottingham.'

So they bent their bows and went toward Nottingham, shooting all in company as they went, like outlaws.

The King and Robin rode together, and by the way they shot pluck-buffet, as they had done in greenwood at the garland: and the King won many a buffet of Robin, and Robin spared him not. 'God help me!' said the King, 'your game is not easy to learn! I should not win a shot of you though I shot for a whole year!'

Now, when they came near to Nottingham, the people all stood staring at them; they saw nothing but mantles of green that covered the fields on every side, and one to another they began to say, 'I fear our King be slain, and if Robin comes to town he will leave not one of us alive.' Then they began to flee in haste, yeomen and knaves and old women that could but hobble. The King laughed, and bade them turn again, and when they saw it was the King they were right glad; they fell to eating and drinking, and singing loudly. Then the King called Sir Richard at Lee. And there he gave him all his land again and bade him be his good liege—and at that Robin too knelt upon his knee and thanked the King.

So Robin came to Court; and when he had dwelt in the King's Court but fifteen months, he had spent a hundred pound, beside wages to his men—for in every place where he came he would lay down both for knights and for squires. Then, by ten and by ten, he sent his merry men away; and when the year was all gone, he had none left but two; Little John and good Scathelock.

Now it chanced on a day that he saw the young men shooting, and they shot at a far mark. 'Alas!' then he said, 'my wealth is gone. Time was that I was a good archer, stiff and strong—I was counted the

best archer in all merry England. Alas, and wellaway ! Sorrow will kill me, if I dwell longer with the King.'

Then Robin went to the King and knelt before him. 'My Lord the King,' he said, 'grant me my asking. I built me in Barnesdale a chapel, seemly to look upon. I named it for Saint Mary Magdalen, and I would fain go thereto. This seven-night I have known neither sleep nor wink, and all these seven days I have neither eaten nor drunken, I long so to be in Barnesdale. I cannot stay therefrom : I have vowed to go a pilgrimage thither, barefoot and in woollen shirt.' 'If it be so,' said the King, 'I give you leave to dwell away from me for seven nights, but no longer.' 'I thank you, my Lord King,' said Robin, and he took his leave full courteously, and went straight to greenwood.

He came to greenwood in a merry morning, and there he heard the small notes of birds singing. 'It is a far time,' he said, 'since I was here last ; it would please me to shoot a little at the dun deer.' Then he bent his bow and slew a full great hart, and then he took his horn and blew it. And all the outlaws of the forest knew that horn, and in a short space they gathered them all together, seven score of sturdy men a-row. And there they did off their hoods and knelt before Robin. 'Welcome, dear master,' they said, 'welcome under this trysting tree !'

And there, for twenty year and two, Robin dwelt with them in greenwood ; for all his dread lord, King Edward, he would never to Court again.

7. THE DEATH OF ROBIN HOOD

Hear now how Robin Hood, that was never taken nor beguiled by living man, was brought to his death

by a wicked woman, the Prioress of Kirkleys, that was nigh of kin to him. On a day, when he had come to his old age, Robin and Little John went walking over a bank of broom, and Robin said to Little John, 'Little John, you and I have shot for many a pound together, and now I am not able to shoot one shot more; my broad arrows will no longer fly. But I have a cousin that lives down below yonder, and please God she will bleed me. I shall never be able to eat or drink again,' he said, 'my meat will do me no good, till I have been to the Abbey of Kirkleys to be bled. The Dame Prioress is my aunt's daughter, and nigh of kin to me. I know that for all the world she would never do me harm.'

'You go not by my assent, master,' said Little John, 'without you take with you half a hundred of your best bowmen.' Then said Robin, 'If you are afeard, Little John, I counsel you to stay at home.' 'If you are wroth, my dear master,' said Little John, 'you shall never hear another word from me.'

So Robin went to the Abbey of Kirkleys and knocked upon the gate; and the Dame Prioress rose up and let him in. Then Robin gave her twenty pound in gold, and bade her spend that for him as long as it lasted, and when she would she should have more. 'Cousin Robin,' she said, 'will you please to sit down and drink with me?' 'I thank you, no,' said Robin. 'I will neither eat nor drink till you have let me blood.'

Then Dame Prioress went above, and came quickly down again with a pair of blood-irons in her hand, all wrapped in silk. 'Set a chafing-dish to the fire,' she said, 'and strip your sleeve'—it is an unwise man that will not take a warning! She laid the blood-irons to Robin's vein, and pierced it, and let out the good red

blood. And first it bled thick and fast, and afterwards it bled thin and slow. Then Robin knew well that there was treason. And there she blooded him as long as one drop of blood would run—all that livelong day she let him bleed, and until noon the next.

Then Robin, being fast locked up in his room, bethought him of the casement there; but he was so weak that he could neither leap nor climb down. Then he bethought him of his bugle-horn, that hung down by his side. He set the horn to his mouth, and he blew three blasts.

Weak enough they were, but Little John heard them where he sat under a tree in greenwood. ‘I fear,’ he said, ‘my master is now near death, he blows so wearily.’ Then he rose up and went as fast as he could run to the Abbey of Kirkleys, and when he came there he broke all the locks, without and within, until he found Robin; then he fell on his knee before him. ‘A boon, a boon, master!’ he cried. ‘What boon is this that you beg of me?’ asked Robin. And Little John said, ‘That I may burn the Abbey of Kirkleys and all their nunnery.’

‘Nay, nay,’ said Robin, ‘that boon I’ll not grant. In all my time I never yet hurt woman, nor man in woman’s company. In all my life I never yet hurt a maid, and it shall not be done in my death. But bend me my bow, and give it into my hand; one more broad arrow I will let fly, and where that arrow is found there you shall dig my grave. And at my head and at my feet you shall lay a green sod, and at my side my bent bow, that made sweet music to my ear, that when I am dead men may say: “Here lies bold Robin Hood.”’

So Robin kept faith with Our Lady, whom he loved.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN AND THE BLACK PRINCE

1. AN UGLY DUCKLING

BERTRAND, eldest son of Robert du Guesclin, knight, was born in 1320 in his father's castle of La Motte de Broons, not far from Dinan in Brittany. The du Guesclins were of ancient and honourable birth, but Robert belonged to a poorer branch of them ; his castle was a very small one and his family inconveniently large. There were six girls, and four boys, of whom only two, Bertrand and Oliver, lived to grow up. Oliver was a good knight in the wars ; but Bertrand was far more than that. He rose by force of character and ability to be successively Banneret, Count, Duke, and Constable of France ; and those titles were in his case true symbols, for he was one of the greatest soldiers ever seen in Europe.

His story is one very encouraging to unlikely boys, for if ever there was an ugly duckling it was Bertrand in his early days. He was very brown, with a turn-up nose and green eyes, a thick heavy figure and clumsy gestures. As for his manners, they were impulsive and almost brutal. His mother could not bear to have him near her or the other children, and made him take his meals at a separate table. He was sensitive, and this exasperated him. On one occasion, when his mother

had helped his brothers to roast chicken before him, he broke out, ordered them to make room for him, and began to grab the dishes. His mother threatened to strike him if he did not leave the room; whereupon he got up, but so violently as to upset the table and everything upon it. For a young gentleman of six, this was at least remarkable. The only person who could see anything in him was a lay sister from the convent, a Jewess who came to nurse his mother through a fever. She was skilled in palmistry and took an opportunity of examining the lines in Bertrand's hand. He said fiercely: 'I shall come to neither honour nor happiness; my father and mother repel me, I cannot tell why.' His mother explained: 'He is rude and ungracious—he fights and worries the others—he has neither sense nor manners, and I wish he were dead!' The lay sister replied: 'Lady, fruit is no good that ripens too early. I give you my solemn word that this boy that you complain of will be more renowned than any of his ancestors. He will have no equal under heaven, and he will be so heaped with honours by the Fleurs-de-Lis (the Kings of France) that he will be famous from here to Jerusalem. You may burn me alive if this does not come true one day.' At this moment dinner came in—a roast peacock this time—and Bertrand, who was quite changed by what he had heard prophesied of him, took the dish from the servant and insisted on waiting at table himself, as was the duty in those days of a good squire or page.

After this, his parents thought better of him; but they still found him very troublesome. When only nine years old, he began to get together the forty or fifty boys of the village, and divide them into two companies

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to fight one another. Whenever he saw one company getting the worst of it, he would rush in to the rescue, shouting his war-cry 'Guesclin!' and when everybody was dead beat, he would take the whole party off to the tavern and treat them to drinks, which were scored up to him till he could scrape together the money to pay. His mother naturally objected to these fights, in which he ruined his clothes, and his father tried to stop them by forbidding his tenants to allow their boys to play with Bertrand under pain of a fine of a hundred sous. But Bertrand made them come out by force; and when his father locked him up, he snatched the key from the servant who brought his food, and ran away to the house of an uncle.

By this time he was sixteen, and his aunt, who was a very pious woman, thought she could make something of him. She took him to church a good deal, but he used to slip out during the service and go to the village sports. He became known for his big shoulders and fists, and one day he succeeded in throwing the local wrestling champion. But in falling on him he cut his own knee, and had to be carried home and attended by a surgeon; his aunt only forgave him on his promising to give up rustic contests and keep to jousts and tournaments like a gentleman. When he went home, at the end of a year's stay, he kept this promise, and his father was delighted to mount him on a pony of his own. He had very little money for his equipment, but that difficulty was got over when his chance came.

In 1337, when Bertrand was seventeen, Jeanne de Ponthièvre, niece of the Duke of Brittany, was married to Charles, son of the Comte de Blois and nephew of the King of France. In honour of this event there were



Bertrand rides into Rennes for the tournament.

festivities throughout Brittany, and one of the most important was the great tourney at Rennes. Bertrand was determined to compete; but the only charger he could get was a farm-horse of his father's 'for which no one would have bid four little florins,' and he was ashamed to appear on such an animal. As he rode in to Rennes he could hear people saying, 'What! a knight's son mounted on a miller's horse!'; or, 'One would take him for a cow-boy—he looks more like ploughing than jousting.' It was worse still when he reached the market-place, where the lists were, and saw the crowd of great ladies and rich citizens' wives, all in their best dresses, and the knights all in bright armour and magnificently mounted, waiting for the barriers to be opened. 'Oh!' he groaned, 'I am so plain that no lady will ever love me, or let me wear her colours. But if I had only a good horse, if only I were armed like a gentleman, I would challenge the best mounted men here, and either floor them or get killed on the spot. It is too bad of my father—he does not treat me like a knight's son. But if it is my fate to succeed him, I swear I'll get more honour and glory than Roland or King Arthur or Gawain, even if it costs me every penny of my inheritance.'

Then the trumpets sounded and the champions rode into the lists; the ladies waved their scarves, and the jousting began. Bertrand felt more out of it than ever, but he was keen to watch the performances of his father and his cousin Oliver de Mauny, both of whom were doing well. Oliver was about his own age, and was equipped with fine armour and a big charger. When he had run his courses according to the rules, Bertrand hurried to him and begged him to lend him his horse and

armour. Oliver was a good cousin. He lent them at once, and insisted on arming Bertrand himself.

It was a fortunate beginning to a long friendship. Bertrand was at once challenged, and in his first course he not only unhelmed and stunned his adversary, but overthrew and killed his horse. 'A good squire!' cried the heralds—they could not proclaim him by name for he refused to raise his visor. When the fallen knight came to, he sent to ask the name and family of his conqueror. The message came back: 'Sir, you cannot know who the squire is, until he is unhelmed by you or some other.' 'Then bring me a fresh charger,' said the knight, 'I will not give up till I know by whom I have been unseated. I do not know who he is, but I am certain he is a gentleman, and of good blood too.'

By this time people were getting interested and curious. A number of the best riders challenged the anonymous squire, and he defeated them all, one after another—the mystery became quite exciting. At last Sir Robert du Guesclin rode out and challenged his own son without knowing him. This was what was called, in old days, 'Nuts for Bertrand,' for of course he recognised his father by the arms on his shield. Instead of charging him, he lowered the point of his spear in a courteous salute and declined the contest. Another champion, who supposed that he was afraid, immediately challenged Bertrand, who sent his helm flying from his head. For this he was again proclaimed by the heralds, who cried, 'Victory to the adventurous stranger!'

From first to last, Bertrand ran no less than fifteen courses, which was about three times the usual number. Naturally his success could not go on for ever; in his sixteenth attempt, a Norman knight unhelmed him.

But then he had a fresh triumph; for when they recognised him, his friends overwhelmed him with congratulations, and the judges awarded him the prize. His father was more than delighted. He was a thoroughly good man of arms himself, and he saw that it was worth his while to put money on a son like this—in fact, worth while to stake the family fortune on him. ‘Fair son,’ he said, ‘you may count on my treating you less shabbily than I have done hitherto. From to-day onwards, I will give you all the horses you like to ask for, and you shall not want for money. You have behaved so well to-day that to give you your chance of going the whole way and making a reputation, I would not hesitate to mortgage my estate for years.’

Sir Robert was a shrewd man, and he judged the chances rightly. He naturally did not live to the end of his son’s career; but he lived to welcome him back as Comte de Longueville and Marshal of Normandy, after his great victory at Cocherel, and to know that the fame of the du Guesclins was made for ever.

2. A BOY PRINCE

On Friday, June 15, in the year 1330, when Bertrand was a boy of ten, fighting with the ragamuffins of the village, there was born in the palace of Woodstock another boy, destined to be his antagonist in many years of war, and to rival him in knightly fame for centuries afterwards. This was Edward, eldest son of King Edward III of England and Philippa (‘the good Queen’), afterwards and for all time known as ‘The Black Prince.’

The story of his boyhood is in curious contrast with that of the young du Guesclin. For the first

few years of Edward's life, the ambassadors of the two greatest nations in Europe were continually trying to arrange a marriage between the baby prince and Johanna, the little daughter of the King of France. When he was three, his father made him Earl of Chester, and gave him the revenues which are to this day inherited by every Prince of Wales. When he was nearly seven, he was brought into Parliament, where the King not only gave him the Earldom of Cornwall, which had belonged to his own brother, John of Eltham, but also granted to him the revenue, title, and dignity of Duke of Cornwall, girded him with a sword, and saluted him as the first English Duke in history. Thereupon the young Duke, though not himself a knight, was allowed to dub twenty knights from among the most distinguished young men at Court—and very proud they were, in after days, that they had received their knighthood from his hand. He himself had, of course, to wait; for knighthood was not a mere title, like his dukedom, nor a mere property like the estates of Cornwall or Chester. It was a real order of service, and laid definite duties upon its members, which no child could discharge, however rich and high-born he might happen to be.

After this, Edward was handed over again to his tutor, Doctor Walter Burleigh, for some six years. This was an exciting time for him. Though he had no adventures of his own, his father was in Flanders making war on France, of which he claimed to be the rightful king. In June 1340, when Edward was ten, the news came that Edward of England had challenged Philip of Valois, as he called the King of France, to meet him in single fight and settle the right to the

kingdom by their two bodies. As an alternative, he offered to meet him with 200 knights a side. Neither offer was accepted, but even to hear of them must have made young Edward keener to begin his training in riding and the use of arms. And now, in 1341, began the long struggle which was destined to bring both Bertrand and Edward into the field, and last through both their lives. John, Duke of Brittany, died in April of that year; and as he left no children, his dukedom was claimed by his niece Jeanne, who was married, as we have already seen, to Charles de Blois, nephew of King Philip of France. But the Duke left also a younger brother of his own still living, called John de Montfort, and he claimed that the right of a brother came before that of a niece. The Council decided in favour of Charles and Jeanne de Blois. John de Montfort took up arms against them, and was immediately captured; but his wife, Jeanne de Montfort, gallantly carried on the campaign for him, and appealed for help to the King of England. She came over to England in 1342, and Edward III was very ready to back her against his enemy, Philip of France; but after two unsuccessful expeditions, he was near being captured himself and had to make a truce for three years.

When he came home, he began to make his plans for the future, and he decided that young Edward, who was now nearly thirteen, was old enough to begin training for war and public life. On May 12, 1343, in the presence of Parliament, he created him Prince of Wales, and as symbols of his new rank he put on him a gold coronet and ring, and gave him a silver wand. He also granted him all the royal lands and rights in North and South Wales; but he still reserved the

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honour of knighthood till the Prince should be a real man of arms.

In 1345, the truce was broken by the King of France, who suddenly arrested Sir Oliver de Clisson and fourteen other Breton lords of the Montfort party, and had them beheaded, without even the pretence of a trial. This was simply a treacherous murder, and an English army under the Earl of Derby was sent to France, where they defeated the French under the Comte de Lille, and then retired to Bordeaux for the winter. It was during this campaign that Bertrand du Guesclin had his first experience of war. He was now twenty-five and a good man of arms, but otherwise not much changed. He got together a band of irregular troops to fight for Charles de Blois, and started a guerilla war in the Forest of Paimpont—called in the legends of the Round Table the Forest of Broceliande. Having no money to pay his men, he went to his mother's room, and took without her leave all the jewels and money he could find there, promising to repay a hundredfold. Soon afterwards he was riding through the forest, mounted on a farm-horse which he had also borrowed somewhere without leave. He had with him one man on foot, who threatened to go home if he were not provided with a mount too. At that moment they heard the sound of hoofs and the clank of armour. 'Silence !' said Bertrand, 'in one minute, if I am not dead, you shall be mounted.' In the track ahead was an English knight, with a squire and a valet, all armed. Bertrand charged them furiously, killed the knight and squire with his axe, mounted the knight's horse, and overtook the valet, who was escaping with the baggage. It turned out to contain a large sum

of money, with which the unfortunate knight was going to pay his ransom at the Castle of Forgeray. Bertrand gave the squire's horse to his own man, returned the one he had borrowed, and rode home in the knight's armour. 'How long have you been a knight?' said his mother, when she saw him. 'My lady mother,' he replied, 'pray forgive me my occasional thefts—see the money I have taken, you may dip in it with both hands. For every penny I took from you, I will give you twenty shillings.'

Young Edward's first campaign was of a very different kind. He was now sixteen, tall and strong, and he was known by the name of the Black Prince, from the black armour which he wore. On July 11, 1346, he and his father sailed from St. Helen's, in the Isle of Wight, and came to La Hogue, with an enormous fleet, carrying 4000 men-at-arms (making, with their followers, 20,000 mounted men), 10,000 archers, 12,000 Welshmen, and 6000 Irish. They stayed six days at La Hogue; and there, though he was still far from the full age of twenty-one, the Prince was dubbed a knight by his father, in order that he might take his proper place in the stiff work that was coming.

The army then marched—first along the coast; then to Caen, which they took and sacked; then towards Paris, by the left bank of the Seine, fighting hard all the way. By the time they reached Poissy, two miles from Paris, King Philip was desperately alarmed. He gathered a huge army at St. Denis, and came on to crush the English. But before he could reach them, King Edward had rebuilt the bridge of Poissy; and on August 16 he crossed the Seine, and marched northwards to join with his Flemish allies. The French

tried to cut him off, and hoped to prevent him from crossing the Somme, but he found a ford called Blanchetaque, and made off towards the sea. When he reached the Forest of Cressy he determined to stand and fight, for he had now captured Crotoy and secured plenty of victuals. On Friday, August 25, he reconnoitred and chose a good position in the open fields, and camped there. That night, says Froissart, the King made a supper to all his chief lords, and made them good cheer. Then, about midnight, he laid him down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes and heard Mass, and the Prince his son with him. And after the Mass said, he commanded every man to be armed and to draw to the field to the same place before appointed.

Then he ordained the battalions. In the first was the young Prince of Wales, with him the Earls of Warwick and Stafford, Sir Thomas Holland, Sir John Chandos, Sir Robert Neville, and divers other knights and squires. They were an eight hundred men of arms, and two thousand archers, and a thousand of others, with the Welshmen. Every lord drew to the field appointed, under his own banner and pennon. In the second battalion were the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, and divers others—about eight hundred men of arms and twelve hundred archers. The King had the third battalion; he had seven hundred men of arms and two thousand archers.

Then the King leapt on a horse, with a white rod in his hand—one of his marshals on the one hand, and the other on the other hand. He rode from rank to rank, desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honour. He spake it so sweetly, and with

so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the saying and hearing of him. And when he had thus visited all his battalions, it was then nine of the day. Then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did, at their leisure. And afterwards they again set in order their battalions. Then every man lay down on the earth, and by him his steel cap and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come.

As soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily, without any haste, and arranged their battalions. The first were the Prince's battalion. The archers there stood in manner of a harrow, and the men of arms at the rear of the battalion. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel were on a wing in good order, ready to support the Prince's battalion, if need were.

When the French King saw the Englishmen, he said to his marshals, 'Make the Genoese go on before and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis.' There were of the Genoese crossbows about 15,000; but they were weary of going a six leagues afoot that day. Also, at the same time, there fell a great rain and a flash of lightning, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain, there came flying over both armies a great number of crows, for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear and the sun to shine fair and bright; the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes, and on the Englishmen's backs.

When the Genoese began to approach, they made a great cry, to abash the Englishmen; but they stood still, and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again made another fell cry, and stepped forward a

little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot. Thirdly again they cried and went forward, till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their crossbows.

Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and let fly their arrows so wholly together, and so thick that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms and breasts, many of them cast down their crossbows, and did cut their strings and returned discomfited. And ever still the Englishmen shot where they saw thickest press. The sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and man, among the Genoese; and when they were down they could not rise again, the press was so thick. Certain Frenchmen and Germans perforce broke through the archers of the Prince's battalion, and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battalion of the Englishmen came to succour the Prince's battalion, the which was time, for they had then much ado; and those with the Prince sent a messenger to the King, who was on a little windmill hill.

Then the King said, 'Is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?' 'No, sir,' said the knight, 'but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid.' 'Well,' said the King, 'return to him, and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me, whatever adventure befallerh, as long as my son is alive. And also say to them, that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will that this day's work be his, and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him.' Then the knight returned

again to them, and showed the King's words, the which greatly encouraged them ; and they repented in that they had sent to the King as they did.

The French fought valiantly, but finally they could not resist the puissance of the Englishmen, and there many of them were slain for all their prowess. In the evening the French King had left about him no more than a threescore persons, one and other. Then the King was led away, in a manner perforce, and came to the Castle of La Broyes, and so rode till he came in the morning to Amiens and there rested. This battle ended about evensong time.

And when the night was come, and the Englishmen heard no more noise of the Frenchmen, then they reported themselves to have the victory, and the Frenchmen to be discomfited, slain, and fled away. Then they made great fires, and lighted up torches and candles, because it was very dark. Then the King came down from the little hill where he stood, and all that day till then his helm came never upon his head. Then he went to his son the Prince, and embraced him in his arms and kissed him and said : ' Fair son, God give you good perseverance ; ye are my good son, thus ye have acquitted you nobly, ye are worthy to guard a realm.' The Prince inclined himself to the earth, honouring the King his father. This night they thanked God for their good adventure, and made no boast thereof ; for the King would have that no man should be proud or make boast, but every man humbly to thank God.

On the Monday, in the morning, the King prepared to depart. The King caused the dead bodies of the great French lords to be taken up and conveyed to the Abbey of Montenay, and there buried in holy ground ; and

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made a cry in the country to grant truce for three days, to the intent that they of the country might search the field of Cressy, to bury the dead bodies.

3. TEN YEARS' FIGHTING

After the victory of Cressy, the English at once laid siege to Calais. They also captured the strong castle of Roche Derrien ; and Charles de Blois, in attempting to retake it, was completely defeated and taken prisoner. This was in June 1347 ; on August 4, Calais surrendered and was immediately colonised by English civilians and strongly fortified. The surrounding country was ordered to be cleared by flying columns. In this work the Earl of Warwick received a severe check near St. Omer and lost a lot of men. But the Black Prince, who now, at seventeen, had a separate command for the first time, swept the country as far as the Somme, and came back laden with booty. At the end of September a fresh truce was made, and King Edward and the Prince returned to England.

In December 1349, they had secret information that the French were planning a surprise attack on Calais. They hastily crossed from Dover, slipped into the town by night, and told Sir Walter de Mauny, the Governor, to make ready and they would fight in disguise under his command. The French leader, Geoffrey de Chargny, had bribed a certain Almeric of Pavia to let twelve knights into the citadel at midnight with a hundred men-at-arms ; but Almeric played double, and raised the drawbridge behind them, so that they were all trapped. Then the King and the Black Prince, shouting Mauny's war-cry, rushed upon the French supports out-

side. They had to fight desperately, being outnumbered two to one; and King Edward had a narrow escape. He was surrounded, with only thirty men, and twice beaten to his knees by a famous knight named Sir Eustace de Ribault; his standard-bearer and secretary, Sir Guy de Bryan, could hardly keep the banner flying, and all seemed lost, when the King suddenly made a charge, shouting his own cry, 'À Edward, St. George! à Edward, St. George!' The Black Prince heard him, and came in upon Chagny's rear. The French were cut to pieces, and Chagny and Ribault were both captured, with thirty other knights. In the evening, the King gave the usual banquet to all his prisoners. The Black Prince and his knights placed the first course before them, and then seated themselves at a side-table. At the end of the supper the King, after speaking to each guest in turn, took a circlet of pearls from his own head, and gave it to Sir Eustace de Ribault saying: 'Sir Eustace, I never found knight that ever gave me so much ado, body to body, as ye have done this day. I give you this chaplet for the best doer in arms in this journey past, of either party, and I desire you to bear it this year for the love of me. I know well ye be fresh and amorous, and oftentimes be among ladies and damsels. Say, wheresoever ye come, that I did give it you; and I quit you your prison and ransom, and ye shall depart to-morrow if it please you.'

On his return to England, King Edward founded the Order of the Garter at Windsor, on St. George's Day. The Bishop of Winchester said Mass in the Chapel, as Prelate of the Order; the twenty-four knights founders, of whom the Black Prince was the first, banqueted in the Hall, and afterwards there was a great tournament,

in which the King and the Prince led the challengers. In August of the same year, the King of France died, and was succeeded by his son John.

The truce lasted, off and on, till April 1354, and then came Bertrand du Guesclin's first real chance in war. He had done a good deal of guerilla fighting in forests, but he was now attached to the famous Maréchal Arnoul d'Audrehem. On April 10, when the truce had still three days more to run, they were at the Castle of Montmuran, for a fête, given by the Dame de Tinteniach; and Sir Hugh Calverley, an English captain and freebooter in garrison near by, made a freebooter's plan to surprise and capture them. Du Guesclin by some means sniffed the treachery, and placed a neat ambush of thirty archers on the road. They successfully held the English till the Marshal and Bertrand could come to the rescue. After a desperate fight, Calverley got the beating he deserved, and was captured, with a hundred of his men. Hardly one escaped. This was Bertrand's doing, and at last he was recognised for what he was. In the evening he was bathed and dressed in a white robe; at night he watched by his arms in the chapel of the Castle of Montmuran, and next morning he was knighted by the hand of Sir Eslatre de Marès, Castellan and Captain of Caen, who had been present in person at the fight. Bertrand had waited long for this honour; he was now thirty-five, but it was only the rich who could afford knighthood at twenty-one; and when it came to him, it came not as a compliment or a token of promise, but as a military promotion for good work done. He was now a known man, and his battle-cry, 'Notre Dame Guesclin!' soon became famous.

His next exploit was to surprise the Castle of Forgeray

by disguising himself and his men as wood-cutters. He was appointed governor of this castle, but was sent shortly afterwards to England with other Breton lords to negotiate for the ransoming of Charles de Blois. He must then have seen the King and the Black Prince, whom he had never yet met in the field.

In August 1355 the Prince made a great march through Aquitaine, where he had things entirely his own way. In 1356 he invaded Auvergne, Berry and Touraine, and took the strong castle of Romorantin. This time the French King marched against him with so great an army that he had to make off in haste. King John overtook him near Poitiers, and forced him to fight; but the result was a victory for the Black Prince so brilliant and so famous that a separate account must be given of it. It seems that Bertrand du Guesclin being then in garrison at Pontorson, once more failed to meet the Prince in battle. But his turn was coming to do his country a historic service. In October 1357, the Duke of Lancaster began the siege of Rennes, which was a very strong place, and not to be taken by assault. In January he also laid siege to Dinan, which was so badly garrisoned that the governor asked for a truce and agreed to surrender if not relieved by a certain date. During this truce Oliver du Guesclin, Bertrand's brother, was riding out unarmed, when Sir Thomas of Canterbury, an English knight, took him prisoner and held him to ransom for a thousand florins. When Bertrand heard of this, he coloured 'like a red-hot coal,' and rode straight to the tent of the Duke of Lancaster, whom he found playing chess with Sir John Chandos. The Duke offered him wine, but he said, 'I will not drink till you have done me justice.' Sir Thomas was then

summoned; he made no defence, but threw down his glove and offered to prove his right in battle, body to body. Bertrand took up the glove and replied, 'False knight! traitor! you shall bite the dust before all these lords, or I will die of shame!'

'I will not fail you,' said Sir Thomas, 'I will not sleep in a bed again till I have fought you.' 'I swear, by the Holy Trinity,' replied Bertrand, 'that I will eat nothing but three sops of bread in wine before I am armed.'

'I will arm you,' said Chandos, 'and I will lend you my best charger; for I am in a hurry to see the trial between you two.'

The lists were set up in the market-place of Dinan, and there was great excitement in the town. One noble demoiselle, who was reputed to be learned in astronomy and philosophy, prophesied that Bertrand would certainly be the winner. This lady was Tiphaine, daughter of Sir Robert Raguene! and Jeanne de Dinan, Vicomtesse de la Bellière; and her gift of prophecy was said to have been given her by a fairy godmother.

At the first charge, both lances were splintered. Then, after some hard fencing, Sir Thomas's sword flew from his hand. Bertrand instantly dismounted, picked it up, and threw it out of the lists. He then challenged his enemy to fight him on foot with daggers. Sir Thomas refused repeatedly, and Bertrand quickly slipped off his own leg armour, so that when the Englishman charged, he was able to jump aside and stab his horse. Sir Thomas fell, and in a moment Bertrand was upon him, 'like a lion with his mane up,' beating his head with his iron gauntlets. The onlookers then

cried out 'Enough !' and Sir Robert Knollys called to Bertrand to give up his champion to the Duke of Lancaster, who would be in his debt for this. Bertrand knelt to the Duke, saying : ' Noble Duke, I pray and entreat you not to hate or blame me if I have maltreated this murderer. But for the love of you, he should have been killed.'

' He is not far off it as it is,' said the Duke, smiling. ' You have proved your worth. Your brother Oliver shall go free, with a thousand livres to equip himself. For you, you will have the arms of the felon knight, and his horse too. As for him, he can never again appear at my court, for traitors are not thereto admitted.'

After this Dinan was relieved, and the Duke, went on with the siege of Rennes. He made no progress, and was so annoyed that he swore he would never depart from before Rennes until his banner should have floated over it. Provisions ran very low in the town ; but the governor played a very pretty trick on the Duke, and du Guesclin backed him up brilliantly. A volunteer was sent out from the garrison to get himself captured and give the enemy information that four or five thousand German troops were advancing to relieve the town. At the same time bells were rung and bands played as if in rejoicing at this. Off went the Duke with most of his army, to intercept the imaginary Germans. The messenger escaped and ran on to Nantes, where he told du Guesclin what was going on. Bertrand dashed with his men into the half-deserted English camp, burnt the tents and captured a hundred wagons loaded with salt meat, wine, and other supplies. These he rushed into Rennes, and then sent the wagons back to

the Duke, with a courteous promise to pay him a visit like a good neighbour.

The Duke was so much impressed by his dash that he sent him an immediate invitation by a herald, and then offered him lands, and anything else he liked to ask, if he would enter his service. 'Sir,' replied Bertrand, 'God forbid that I should accept. Certainly, if there were a good peace between you and my own lord, I would place myself willingly at your disposal.' The Duke liked him all the better; he called for wine and spices, and drank his health. But, as they drank, Sir William Bramburgh, an English knight, challenged Bertrand to three courses with the lance. 'Many thanks, fair sir,' he replied, 'you ask for three; I call God to witness that you shall have six, if necessary.'

The fight was fixed for next day, between the camp and the outer ditch of the town. The Duke sent Bertrand a present of a fine charger. The governor offered him a steel breastplate; but this he refused, and dressed himself in a thick jacket over a coat of mail. On his way to the lists he met his aunt, with whom he used to live. She wept, and said to him, 'Take off your helm that I may kiss you.' 'Go along home,' he replied, 'kiss your husband and get dinner; please God, if my man is ready, I'll be back before you have lit your fire.'

The whole city of Rennes was on the walls to see the fight. The Duke himself and the Earl of Pembroke kept the lists. The first three courses had no result. Bertrand then said: 'Bramburgh, are you satisfied? If you go on, I will not be answerable.' 'Let us go on,' said Bramburgh. Bertrand's next stroke drove clean through his shield and coat of mail, and threw him on the ground. 'I hope you have your money's worth,' cried

Bertrand: He then received the Duke's congratulations, gave the loser's horse to one of the heralds, and went back to be feasted in Rennes.

After this the siege dragged on again, till in April King Edward sent the order to abandon it. That the Duke could not do, without breaking his oath. So du Guesclin, who knew of this, persuaded the town authorities to come to terms and allow the Duke to enter with ten attendants, and place his banner over the gate, after which, having kept his vow, he was to decamp. This was solemnly done; but the Duke had no sooner set up his banner, and gone out again, than the crowd threw it down and trampled it in the dust. However, the Duke's oath had been saved, and he abandoned the siege accordingly. This was the first French success after the disaster of Poitiers; and it greatly raised the spirits of the nation.

4. COCHEREL AND AURAY

In 1359 Bertrand entered the royal service. King John of France being a prisoner in England, since the battle of Poitiers the war had been carried on by his son, the Dauphin Charles; and in June of this year the two commanders, Charles of France and Charles of Blois, joined forces to take the town of Melun. Bertrand was in the front of the storming party, and as they advanced he saw upon the walls one of the chief commanders of the garrison, a famous fighter called the Bascon de Mareuil, who had once tried to take him by surprise at Pontorson. 'Brigand!' he shouted, 'I wish I could get at you. I swear that unless I'm smashed past cure, I'll come and talk to you on the battlements!' He planted a scaling-ladder against

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the wall and mounted. The Dauphin, who was watching, asked his name. He was told that this was the famous



Du Guesclin thrown from the ladder
by the cask of stones.

Bertrand du Guesclin, who had fought so well for the Dauphin's cousin, Charles of Blois. 'What a brave fighter!' said the Dauphin. 'I shall remember him.' Meantime the Bascon was hurling rocks and insults at Bertrand. At last with a whole cask of stones he succeeded in overthrowing him, ladder and all. For a time Bertrand was stunned; but when he came to, he had his armour buckled up, and as the garrison were making a sortie he fell upon them and drove them home again.

After this the Dauphin took him over from Charles of Blois

for his own service, and set him to fight the 'Free Companies'—bodies of mercenary troops on their own account, who fought for anyone that would pay them and lived by plundering everybody. Two of

these bands of brigands were commanded by Englishmen, Sir Robert Knollys and Sir Hugh Calverley. They were very dangerous fighters, and within twelve months both of them had the honour of capturing du Guesclin in small skirmishes. Calverley charged his ransom at 3000 crowns—a high, but expensive, compliment. The King of France, who also knew his value, furnished a large part of the money, and then granted him the Château du Roche-Tesson, which raised him to the rank of a knight-banneret. In the following year, 1363, Bertrand was married to Tiphaine Ragueneil, the young lady who had prophesied his victory six years before. She was now thirty and he was forty-three.

In April 1364 a sudden crisis came. King John of France died in captivity in London, and at exactly the same time his ally the King of Navarre went over to the English and sent an army to invade Normandy. The commander was a famous knight, Jean de Grailly, called the Captal de Buch, the same who had made the final attack on the French rear at Poitiers. The Bascon de Mareuil was with him, and the English contingent from the Free Companies was led by Sir John Jewel. On May 14 they started from a rendezvous near Evreux and moved on Pont de l'Arche, intending to prevent du Guesclin, who was near Rouen, from crossing the Seine. But Bertrand was too quick for them; he crossed before they could come up, and was now in a position to attack either Vernon on the Seine or Pacy on the Eure, or Evreux on the Iton; for all three of these rivers run into one just above Pont de l'Arche.

On the 15th the two armies faced one another

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within striking distance. The French lay across the angle where the Eure and Iton joined, the Navarrese and English in a much stronger position by the Eure. The Captal de Buch had chosen this spot because it was almost exactly like the Black Prince's position at Poitiers, and if only he could get the French to attack him there he had no doubt that the result would be as good or better, for the two armies were much more equally matched. He also imitated the Prince in putting all his baggage out of sight, dividing his force into three divisions, and dismounting his men-at-arms, with the English archers in front.

The French meanwhile held a council of war to choose a leader and plan their attack. The Comte d'Auxerre refused to command, and Bertrand was unanimously chosen. He instantly determined to make the Captal leave his position and fight elsewhere. In order to do this he moved forward a little and then quickly crossed the Eure by a bridge which led to the village of Cocherel. Beyond Cocherel he took up a good position and waited to be attacked instead of attacking. The Captal at first refused to fall into the trap, and Bertrand had to bait it more attractively. He ordered his baggage train to march away as if retreating, and pretended to be following himself. This was too much for Sir John Jewel; he ran to the Captal: 'Sir, do you not see the French flying?' 'It is a ruse,' said the Captal. But Jewel went off in pursuit, shouting, 'St. George! Forward! Follow me!' The Captal had to make the best of it. He followed and made the worst of it. Du Guesclin had no sooner drawn him into the open than he came right-about-face and fell upon him with fury. Jewel

was mortally wounded by Oliver de Mauny. Plantin, another English leader, was killed, and finally a company of du Guesclin's Bretons got round the flank and fell upon the rear of the Navarrese. After two hours of hard fighting, the other English leader, Robert Chesnel, was taken, and all the Navarrese captains; the Captal himself surrendered to Roland Bodin, a Breton squire.

The Dauphin Charles, who was then on his way to be crowned, received the news of the victory just as he reached the gates of Reims. He sent for du Guesclin, took over his famous prisoner, and in return made him Marshal of Normandy and gave him the rich domain of Longueville with the title of Comte de Longueville. These honours came just in time to gladden the last days of Bertrand's father, Sir Robert du Guesclin, who died a very short time afterwards. Bertrand and Oliver both reached La Motte de Broons in time to see him; their mother had died four years earlier, and they were now the only two of all that big family surviving.

Bertrand hurried back to the war. Cocherel was a brilliant victory, but it did not decide who was to be Duke of Brittany. There was a proposal for Charles de Blois and John de Montfort to share the duchy, each bearing the title, but it came to nothing; and towards the end of September the two claimants, with their armies, were facing one another outside the town of Auray. Charles had the more troops and the better position: Montfort was the more eager to attack, but Chandos held him back. Du Guesclin took the same line with Charles, but was overruled. On Sunday, September 24, the French came out in three divisions, one under Charles himself, a second under du Guesclin,

and a third under the two Counts of Auxerre and Joigny. The Montfort army was also in three divisions : Sir Robert Knollys had the first, Sir Oliver de Clisson the second, and John de Montfort himself the third, with Chandos as second in command ; there was also a rearguard under Sir Hugh Calverley.

At the last moment a French lord named Beaumanoir came once more to negotiate. Chandos replied : ' Take my advice and come here no more : my men say they will kill you if they can catch you. Tell my lord of Blois that my lord of Montfort wants a fight and no treaties ; and he says he will be Duke of Brittany this day or die on the field.' Charles de Blois accordingly led his division against Montfort's, hoping to crush him by superior force. He nearly succeeded. Montfort's banner was struck down by Sir Hugues d'Auxerre, called ' the Green Knight ' from his green armour, and the division was only saved by the support of Calverley's rearguard. In the meantime Auxerre had been wounded by Clisson, and a second charge by Calverley drove him off altogether. Chandos had attacked du Guesclin, who fought like an angry lion and struck down his enemies like dogs. But they were English dogs and stuck to him till they got him down. The Green Knight, Charles de Dinan, and La Houssoie got him to his feet again, and he fought on till he had lost most of his men and all his weapons ; then he surrendered to one of Chandos' squires. Last of all the division of Charles de Blois was broken and pursued with great slaughter. Auxerre, du Guesclin, and Beaumanoir were among the prisoners, and the slain numbered 900 men-at-arms, including several great lords and Charles de Blois himself. He threw away

his Duchy and his life when he refused the advice of Bertrand du Guesclin. John de Montfort was Duke of Brittany till his death. Bertrand was ransomed for one hundred thousand francs: he had gone up once more in the market of fame.

5. THE END OF THE TWO CHAMPIONS

A hundred thousand francs was too large a ransom for a private individual to pay; but du Guesclin was now a soldier of public importance, and King Charles of France helped him to raise the money. He made, however, one condition: that Bertrand, when set free, should get all the Free Companies together and lead them somewhere out of France, where they were rapidly ruining the country. Bertrand called a meeting of the leaders of these brigands—Sir Hugh Calverley, Robert Scot, Walter Hewet, Sir John Devereux, Mathew Gournay, the Green Knight, and others—and persuaded them to make an expedition with the King of Cyprus against the infidels. They were to march through Spain, and on the way the Pope was to give them absolution; the King of France was to supply 200,000 florins, and Spain was a very rich country, with abundance of wine. The freebooters liked the prospect: they agreed to go anywhere and fight anybody in the world except the Prince of Wales. They marched to Avignon, where the Pope, who was mortally afraid of them, gave them absolution and 200,000 francs for their journey. Then hearing of the death of the King of Cyprus, they took service with Henry of Trastamara, who was trying to depose his half-brother, Pedro King of Castile, known as Pedro the Cruel and universally detested. The Free Companies—commonly called ‘the White Company’

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from the white cross which they wore as uniform—captured some towns for Henry, and he in return made Bertrand Count of Borja. Then early in 1366 they drove King Don Pedro from Burgos, and Henry of Trastamara was received as King. On Easter Sunday, when he was crowned, he made du Guesclin Count of Trastamara and Duke of Molina, and gave Sir Hugh Calverley the appropriate title of Count of Carrion. He then paid off and dismissed the other leaders with their companies.

King Don Pedro now made an urgent appeal to the Black Prince for help in recovering his kingdom. The Prince consulted Sir John Chandos and Sir Thomas Felton, the two chiefs of his Council : he read the letter to them twice, and they looked at one another without speaking. It was a most difficult question. Pedro was a tyrant and a brute : on the other hand he was an ally of the King of England by treaty, and he was a lawful king, attacked by an illegitimate brother who had no kind of right to the throne. After long enquiries and consultations King Edward and his Council decided that the Prince might reasonably go to the assistance of a king seeking to recover his own heritage. Bertrand du Guesclin was raising troops in France for the other side, and the prospect of meeting him in the field must have strongly attracted the Prince ; in spite of his natural dislike for Pedro the Cruel he was evidently all for fighting. So Fate determined that these two should have their battle at last.

The Prince received reinforcements from England under his brother, John of Gaunt, and in February 1367 he crossed the Pyrenees by the famous pass of Roncevaux. Du Guesclin and d'Audrehem arrived about the same time from France. They strongly advised Henry

of Trastamara to blockade the Prince and starve him into retreating, but on no account to fight him, for, said Audrehem, 'I say to you that when you meet the Prince in battle you will find with him men of arms who are the flower of chivalry of all the world, hardy, wise and brave combatants, who will die where they stand rather than leave the field.' But Henry replied, 'I desire to see this Prince and prove myself against him. We cannot part without a battle.' Then du Guesclin said, 'Upon my faith, if we fight to-morrow I tell you truly we shall be defeated, and killed or taken.' The next day the two armies met near the small deserted village of Navaretta, where the Black Prince had his headquarters. Don Henry's were at the Palace of Najarra. Between them lay a plain and a low hill.

The English, who had hardly anything to eat, were in a hurry to fight and have it over one way or the other. They advanced as the sun was rising and crossed the hill. At this point Sir John Chandos brought his banner to the Prince rolled up, and asked leave to raise it as a knight-banneret, for he had now land and heritage sufficient to maintain it. The Prince unrolled it and handed it back to him, saying, 'Sir John, behold here your banner : God send you joy and honour thereof.' Then Sir John took it to his Company and said, 'Sirs, behold here my banner and yours : keep it as your own.' After this the English and Gascons dismounted ; the Prince said a prayer for victory, and gave the order 'Advance, banners, in the name of God and St. George !'

The divisions of Chandos and Lancaster were the first in action against du Guesclin and Audrehem ; and this was the stubbornest fighting of the day. In the meantime the Prince routed the division of Don Tello on

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du Guesclin's left, and leaving them to be finished off by Clisson and the Captal de Buch, he fell upon King Henry's own troops. These, being Spaniards, were armed with slings, and did great execution with them, breaking many a bassinet and helm and striking down many a man ; but when they had made their cast and felt the sharp arrows of the English bowmen light among them, they could no longer keep their array. Du Guesclin was the real backbone of the battle : he led the attack again and again so fiercely that Chandos himself was thrown down in the mellay. A big Spaniard named Martin Ferrant fell on him ; but Chandos remembered a knife that he had in his bosom and drew it out and struck this Martin so in the back and sides that he wounded him to death. Then he rose and turned the tables on du Guesclin, whom he summoned to surrender. Bertrand refused, and fought on till he was almost alone ; then the Prince came up and sent him a second summons, to which he yielded.

It is more than likely that the Prince did this on purpose, to make Bertrand his own prisoner, knowing what would follow. King Don Pedro, who was by his side, immediately asked that Audrehem and du Guesclin should be handed over to him. His idea of victory was to behead his enemies in cold blood. The Black Prince refused his demand and gave Bertrand into the safe-keeping of the Captal de Buch. Against the Marshal d'Audrehem he had a grievance of his own—the Marshal had not yet paid his ransom for his last capture ; and till it was paid, he was pledged not to fight against the Prince. He pleaded that this time he was fighting, not against the Prince but against King Don Pedro ; and a jury of knights (four English, four Breton

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and four Gascon) acquitted him. The Prince was much pleased at the verdict, and at once exchanged Audrehem for Sir Thomas Felton.



The Black Prince refuses to hand over du Guesclin to Don Pedro.

Pedro the Cruel was an insatiable brute. The Prince had made him promise that no knight, squire, or man of any rank, should be executed, except after a fair trial by the laws of chivalry. The day after the battle, the King rode up to a Spanish knight, Inigo Lopez, who was one of

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the prisoners, and killed him without a word, and without a chance. The Prince was furious ; and Pedro then asked to be allowed to take over all the captured knights and squires, on paying their captors the full ransoms : they were his enemies, and he meant to kill them all. The Prince, in return, advised him to govern by loyalty and not by frightfulness, or he might lose his allies and his kingdom. Pedro shortly afterwards imprisoned the Bishop of Braga in an underground dungeon. He also refused to pay the money he had promised to his allies. The Prince was more and more disgusted ; he and many of his army fell ill of dysentery and malaria, and after four months he went home in great depression.

When he reached Aquitaine, Bertrand (who was still kept unransomed, until King Don Pedro should pay what he had promised) said one day to the Prince : ‘ Sir, it is said in the realm of France, and in other places, that ye fear me so much that ye dare not let me out of prison : the which to me is full great honour.’ The Prince was sharply touched by this, and offered to let him go free of any ransom, and give him 10,000 livres for an equipment, if he would swear not to bear arms again against England or Castile. Bertrand refused ; whereupon the Prince generously asked him to fix his own ransom. He immediately proposed 100,000 gold doubles, or about 300,000 francs.

The Prince, in astonishment, suggested one half this amount ; but Bertrand replied that his country would pay : ‘ There’s not a girl in France that knows how to spin, who would not work for the money till she saw me freed from your hands.’ He was more than right. Sir John Chandos immediately offered to lend him 10,000 doubles, Sir Hugh Calverley offered him 30,000, and the

THE END OF THE TWO CHAMPIONS 143

Princess of Wales asked him to dinner and insisted on giving him 10,000 doubles. The Duke of Anjou lent him 30,000 francs, and the King and other great lords made up the remainder. On his way to Bordeaux to pay, he met in an inn a number of knights and squires on their way home, penniless and on foot, to get together their own ransoms. Bertrand was practically penniless himself, but he could not bear to see his comrades in such straits. He found out the amount of each man's ransom and made his own treasurer pay them all, and enough besides to buy a good horse and arms. He could raise the money better than they could.

Bertrand and the Black Prince never met again in battle. The Prince made one more campaign in France, but he was carried in a litter, wasting of the dysentery which never left him after his Spanish expedition. The English effort was spent too. Year by year the French steadily drove them from their territory, and du Guesclin, who was now Constable of France, had the greatest share in the work. The Prince had won the battle, but he won the game. His end was as romantic as his life. He was besieging the fortress of Chateauneuf de Randon, and De Roos, the English captain, had agreed to surrender if not relieved by the King of England before a certain day. When that day came Bertrand was dead, and De Roos was summoned by the Marshal de Sancerre in his place. He replied that he had promised to surrender, but only to the Constable du Guesclin, and to him, in token of the great honour he had always had for him, he would keep his word. At sunset, therefore, he came out with all his garrison, and marched to the tent of the dead Constable, whose body lay in state with

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the captains and heralds of France round the bed and at the foot of it his sword and mantle of fleurs-de-lis. De Roos then said : ‘ It is to you, Sir Constable, that I give up my fortress ; you only could compel me to surrender it, after I had sworn to hold it for the King of England.’ He laid the keys at Bertrand’s feet, knelt in prayer, and went away weeping.

NEWS FROM POITIERS, 1356

THE story from which the following passages are taken relates the experiences of Stephen Bulmer, a young Englishman of Colonial upbringing, who, though born in our own day and interested in the future rather than the past, finds himself, by a natural but unexpected transition, carried back to the England of the year 1356. Long travel has familiarised him with varieties of human speech and costume, and being a student of ideas rather than appearances, he is more struck by the similarity between the thought of the fourteenth and twentieth centuries than by the external and trivial differences which counted for so much in the books from which his knowledge of the past was derived. To accord with this bent of his mind, as well as with the convenience of the reader, the narrative and dialogue have been translated from the Latin and Anglo-French of the original authorities into language which aims at being a faithful transposition, and is in fact often a word-for-word rendering. The effect may be sometimes startlingly modern; but it is believed that no expression has been used which is not justified by documents, or which would be absurd or unintelligible to an Englishman of the fourteenth century if it could be literally retranslated to him. The heroine's name, Aubrey, inherited from her ancestresses Aubrey Marmion and

Albreda Warrenne, has been retained, though it is now unfamiliar as a feminine name.

The Battle of Poitiers was fought on Monday, September 19, 1356. The account of it here given is drawn from the contemporary poem of the Chandos Herald, the 'Chronique Normande,' Froissart's 'Chronicle,' and the most valuable and little known *Chronicon Galfridi Le Baker de Swynebroke*, which has been followed throughout and supplemented by the other three where possible. The news was brought to Gardenleigh in Somerset on a Friday in October, by Harry Marland and Lord Bryan, who had been in the battle.

That was a festal night. Stephen was astonished at the fervour and universality of the rejoicing; he hardly recognised his staid and tongue-tied countrymen. But there was in reality little cause for his surprise. No such news as this had come from overseas since the great days of '46, and even the memory of Cressy had long suffered eclipse beneath the black shadow of the pestilence. But now, for an hour, the age was young again, the nation one triumphant fellowship, the cost and strain of war forgiven, the Crown jewelled by that Prince who was at once the friend of the Commons and the flower of the world's chivalry. No wonder that the hills of England shouted together, as of old, with tongues of fire; no wonder that here at Gardenleigh, as in a hundred other valleys, the old hall was crowded and gay that night with a revelry it had long forgotten.

At the high table, Lady Marland and Sir Henry sat between the messengers of victory; Harry Marland

by his father, and Lord Bryan on his hostess's right; Aubrey next, and Stephen by her, two of the five squires below them, the rest at the other end with the Rector, tall John Perrot, a saint with a soldier's eye, who knew when feasting on a Friday was legitimate; his turn would come to-morrow. The lower tables were filled to overflowing by Lord Bryan's men, quartered for the most part in Selwood, but for the evening safer here, among the well-disciplined household of the Marlands, than running loose through the pot-houses of the town. They were glad to be back, doubly glad to find themselves so far on their way westward; and since they were all Devon men, with a becoming confidence, the sound of their speech came up the hall as pleasant and as free as the wind over the heather. At Sir Henry's bidding they drank to the King, the Queen, and the Royal Family, with enthusiasm; and to the Prince, with a roar that seemed intended to be heard across the Channel. Then the high table rose and left them to it.

In the great gallery, wine and spices were waiting on two tables by the fire. The room was ablaze with light from end to end, and hung along the walls with fresh leafage of all the richest colours of autumn. Where the armoured figures stood in their grim unbending rank there was a wreath on every helmet, and the nearest mailed hand gripped the tarnished and moth-eaten banner of Harry's grandfather, the first Sir Henry, crowned with oak leaves and wound about the staff with bright new scarlet and silver. The fire, piled high with logs, gave out a clear and steady glow, that flashed on the silver cups and flagons, and was reflected again in the polished surface of the tables on which they stood.

The soldiers all exclaimed with admiration as they entered the room ; it was many months since they had seen such comfort, and here there was an added touch of stateliness, the more impressive because it told, not of effort or ostentation, but of ancestral wealth and the unconscious ease of a country long untouched by the havoc of war.

‘That was a gay scene downstairs,’ said Lord Bryan, as he handed Lady Marland to the high-backed chair by the fireside.

‘Was it not terrible?’ she replied in her shrill little voice. ‘It was all I could do to hear myself speak.’

‘I heard you quite well, my dear,’ said her husband gravely, with a gleam behind the gravity. Among the younger squires there was some danger of a lapse from decorum ; but it passed off, fortunately without attracting Lady Marland’s attention.

‘I did my best,’ she replied, with plaintive dignity, ‘but I am sure I have strained my throat.’

Aubrey settled herself at her aunt’s feet. ‘Never mind, dearest,’ she said, ‘we need not do any more talking now ; Guy is going to tell us all about the battle.’

Lord Bryan smiled and poured out wine. ‘All about the battle is a long story,’ he said, ‘and more than I really know. Harry saw it from beginning to end better than I did ; if he will be chronicler, I will do my best to help him out here and there.’

‘Well,’ said Harry cheerfully, ‘where am I to begin ? You know we started on the ninth of August and drew covert after covert for more than a month before we found anything like a warrantable deer. I can’t go through all that now—it would take much too long. It ended at last in our coming on the whole herd at once—

they were seven or eight times as many as we were—and we got them safely harboured in Poitiers on a Saturday night. We slept, ourselves, in a wood of the abbey of Nouaillé, and began to lay the pack on first thing in the morning. They were tired of all this casting



Harry Marland describes the battle of Poitiers to his family.

about, and just mad for a kill. But we had all forgotten what a wily quarry we were after. At the very moment when we thought he was going to show sport, what should we see but a great Cardinal—one of these professional arbitration-mongers—trotting towards us as calmly as if he had been coming to pay a friendly call. He talked a great deal about the wickedness of shedding

Christian blood, and wasted the whole day for us by running backwards and forwards between the two lines, carrying the most impossible proposals from one to the other. It was rather too bad, considering that the skirmishing had already begun before he started, and our men and theirs had watered their horses at the same stream that morning and promised each other any amount of broken heads. But the Frenchmen did not fool the Prince as completely as they thought; they got up a lot of reinforcements during the day, and our fellows grumbled a good deal as they saw the banners coming in; but we had a good rest and did some useful scouting. In the evening the negotiations were broken off, as every one knew they would be, and we moved away a little to avoid any chance of a surprise. They were fifty thousand odd—eighty-seven banners—and we were a bare seven thousand; in a night attack they would have gone right over us like a harrow over a toad.

‘At breakfast-time next morning—would you believe it?—there was the Cardinal again. We really rather admired the fellow’s obstinacy; but we had no idea of losing another good day; so this time we sent him off home at once, with a cheer to show that there was no ill-feeling. You ought to be pleased with us for that, mother.’

‘My dear!’ replied Lady Marland, ‘I am always pleased when you behave properly to the clergy; I have no doubt that the Cardinal is a very good man.’

‘Oh! is he?’ said Harry, with a nod to his father. ‘I will come to that a little later on. I want you now to understand exactly the position we were in. For a straight fight, according to the rules, we were not so



The Cardinal of Perigord comes to the English camp to negotiate with the Black Prince.

badly off as the figures would appear to show. We had four thousand men of arms to their eight; the rest of their big battalion were sure to be very unsteady, and they had practically no marksmen to set against our archers—two thousand archers we had. On a fairly narrow front, with no open flanks, we might very well hold our own if we could only manage to get our huge baggage-train into leaguer. Now just across the river, which lay on our right, the Prince had marked a piece of ground that was almost exactly what we wanted—a big field, or rather an enclosed hill, with a good hedge and ditch all round it; and what was better still, that part of the hedge which was to be our front line, ran down on the left into a piece of marshy ground by the river, which was practically impossible for cavalry. Some of the enemy were supposed to be already down under the front of the hill, but the higher part that we were to occupy first had a lot of bushes and brambles on it, and that would give us good cover; and besides, we should have the advantage of the ground. The top of the hill was rough pasture; on the south and west face there were vines, where we meant to clamber up, and the remainder of the field—that is, the whole of the north and eastern slope down to the hedge—was stubble and green crops, and so was the ground beyond, on the French side of the fence.

‘The first thing to do was to get across the river, which lies very awkwardly in a deep bed. There was a ford, happily just narrow enough to be practicable, and over we went in a scramble, Warwick first, with the van; then the Prince’s division with the wagons. Salisbury had the rear-guard, and he came flying over

and got into position on Warwick's right rear before our division had half finished leaguering in the marsh ; but some of us, the men of arms, had gone on up to the top of the hill with the Prince himself. There he kept us, in reserve, as it turned out ; and that is how I came to see the whole show so well.'

'Where were you, Guy ?' asked Aubrey.

'In the same place,' Lord Bryan replied, 'but I was in the first line of reserve, which was used up much earlier. It was the last four hundred—Harry and his friends—that really did the business.'

'Don't listen to him,' said Harry. 'I'm telling you the whole thing just as it happened, and you must attend to me. What I want you to see now is this : Warwick with fifteen hundred men of arms, lining out beyond the hedge on the slope where it began to run down into the marsh, in touch with our fellows in leaguer at the bottom. On his flanks he had a thousand archers ; they stood mostly outside the hedge, on the bank above the ditch, but some were in among the vines, and those lowest down were right in the marsh. Down on the more level ground in front, where it was dry enough, Warwick's young bloods were trying to get up a little tournament with some of the French cavalry, who were beginning to advance in two lots, under the Marshals Clermont and Audrehem. By the way, they had been quarrelling, those two, and they came in too quick, without waiting for their supports. It appears that when the Prince began to cross, and his banner was moved about and finally went out of sight in the dip, one of them said we were evidently retreating, and the other sneered at him ; so they raced each other into action and spoiled the timing of the whole attack.

While Clermont was skirmishing, Audrehem halted a moment to watch; Clermont seized the opportunity to make a dash for a big gap in the fence some way up beyond Warwick's right. It was a good move, because, if he had got in, he would have taken the whole first division in flank. But he reckoned without Salisbury, whom he probably could not see.

'When he reached the part of the hedge where the gap was—it was a really big gap, a cart-track wide enough for four horses abreast—he found Salisbury there already; he had moved forward on his own account, and had his archers very neatly drawn up in open order, with a second rank closing the intervals, and his men of arms in line behind them. So the rear-guard, to their huge delight, were in action first after all.'

'In fact,' said Sir Henry, 'they had given themselves leave not to be a rear-guard at all. What did the Prince say to that?'

'Well, he saw that Salisbury really had no choice in the circumstances; but of course he looked black, because it just doubled his fighting line and halved his reinforcements. What he did was to make his own division into two reserves, as Guy has told you. Even so, if we had had to meet four successive attacks, as the French intended, we might have been done; but happily Orléans never toed the line at all and we just lasted out.'

'Now come back to the Marshals,' said Sir Henry.

'The Marshals got to close quarters in much better order than we liked; the shooting of Warwick's men straight in their faces seemed to produce very little effect upon them; so the Prince sent Oxford down in

a hurry to advance the archers on the left. By George ! you never saw such a change in five minutes : those fellows ran out without any cover, and smote the French cavalry on their right flank and rear with a perfect hail-storm. Some of the horses looked like hedgehogs ; all of them went down or bolted, and Warwick did what he liked with the few who had got through the hedge. Then the archers came back to their place in regular marching order, as cool and quiet as if they had been out to the butts. Meanwhile Salisbury had done equally well on the right, so there was an end of the Marshals and their quarrel ; Clermont was dead, and Audrehem a prisoner.

‘ Nothing in the way of a pursuit was allowed ; Normandy’s division was already advancing ; they were too late to support, so they made a separate attack of it. There were a great lot of them, and they had a good stiffening of men of arms, but fortunately no artillery. Still it looked like a long and tough business, and the Prince sent down the larger half of his reserve into the fighting line to enable Warwick to extend towards Salisbury. This time the archers seemed to be out of it ; there were no horses for them to stick, and they used up all their arrows on steel plates that were too good for them. It was a ding-dong fight ; our fellows had begun by standing outside the hedge this time—I suppose they wanted to get their backs up against something—but the Frenchmen pushed them home again with an ugly rush and began to follow through the fence. Then some archers of our division, including Guy’s little lot of Devon men, who had finished their work down among the baggage, came at a grand run right up the wagon side of the hill and over the

top and down on to the thick of the mellay outside the hedge. There they stood and shot at point-blank range,



The English archers and French men-at-arms.

and that soon settled the business. Then came the greatest stroke of luck we had. When our fellows had once shifted the French, they kept them moving so

briskly that they ran them right into Orléans' men behind, and the greater part of both divisions went off the field together towards Chauvigny. Those of them who did not bolt went back and joined the King's own division; they must have been good men to come again after such a shaking, but they got nothing by it—it was not their day.'

'Oh! don't say that,' said Aubrey gently, 'it was their best day.'

'It was certainly their last,' replied Harry, with satisfaction.

'My boy,' said his father, 'you have every right to triumph, but what were you feeling like yourselves about that time?'

Harry reddened. 'I did not mean to be brutal,' he said, 'and we certainly were not thinking lightly of them just then. Our front was a dreadful sight, the wounded were being dragged hastily under cover, and there were not half enough men to do the work properly; for we had hardly a man left standing in the line who was not either wounded himself or dead beat with fatigue; and then there was such a shortage of arrows that the archers were all over the field collecting what they could—even pulling them out of dying men, I heard; it was no time for squeamishness. Mercifully the French King was so long in getting under way that things were straightened out at last, and the men got their breath a little; but there was no doubt that they did not like the look of the weather, and some of them raised a scare that the Captal de Buch had gone home. He had certainly disappeared, with all his command—fifty or sixty men of arms and a good hundred archers, but he was the last man in the world

to go before the end, and he proved it once for all. While we were refitting he was marching back, clean round the hill we were on, and out to the right, so as to fall on the left rear of the French when the pinch came. Meanwhile the Prince ordered us down at last—the only four hundred fresh men he had—got the whole line out into the open, with us in the centre, and called out to Walter Woodland to “advance banner.” Then the French made their final mistake. When they saw us on the move, with the lilies and lions overhead, and all our trumpets sounding the charge, they started right off towards us at the double as if they meant to roll over us like a huge wave. Of course, when they got up, they were in rather ragged order and quite blown; still the shock was tremendous and our line reeled from one end to the other. But the Prince was not going to lose his best fight if hard hitting would save it. We could see the Captal by this time; he was flying a big St. George’s ensign to warn us not to mistake him, and quite right too, for he came absolutely straight in upon the French rear, in the very track they had just trampled. Then the Prince knew he had them between the crackers. They were a big nut and a hard one; but he kept shouting to us “Forward! Forward!”, and laying on himself like ten men threshing, till he got the rush to a standstill, and we felt that we were holding them. At that moment, in the nick of time, the Captal’s archers began to let fly; ours had already spent their shot and were joining in with swords and sticks and anything else they could pick up—even stones. But those hundred fellows had every one of them a full quiver and a fair target—ten thousand backs at thirty yards! There were more than twenty companies in

that division; well—they were hopelessly clubbed almost before we knew what was happening; but we soon saw they were hurting each other more than us, and when the banners began dropping one by one we knew that we really had them at last. It was more like reaping than fighting—they were standing so thick that they could not hit out at us, and we cut them down in swathes all along the line, while the Prince and Chandos and Cobham went deeper and deeper in, trying to reach the King himself. He was easy to see, because he was down below us and on a bit of a mound, and had Chargny by him with his banner; but to get near him was a very different matter, because of the mob of hungry fellows who wanted him alive because of his ransom. He kept them off with quick dangerous strokes, just like a stag at bay, and whenever any of them tried to get at him from one side or the other his young son Philip called out “Right, father! left! right!” At last Chargny went down with the banner in his hands, and the King saw that it was time to cry “Enough!” After all, he had done uncommonly well; it is not often that a King gets such a taste of the real thing; and if his men had all put as much good-will into it as he did, we should probably not be here now.’

‘Who took him in the end?’ asked the Rector.

‘Oh! a Gascon, of course,’ replied Harry, with a short laugh.

‘And how much did he get for him?’

‘No one knows exactly. You see a dozen fellows claimed the prize, but the Prince said he would hear all their claims when he got home; but the King had given this Morbecque his glove and asked his

name, so it was really a clear case, and Morbecque, when we came away, had already been promoted and had an enormous sum given him on account, to keep up his position. The position of a Gascon adventurer !'

Lord Bryan laughed. 'Cheer up, Harry !' he said. 'You and I ought to be thankful we don't need the money, for after all he was forty yards in front of us.'

'Besides,' said Aubrey, 'I dare say it was less humiliating for the King to surrender to a Frenchman.'

Lord Bryan ceased to smile. 'I assure you,' he said, in a quiet tone that seemed to change the whole key of the conversation, 'that if he thought so he was never more mistaken. No matter who took his glove, it was to Edward Prince of Wales that he surrendered.'

There was no pride in his voice, but so much in the words that everyone was silent.

'Let me tell you,' he continued, 'what happened the first evening. When supper was ready, the Prince brought the King into his tent and placed him at a high table with Prince Philip and seven others of the highest degree among those we had taken unhurt. The rest of the prisoners of rank were arranged at other tables, with Chandos and Cobham and many more of our own people among them. Everything was done so well, and with so much ceremony, that it was more like supping in the pavilion after a tournament at Windsor than in a tent hastily pitched on the field of battle. At the high table an English knight stood behind the chair of every guest, and when the French King had taken his seat two trumpeters sounded for

the service to begin. The King looked about him in surprise, and asked where his host was to sit. When no one answered, he turned round; the Prince was



Edward the Black Prince waits on his prisoner the King of France.

there beside him on one knee, offering him water for his hands in a silver basin.'

The words fell deliberately one by one from the speaker, as if he knew that he had no need to repeat a single stroke; he had drawn the picture as he had intended and it must convince.

‘What did the King say then?’ asked Aubrey eagerly.

‘I could not hear, but I saw that he was remonstrating, and the Sire de Bourbon rose from his seat on the King’s left to give up his place to the Prince. But the Prince remained kneeling, and there was a sudden hush all through the tent so that we could hear every word that followed. The Prince said that he was not worthy to sit at table with so great a King. The King replied, with a bitter little smile, that the day’s work was a sufficient answer to that. But the Prince said very earnestly, “Sir, I beg you will not take it so hard that the fortune of war has gone against you. Let me assure you that you will meet with so much honour and kindness at my father’s hands that you will remember to-day only as the beginning of your friendship with him.” That was enough; I saw the King’s face change. He looked straight at the Prince for one moment; then dipped both his hands in the bowl without another word.

‘After that every one’s tongue was loosed again, and even the French were loud in the Prince’s praise. The one who was sitting next me—he was a very fine courtly old gentleman—seemed to be much moved; he said to me, “Sir, your Prince is like to prove a great King,” to which I replied, “Yes, if God send him life and a continuance of such good fortune.” He turned quickly away, and to my great surprise I saw he was in tears. Presently he recovered himself and said, “You do well not to make too sure; I made too sure.” His own son was a very promising young captain, of much about the Prince’s age, and he had been killed with Clermont in the morning.

‘Poor fellow,’ said Sir Henry in a low voice, and he went on murmuring to himself in a tone of deep feeling. ‘Poor fellow, poor fellow!’

Everyone knew that he was thinking of his own lost boys, but no one knew what to say; there was a moment of embarrassed silence, and then the squires rose to bid their hostesses good night. They had to get the archers away to their quarters before it was too late; the Rector took his leave at the same time, and when they had gone Lady Marland went downstairs herself to recall the household to discipline and give her orders for the morning. Aubrey she left behind to look after Sir Henry; besides, while anything remained to be told of the victory, it would have been impossible to tear her away from the hearing of it.

The five who remained re-grouped themselves more closely round the hearth. Aubrey moved Lord Bryan into the seat her aunt had just left, and took his place by Sir Henry, who was still musing with his eyebrows lifted wearily and his eyes cast down upon the floor. Stephen sat on his other side, and Harry stood in front of the fire cracking walnuts, with the air of one who is biding his time. He was silent during the moment or two of coming and going at the door; when it finally closed behind Lady Marland and the Rector, he looked up and said to his father, ‘Now that the clerical party have left us, perhaps you would like to hear the rest of that good man, the Cardinal?’

‘Eh?’ said Sir Henry, rousing himself. ‘What was that, Harry? I forget.’

‘It was nothing very much, but it pleased some of us a good deal. I told you how the Cardinal of Périgord wasted a whole day of our time in expounding to us

the doctrine of the Church on the wickedness of war and rebuking us for wanting to fight ; well—after all that, and after posing as the impartial friend of both sides, what do you suppose the old red fox did ? He went off to Poitiers himself, as sorrowful and as sanctimonious as you please, but he left all his own people, except his chaplains and secretary, to do their best against us, fighting in the King's division. Half of them were under his own nephew, Sir Robert de Duras ; and the rest with his underling, the Castellan of Amposta. When the final smash came, the Castellan was one of the first prisoners brought in ; the Prince was naturally furious to see him there, and ordered him to be beheaded on the spot. While they were hunting for the provost-marshal and a log, the wretched Castellan tried to beg off. " No, no ! " the Prince said. " People employed by the Church, who come and go in treaty for peace, ought not in reason to bear arms or to fight on either side ; and if they do, they must pay forfeit like any other felons." But then Chandos reminded him that he would have plenty of time later, and just now there were many other things of more importance to think of. So he went on and left the Castellan, for he never can say " No " to Chandos ; but they had not gone a hundred yards further when they came on Sir Robert de Duras himself lying dead under some trees. The fellow had even had the bare-faced impudence to take his banner into action ; and there it was, lying by him with a dozen of his men, all as dead as their master.

“ Here, at any rate, is something for the Cardinal,” says the Prince grimly. “ There is nothing to wait for this time, I think, Chandos ! ” and he made them

take up Duras' body just as it was, and carry it into



The Black Prince finds the body of Robert de Duras on the field of battle.

Poitiers to the Cardinal on a shield with this message,
"The Prince of Wales's thanks to the Cardinal of

Périgord for his courteous and Christian endeavours, and he salutes him by this token.”’

There was a moment's silence; the hearers were evidently all impressed by the story, but no two of them in quite the same way.

‘Well, father,’ said Harry presently, ‘what do you think of that?’

Sir Henry answered one half the question only. ‘There can be no doubt,’ he said, ‘that the Churchmen were entirely in the wrong!’

‘Yes,’ said Aubrey, ‘the Prince was right there; but I cannot help wishing he had not sent that message; it seems to me somehow to be inconsistent with his behaviour to the King—that was splendid.’

‘Oh,’ replied Harry, in a tone of disappointment and remonstrance, ‘if you are going to talk of inconsistency, we are all inconsistent at times; and the Prince, after all, is a man like the rest of us.’

‘I am glad to hear you say that,’ said Stephen, ‘because from what I have heard he seems to be even more interesting as a character than as a commander; and I have been wondering whether I might ask some questions about him without offence.’

‘Ask away,’ replied Harry, with unmeasured confidence; ‘if you get one shot home you’ve a keen eye.’

Lord Bryan, who had been listening to the conversation in silence, with his eyes fixed upon the red glow of the crumbling logs, now turned slowly in his big chair, so as to face the speakers. Stephen saw the movement, and was embarrassed by it; but it was not in his nature to shrink from any argument against any odds. Besides, he had been longing all the evening for an opportunity to talk with this distinguished soldier

and diplomatist, who at thirty-seven had already fought in three great wars, held two governorships, and kept the Great Seal of England; and who carried himself with an unconscious air of greatness that seemed to leave his friend and contemporary, Harry Marland, half a lifetime behind him.

‘What I mean,’ Stephen said, ‘is this. I feel, as Aubrey does—only I feel it in more ways than one—that there is an inconsistency in the Prince’s behaviour and ideas. His chief characteristics seem to clash with each other, and I cannot help wondering whether this is because some of them are the man himself, and some only put on, or at any rate less real than others. I am not criticising, you understand, I am only enquiring. His most undoubtedly genuine feeling, I suppose, is his love of fighting?’

‘Right!’ replied Harry, with warm approval, ‘there is nothing put on there.’

‘Then he seems also to have a great love of pageantry, a sort of romantic feeling for the sound and colour and fame of war.’

‘Well? We all have, haven’t we?’

‘Possibly,’ said Stephen, ‘but some of us wish we had not. The Prince himself, when the fighting is over, and he has got the best of it, professes a totally different creed; he puts courage and pride away and brings out a most elaborate courtesy and humility in their place. Are they equally part of the man himself?’

‘Yes!’ replied Harry defiantly.

‘No,’ said Lord Bryan at the same instant, in a quiet tone full of meaning.

Stephen looked from one to the other.

‘Not equally,’ Lord Bryan explained, ‘they *are* the man himself; the most real thing about him. You hardly believe that? Let me tell you one more saying of his, the most significant of all. When the French King was first brought to him he offered, quite naturally and simply, to help him off with his armour. The King said, with great dignity, “Thank you, Cousin, but after this it is not for you to serve me; no Prince has ever won such honour in a single day.” The Prince was touched to the quick, he cannot bear that his honour should be another’s misfortune. He said, in a very low voice, “God forgive me this victory!” The King evidently did not understand; he did not know the man, but I think I may claim that I do, and I say that he was never more himself than at that moment.’

‘So do I,’ cried Aubrey passionately, ‘and so do you, Stephen; you know that was not acting, you know that no one could ever have invented anything so beautiful.’

Stephen felt himself flush; for a moment it was as though the warm current from her heart was beating through his own veins. ‘I agree,’ he said, ‘that was fine, and it was certainly instinctive. He seems to be made up of impulses; but that only increases the difficulty. Is it not extraordinary that the same man should make such a reply to one of his defeated prisoners, and order off another to be executed in cold blood?’

‘That is what I felt,’ she replied, ‘but I suppose, as Harry says, that when we act on impulse we are often inconsistent. What do you say, Guy?’

‘You have not got to the bottom of it yet, I think’, said Lord Bryan. ‘The Prince is impulsive by nature,

but he is no longer the boy he was at Cressy. He has thought things out, and though his actions are still instinctive they are very far from being haphazard or inconsistent. I do not say that he is perfect. I think he went over the line when he sent that message to the Cardinal; but you must remember that he was doubly tempted—first, because one of his most cherished principles had been violated; and secondly, because the offender was his old antagonist, the Church.’

‘What?’ cried Stephen, ‘his antagonist? That makes him a more splendid riddle than ever; I had always thought of him as unusually devout.’

‘So he is,’ replied Lord Bryan; ‘if any man was ever born a Christian, he was. But on the point of war, he no more accepts the Church’s view of Christianity than you do, or I, or any other Englishman who is honest with himself. He does not believe that war is always unlawful; he knows that all existence is a struggle, that we love fighting because it is the savour of life itself, and that in this world of forces everything must depend on force in the last resort. The time of peace may come, and no one prays for it more sincerely; but it will be the time of perfection, and in the meantime right must be righted and wrong ended.’

‘Every nation,’ said Stephen, ‘being of course right in its own view. Does not that bring you to arbitration between communities, just as we have justice now between man and man?’

He feared he had spoken too keenly; but Lord Bryan parried the thrust with unruffled ease.

‘Who is to be the arbitrator? The Church, of course. Let us forget the Cardinal of Périgord, and grant the impartiality of the Church. How is the judgment to

be enforced? Would you excommunicate a whole nation?’

‘I agree that the Church is out of the question,’ replied Stephen, ‘but a jury of kings would have power to carry out their own decrees.’

‘That means no more than an alliance of the ayes against the noes; or, possibly, of all against one. But I cannot help thinking that there are points on which a nation would rather fight the whole world single-handed than obey. Then I wonder whether your jury of kings would be always right and always disinterested. May there not be cases too difficult for any judge? If Solomon himself were here, he could not fail to give a decision in favour of King Edward’s claim to the crown of France; but if you and I were Frenchmen, should we submit to it?’

‘The Prince would not, I am sure,’ said Stephen, smiling. ‘But he would be acting merely as the natural man. How does he bring war within the law of Christianity?’

‘I think he would answer that by saying that Christianity is not a law, but a light; a hope for the world, but a way for the Christian only, who is not of the world, though he is in it. It is a hypocrisy to pretend that the world is Christian. What good can come of hypocrisy?—of nations professing principles in which, as nations, they do not believe? The true Church, which is the body of the faithful and nothing else, cannot be strengthened by any such professions; the official Church encourages them because it thereby enlarges its own borders, but it brings both confusion and dishonesty into human affairs by doing so.’

The argument pleased Stephen as much as it puzzled

him. 'I agree about the Church,' he said warmly, 'but I am still in the dark about the Prince. Is it his creed that a man should be a Christian in private and a savage in public?'

'Savage is a difficult word,' said Lord Bryan pleasantly; 'may I change it? May I put the case in this way? There are among men some masculine virtues, and some feminine. Where the masculine alone have been cultivated, life has been disordered, perhaps savage. Christianity has given us the feminine virtues. The Church would have us practise them to the exclusion of the masculine; we soldiers believe that this would only lead to disorder of the same kind.'

'You make Christianity, in short, a counsel of perfection, to be postponed indefinitely?'

'We should do so but for Chivalry.'

'Let me understand you,' said Stephen. 'Chivalry, as I have seen it from a distance, I have taken to mean a love of fighting, a love of pageantry, and a fantastic love of women, mixed into a rather unwholesome ferment.'

'You have lived abroad,' replied Lord Bryan; 'there is no place in England for that kind of folly, and so far as I know there never has been. For us, Chivalry is a plain rule of conduct, by which a man may live in the world of men, without savagery and without monkery.'

'Good!' exclaimed Stephen, 'but how?'

'Look at the Prince,' said Lord Bryan, 'it is written large in him. He is pious and courteous, the brother of all brave men, the servant of the weak, the beaten and the suffering. In short, he loves God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself. What is that?'

‘That is Christianity; but I ask you again, how does loving your neighbour come to include fighting him or taking his life?’

‘I reply with another question. Are you not confusing the unreal with the real—putting the material before the spiritual? The warfare of every one of us must end in death; we need not love a man less because it falls to us to strike the final stroke. It is only the hatred, the treachery, the selfishness, that make the crime of murder; and what injury can the real man suffer except those inflicted by himself?’

‘Does your Prince act up to his creed in that?’ asked Stephen. ‘I know, of course, that he is fearless for himself; but would he, for example, take the death of a friend as no injury?’

‘A man is no soldier,’ replied Lord Bryan, ‘unless he remembers every morning, when he wakes, that this may be the day on which his life, or his comrade’s, will be required of him. No one could face that parting better than the Prince. I know, because I saw him say good-bye to Audley.’

‘Audley?’ asked Sir Henry. ‘Is James Audley dead? You did not tell us that.’

‘No,’ said Guy. ‘When I left he was making a good recovery, but if he did not die, it was not because he was not ready. When we were setting forward to meet the final attack, he came to the Prince and volunteered to do what he could to break the French line before it reached us. I suppose his offer might be called fantastic; but it was very coolly made and very effectually carried out.’

‘Tell us!’ said Aubrey imperiously.

‘There is really nothing to tell. He came up and

said : “ You know, Sir, I vowed that I would lead the charge if ever we met the French King.” He knelt on one knee, as if to ask a favour. The Prince’s face set like iron. “ Very well, James,” he said, “ good-bye ; and God bless you.” There was no time to lose ; Audley got up and went down the hill with his four squires behind him ; we saw him divide the rush for a moment like a rock thrown down into a stream ; then they re-formed and went over him, but they came on perceptibly slower and less steadily.’

‘ How many were killed ? ’ asked Aubrey.

‘ Of Audley and his men ? Not one of the five, by George ! ’ cried Harry. ‘ The squires picked him up, good men, and we picked up the squires. They made their fortunes—Audley divided between them all the land the Prince gave him, that same evening.’

‘ Did the Prince approve of that ? ’

‘ He gave Audley as much again, and was glad to do it. I think he was more grateful to those four men than even their master was ; he loves Sir James better than any reasonable man could love himself.’

‘ It is a fine character,’ said Stephen. ‘ Still,’ he went on, in the tone of one not yet convinced, ‘ it is strange to see so much feeling side by side with so much hardness.’

‘ Pardon me,’ answered Lord Bryan, ‘ if I change your word again. He is not so much hard as stern. Injure him personally, and he will give you good for evil ; break a rule of the game and he will exact the forfeit to the uttermost, as he would expect to have exacted from himself. It is only on such terms that the code can be preserved ; you may forgive the offender, but, if you remit the penalty, you spare your own feelings

at the expense of those who come after you. So he would have made an example of the Castellan of Am-posta, as he always would of anyone who played false—man, woman, or child. If a whole town went over to the enemy, I believe he would execute them all relentlessly. His people know the conditions on which they serve him; they know that he asks nothing from them that he is not prepared to give himself.'

'You think they really understand him?' said Stephen.

'Whether they know it or not, they understand him; you would not wonder if you had heard him speaking to the men on the morning of the battle. "It is our business," he said, "to lead, and yours to follow keenly, mind as well as body; if we come off with life and victory, we shall be better friends than ever; if the chances are against us and we go the way of all flesh, remember this, that you shall never be forgotten or dishonoured; whatever our rank, we will all drink of the same cup with you to-day."'

Stephen's guard was broken at last—the words went through his heart. He knew that Guy was right. This man had laid hold on life itself; no time or change would ever still the reverberation of such words. He sat silent, blinking at the fire.

'Guy,' said Sir Henry, putting out his hand to the wine flagon, 'will you take anything more? Then perhaps you would like to go up?—you have had a long day.'

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1. AMONG THE SQUIRES

AT the end of November 1389, during a three years' truce between England and France, it occurred to three young French knights to get up a match between the gentlemen of the two countries. To avoid giving offence their challenge was nominally addressed to all nations, but the ground chosen for the encounter was at the Abbey of St. Inglebert, in the marches of Calais, which was then an English town; and it was chiefly in London and Westminster that the proclamation was intended to be cried, for it was carefully revised by the French King and his Council before it was sent. It ran as follows:—

‘For the great desire that we have to come to the knowledge of noble gentlemen, knights and squires, strangers, as well on the frontiers of the realm of France, as elsewhere of far countries; we shall be at St. Inglebert, in the marches of Calais, the twentieth day of the month of March next coming, and there continue thirty days complete, Fridays only excepted, and shall deliver from their vows all manner of knights and squires, gentlemen, strangers of any manner of nation, whatsoever they be, that will come thither for the breaking of five spears, either sharp or rockets at their

pleasure; and outside our lodgings shall be shields of our arms, both the shields of peace and of war; and whosoever will joust, let him come or send the day before, and with a rod touch which shield he pleases: if he touch the shield of war, the next day he shall joust in jousts mortal with which of the three he will, and if he touch the shield of peace he shall have the jousts of peace: so that whosoever touch any of the shields, show or cause to be showed his name to such as shall be there limited by us to receive the names; and all such knights, strangers, as will joust, to bring some nobleman on their side, who shall be instructed by us what ought to be done in this case.

‘And we entreat all knights and squires, strangers, that will come and joust, that they think not nor imagine of us that we do this for any pride, hatred, or ill-will; but all only we do it to have their honourable company and acquaintance, the which with our entire hearts we desire.

‘None of our shields shall be covered with iron or steel, nor none of theirs that will come to joust with us, nor shall there be any manner of frauds, advantage or evil service, but everything to be ordered by them that shall be committed by either party to govern the jousts.

‘And that all gentlemen, noble knights and squires, to whom this shall come to knowledge, may repute it firm and stable, we have sealed this present writing with the seals of our arms. Written at Montpellier, the twentieth day of November, in the year of our Lord God a thousand three hundred, four-score and nine, and signed thus—

‘REYNAULT DE ROYE: BOUCICAUT: SAIMPI.’

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The Jousts of St. Inglebert accordingly took place in March 1390, beginning nominally as advertised, on the 20th, which was the Sunday before Easter, but in fact on Monday, the 21st. They may fairly be called the greatest and most typical athletic meeting of the Middle Ages; and we fortunately know more about them than about any other event of the kind. The names and doings of the jousts during the first four days, when the match with England was practically fought out and won, are minutely recorded in at least three contemporary accounts—the ‘Chronicle of Froissart,’ the ‘Histoire du Maréchal Boucicaut,’ and the French rhyming poem called ‘Les Joûtes de St. Inglebert,’ evidently compiled from the notes of the two French heralds, Bourbon and Bleu-levrier. Among the English champions who came over and actually took part in the match, was a young squire named John Marland, presumed to be the same John Marland who, while yet a boy, inherited the knight’s fee of Orchardleigh, in Somerset, from his father, Henry de Marland, mentioned in the preceding story. He was, if the dates are rightly inferred, not more than twenty-three when he rode at St. Inglebert. The narrative which here follows is, therefore, the record of a boy’s first adventure in the great world of chivalry.

His intention had been to cross to France in company with his friend, John Savage, in the train of the Earl of Huntingdon, the King’s half-brother, but by a misunderstanding he reached London some days too late and had to follow by himself. He had still ample time, and he made his journey slowly. He could not bring himself to part company with his baggage, for it contained, among other valuables, the armour which

had cost so much, and upon which so much depended. He slept at Dartford, Sittingbourne, and Canterbury; crossed early on the fourth day, and was in Calais before noon. His friend, John Savage, was expecting him; for he had sent an express messenger in advance, and every preparation had been made for putting up his men and horses. He himself was to share the house in which his friend and another squire were already lodged, close to the citadel where their master, the Earl of Huntingdon, was staying with Lord Nottingham, the Captain of Calais. Dinner was ready, and Savage proposed that they should go to table at once without waiting for the other partner, who was late in returning from the training-ground.

‘I don’t think you know Roger Swynnerton,’ he said, ‘but I can assure you that you won’t find his equal among the squires here; the fact is, that he is too good and too experienced to be a squire at all. He’s as old as Huntingdon himself, and man for man, his equal in every way.’

‘How is it,’ Marland asked, ‘that he has had to wait so long for promotion?’

‘No money,’ Savage replied, in the light tone of a man of the world; ‘he is the son of a younger son.’

‘I wonder the Earl took him.’

‘He is a sort of relation, you see; his uncle, old Sir Thomas Swynnerton, married Huntingdon’s aunt.’

Marland laughed. ‘I don’t quite follow the relationship,’ he said; ‘but since the Earl does, I should have thought he might provide for his kinsman.’

‘Well,’ replied Savage, ‘he has done what he could ;

he has suggested one or two good matches to him, but Swynnerton is obstinate, he prefers to choose for himself.'

John nodded approval. 'By the way,' he said, 'I thought I remembered the name. Wasn't there a lady—a certain Maud Swynnerton—that you used to think a good deal about?'

Savage avoided his eyes. 'You need not say "used",', he replied in a warning tone.

John took the hint. 'I am glad to hear it,' he said cordially; 'tell me more.'

'She is married,' replied Savage, still with averted looks.

John had many ideas about love, but no experience. He saw that his friend was suffering, but had no salve for him beyond mere commonplace.

'My dear fellow,' he began, 'a woman's choice——'

'There is no woman's choice in the question,' Savage interrupted; 'she was married against her will—carried off by that old brute, Sir William Ipstones, and married by force to his own son, a mere boy younger than herself.'

'By force!' exclaimed John. 'But what were her family doing to allow it?'

'She has no family—she was Sir Robert's only child, and he is dead. That is the whole point of it: she is sole heiress to the Swynnerton property.'

'And what does your friend Roger say—he is her cousin, I suppose?'

'He says nothing—and he is quite right; there is nothing to be said for the present. The marriage is a hollow affair, by all accounts; young Ipstones is

a boy and a weakling ; if he lives to grow up, I will call him to a reckoning one way or another.'

The tone was resolute enough, but the plan seemed a little vague. 'I suppose Swynnerton is backing you ?' he said.

'He is not his own master,' replied Savage ; 'but when the time comes, he will need no persuading. You don't know Roger ; he never lets go when he has once set his teeth. Besides, I am helping him in his own business.'

'Is his business of the same kind as yours ?'

'Worse—the lady is even more unhappy. You must have heard of the beautiful Joan Hastings, who married Sir John Salusbury ? He was persecuted to death by Gloucester and his gang for being too loyal, and Joan, instead of waiting for Roger, has thrown herself away on a Frenchman named Rustine de Villeneuve. Of course, she is miserable.'

'There again,' said John, 'I suppose there is nothing to be done for the present ?'

'For the present ! for the present ! how did we come to talk of these things ?' cried Savage, rising abruptly and going over to the window. John looked after him very sympathetically, and with a glow of chivalrous enthusiasm. If anything could have heightened his esteem for these two friends, from whom he hoped so much, it would have been their devotion to their distressed ladies. His mind was full of knightly challenges and deeds of arms, in which he himself was to play a secondary but very honourable part.

Savage turned back to him from the window.

'Look here,' he said, 'we must have no more of

this; we have a stiff day's work in hand over here, and we must go through with it. Don't let Roger know I have told you anything, and don't speak of either affair again until we are back in England.'

John held out his hand and gave his friend a reassuring grip.

'You can't forbid my thinking,' he said; 'I shall always be trying to devise a way out.'

'The way out—there are only two possible,' muttered the other.

'What are they?'

'Oh! death and divorce, I suppose,' replied Savage sullenly, and, as he spoke them, John thought he had never heard two uglier words. He was relieved to hear a cheerful voice approaching. The door opened, and Roger Swynnerton entered the room.

The new-comer gave Marland a friendly greeting, and sat down opposite to him. There was a short break in the conversation while the servant placed fresh dishes upon the table, and John spent the time in noting the marked contrast between his two companions. Savage was of his own age; he was ruddy, active, and well-knit, but rather small-made and fine for a man of arms; his jet-black moustache and closely cropped hair made his face somewhat conventional in type, but gave him what he most desired—an undeniably military appearance; his spirits were usually high, his manner vivacious, and even jaunty. Roger, on the other hand, was a thick-set figure of much heavier weight, and with no grace but that of strength; his features were blunt, and seemed more so from the entire absence of hair from the face; the contours were muscular and firm, and both forehead and

jaw unusually massive. His eyes were frank and kindly as he spoke to John, and his voice had a manly matter-of-fact tone in it, but there was something forbidding in the lines of determination about the mouth. He was no stripling, at the beginning of his career, but a soldier of thirty-six, who had long been hard put to it to keep pace with his wealthier companions; and it seemed, by his appearance, that he had thrown aside in the race a good deal of the poetry with which youth delights to deck itself at the start.

For some time he paid undivided attention to his dinner, and the meal ended without his having contributed more than a word here and there to the conversation. He then filled a small cup of wine for himself and each of his companions, and leaned back in his chair.

‘We are in strict training,’ he explained, as he pushed the wine-flagon farther away, ‘and we need to be. I hope you have come prepared to join us?’

John replied, with as little eagerness as possible, that he was there for that purpose.

‘You have run before?’ asked Swynnerton. ‘I don’t mean in practice, of course.’

‘Oh yes,’ replied John, ‘twice—at Chester and Stafford.’

Swynnerton looked him over with a cool scrutiny that was hard to face without embarrassment.

‘I daresay you did pretty well there,’ he said, as his eyes came up to the level of John’s; ‘but it will be much hotter work here. What’s your armour like?’

‘Milanese,’ replied John, in a fine off-hand tone, and then spoiled the effect by adding, ‘and brand new.’

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‘Right! and the horses? You mustn’t mind my asking questions.’

‘Not at all,’ replied John. ‘I have brought two chargers. One is a bit hard-mouthed, but neither of them ever refuses.’

Swynnerton nodded. ‘We’ll look at them to-morrow,’ he said. ‘It is the only day you will have for galloping, I’m afraid. Thursday, we are to practise the grand parade, and again on Saturday. Sunday must be a day off for everyone.’

He finished his wine, rose a little stiffly, and stretched himself. ‘I must be going,’ he said to John, ‘but we’ve plenty of time before us.’ He gave him another nod of approval and went noisily down the stairs.

‘Now,’ said Savage, when they were left alone, ‘I’ll show you your quarters, and you shall show me the Milanese harness.’

2. A COUNCIL OF WAR

The trials came off successfully next day upon a training-ground outside the walls of the town; but they were not so easily accomplished as Marland had expected. He was quite unprepared for the immense crowd of would-be competitors, and spent a somewhat discontented morning, waiting in vain for his turn in the enclosure which had been measured and fenced in to represent the lists. Though the three champions were to hold the field for thirty days, and the Earl of Huntingdon’s party was probably by no means the only one which would take up the challenge during that time, there were already more than sixty knights and gentlemen in Calais, and on this, the last day of serious practising, they and their grooms, with chargers

and hackneys, covered the downs in every direction, and almost choked the streets of the town.

By Savage's advice John went back early to dinner, and returned at a time when the ground was comparatively clear. Horses and armour both proved to be in satisfactory condition, and he was about to make his way home for the day when two horsemen, magnificently mounted, and followed by a dozen others, overtook and passed him at a canter. One of the party was Swynnerton; he made a peremptory gesture as he went by, and pointed to the two figures in front.

'They are going to make up the list,' he explained, when John drew level. 'I'll try and find the moment to present you.'

'Who is the other?' asked Marland.

'The Earl Marshal; the man nearest him is Baskerville, his cousin and chief squire, and the next one is Stamer, a kinsman of Huntingdon's, just knighted.'

John's heart beat; he felt as though he were already one of a splendid fellowship. Ten minutes afterwards he found himself following Swynnerton into the great chamber of the castle, where the two Earls were to hold their council of war. They were talking together by the fire, and the squires remained at a respectful distance just inside the door—Swynnerton alert, but with a well trained air of indifference—John with eyes fixed openly on the great men. He had seen earls before; but these were famous joustors of almost royal rank, and he was prepared to admire without reserve. It was disappointing that, at first sight, both appeared to fall short of his ideal. Nottingham had the high-bred manner to be expected of a Mowbray, but his face

was young and lacking in character; Huntingdon, on the other hand, though of a much stronger type, had a coarse look about his heavy eyes, and the corners of his mouth were drawn with a permanent curve of unmeasured, and even ferocious, pride. Still, he was grandly built, and moved with a grand air—a fine figure, John thought to himself, but an uncongenial master to serve. Perhaps he hardly showed to advantage at this moment, for he was clearly impatient.

‘Swynnerton,’ he said presently, ‘are these fellows ever coming?’

‘It is hardly the hour yet,’ replied the squire, with the self-possession of a confidential servant. ‘In the meantime, my lord, may I present to you my friend John Marland, who has come to offer his service to your lordship?’

The Earl looked at John, but did not acknowledge his bow.

‘Well, Roger,’ he said, as he turned his shoulder again, ‘I suppose you know your business—you generally do.’

Nottingham saw John’s flaming cheeks. ‘Marland?’ he asked courteously. ‘I think I know that name. Where do you come from, sir?’

‘Cheshire, my lord,’ replied John, swallowing humiliation and gratitude together.

‘There is no county more loyal,’ said Nottingham gravely, and Huntingdon himself half relaxed his frown and gave John another look over his shoulder.

At this moment the door opened and Savage appeared, ushering in Lord Clifford, Sir Piers Courtenay, Sir John Golafre, and several other knights, all of

whom took their places at the long table. At the head of it sat the two earls, side by side. Swynnerton stood at his master's right shoulder, and William Baskerville on the Earl Marshal's left; next to him was a herald with pen and inkhorn ready, and a list of names in his hand. No one took the least notice of Marland, who remained standing like one petrified, till Savage drew him down to a place by his own side on a settle near the door and reassured him by a wink and a smile.

There was a buzz of conversation, which ceased suddenly when the Earl Marshal rapped upon the bare table. 'My lords,' he said, looking down at a memorandum handed to him by the herald, 'our paper of agenda is not a long one; but I think that you will agree with me that it is time we made out some kind of order for this contest.'

'And remember,' added Huntingdon brusquely, 'that we are here to win, not to take riding-lessons.'

'My lord means,' said Nottingham, 'that we have no time to waste over rockets and boys' games—we are over here for serious business, and whoever runs must be prepared to run with sharp points and in war harness. I take it that we shall all be of one mind about that.'

There was a general murmur of assent, but Huntingdon was not to be explained away.

'Spears, of course,' he said scornfully, 'that goes without saying; but I meant that these Frenchmen have defied us, and it is for us to see that they pay for it.'

Courtenay murmured something short to his neighbour. 'My lord,' he said aloud to the Earl Marshal,

‘I have not seen the terms of the challenge lately, but I understand it to be a general one to gentlemen of all nations.’

‘That won’t do,’ said Huntingdon; ‘the field is pitched on our frontier.’

‘I think,’ said the Earl Marshal, ‘it must be allowed that the match is practically England against France. I have been asked to preside to-day on that understanding.’

‘And I am here,’ added Huntingdon, ‘in the place of the King, my brother.’

A silence followed, during which Savage kicked John carefully, and caught his eye.

‘Well, now,’ continued Huntingdon in a more genial tone, ‘the Earl Marshal will no doubt settle the list presently and arrange the order of precedence. What I want to hear discussed is the plan of campaign. The challengers leave it open to every one to take his choice between the three of them; but, so far as my own company is concerned, I must know beforehand whom they intend to call out.’

There was some demur at this autocratic proposal, but it was supported by the Earl Marshal.

‘We must remember,’ he said, ‘that though we have three good jousters to deal with, one of them is far more formidable than the others. We must pick our best men to run against Reynault de Roye—men who can face even a—a—possible reverse.’

‘Or else,’ said Huntingdon, ‘put all our strength against Boucicaut and Sempy, and leave only the weaklings to de Roye. In that way we shall probably make sure of defeating two of them, and give the third nothing to boast about.’

A moment of consternation followed this unknighly proposal, but it was quickly dispelled by the deep voice of Sir John Golafre, the biggest man in the room. 'My lord,' he said, 'if the noble Earl's ingenious suggestion is adopted, may I beg that you will put me down as first weakling?'

Again Savage winked at John, who drew a breath of relief that was almost a sob. Smiles of discreet approval were passing between the knights at the table, and Huntingdon was looking round in vain for someone to second him.

'What do you say, Courtenay?' he asked. Sir Piers was his neighbour in Devonshire, and the most famous champion present. But he was at once too chivalrous and too diplomatic to fall into the Earl's snare.

'I say, my lord, that in my experience no one is irresistible—there is a deal of chance in these affairs; you may tumble to a Sempy, and yet have the luck to bring down a de Roye. I propose to try them all three—I should count myself beaten by any man I dared not meet, and, as you say, we are here to win.'

After some further discussion, too confused for John to hear very much of it, the Earl Marshal took the sense of the meeting, and Lord Huntingdon's proposal was lost. A compromise was then agreed upon; the choice of antagonists was to be left open, according to the usual practice, but the names of nine first-rate jousts were definitely entered to run some or all their courses against de Roye, three of them on each of the first three days. The herald then read the list aloud; at the head of the nine came the Earl Marshal, followed by seven knights and one squire—

Roger Swynnerton—but, to John's astonishment, the name of the Earl of Huntingdon was not amongst them. He looked round at Savage with an indignant question written on every feature of his face, but Savage was already holding the door open for the departing council.

The Earl passed out last, and Swynnerton with him : the two young squires were left alone together.

Savage closed the door carefully, and turned to his companion ; he looked puzzled, but showed none of the indignation that was disturbing Marland.

'Strange folk, our masters,' he said, with an uncertain eye on John.

'Your master,' replied John, 'never mine!'

'I was afraid you might say that ; but you must not judge too soon. He has some reason for shirking de Roye ; it can't be from any softness, for he is hard to the core—his friends and enemies are all at one about that.'

'But he planned for us to shirk too,' growled John.

'Oh !' said Savage airily, 'the devil take his plans ; he's a bit too keen, that's all. I'm going for de Roye myself, but you needn't tell him so.'

John's eye kindled. 'Good man !' he said, 'so am I—with every spear I have.'

They shook hands on it. At that moment the door opened, and Swynnerton reappeared upon the threshold ; to John's eye he seemed taller and of a more dignified carriage since the reading of that list, but the change was apparently not visible to Savage, who spoke to him in his usual light tone.

'Does he want me, Roger ?'

‘No,’ replied the other; ‘he has gone to supper with Clifford. But what are you two shaking hands about?’

‘Agreeing to do my lord’s duty for him and try de Roye.’

Savage raised his chin. ‘We shall cover ourselves with glory,’ he replied.

‘With dust, you mean,’ retorted the elder man.

‘I hope,’ John was beginning deferentially—‘I hope you don’t think——’

Swynnerton looked disapprovingly at them both. ‘I wish you were not so young, you two,’ he said, and turned away as if to go. But, before they could move, he had changed his mind and was facing them again.

‘Look here,’ he said, in a frank but peremptory tone. ‘I am going to tell you exactly what I do think. I don’t approve of Huntingdon’s plan, and I told him so at once when he first broached it; I don’t believe in dodges—the man who rides hardest is the man for me. It is quite right for you young ones to take your risks, and I like to see you do it; but it is no business of yours to make rules, and judge your betters by them. My lord is here as our captain; he is to open the game, and it won’t do for him to lead off with a stumble, or any chance of one. We should have others going after him, like palings when a rot sets in, and in any case it would certainly put heart into the Frenchmen. It is all settled; Huntingdon will take Boucicaut—Boucicaut’s own people think a good deal more of him than you do—and Nottingham will follow with de Roye. That’s the order of the day, and, if you are decent fellows, you’ll take my view of it, and do all you can to see that others do the same.’

He looked them both squarely in the face and then went out with a heavy deliberate step.

‘Quite a long speech for old Roger,’ said Savage. ‘He doesn’t altogether convince me, but I suppose we must do as he says.’

‘It seems hard to expect us to preach an opinion we don’t hold,’ said John, ‘but if you think it your duty, I suppose it must be mine.’ He spoke argumentatively, but Savage saw nothing to argue about.

‘That’s it,’ he replied cheerfully; ‘Roger backs Huntingdon, I back Roger, and you back me. You serve my lord, after all, you see.’

‘No nearer than that, thank you.’

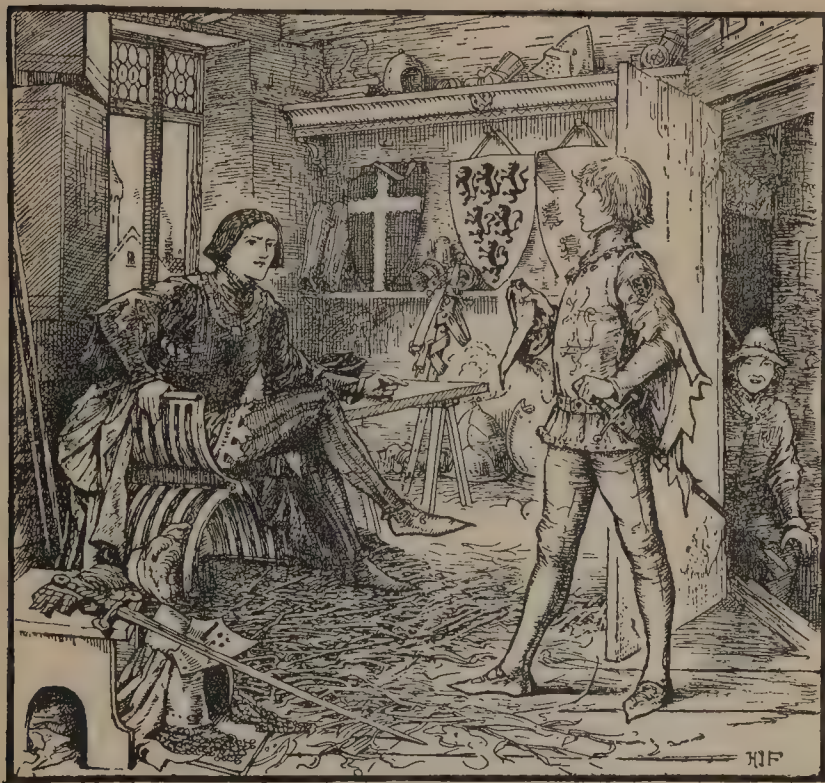
‘Well, don’t look so serious over it,’ said Savage, and carried him off to supper.

3. A VERY YOUNG LORD

By Saturday afternoon all preparations were complete. The grand entry had been successfully rehearsed, in full dress, and nothing now remained to think about except a possible change in the weather, of which there was at present no sign. Daylight was fading slowly, in a clear sky, as John sat in the window of his lodging. He was alone, for both his friends were away on duty; and after several hours out in the keen March air the warmth of the room was beginning to take drowsy effect upon him. His eyes felt as though the ‘Dusty Miller’ of his childhood had been powdering them with both hands, his chin was sinking imperceptibly towards his chest. He was not yet asleep; but of the fulness of life past, present, and future—nothing was left to him but a deep dim sense of animal comfort.

‘John! John! O-ho! John!’

Through this twilight world the eager young voice rang as clear as a trumpet. John's mind awoke, but not his body; he remained motionless, wondering where he was, and who was calling him.



The young Lord finds John Marland in his room.

‘John?’ The voice fell to a question this time, and was certainly now in the room. He opened his eyes and saw the figure of a boy of fifteen, tall and fair, standing with one foot forward as if suddenly checked in his impetuous entry; the pale sunlight met him full face, and seemed to baffle his eagerness as he peered at the sleeper beneath the window.

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Marland rose. Something unfamiliar in the movement evidently struck the visitor ; for he turned, as if for support, towards the open door, where at this moment a second figure appeared. This, too, was a boy, some three years younger than the other. He halted quietly on the threshold, put his hands in his pockets, and watched the scene without a word.

‘I say,’ exclaimed the elder of the two, ‘this is someone else. I beg your pardon,’ he said, turning to Marland ; ‘I thought you were John.’

‘I am John,’ replied Marland, ‘but apparently not the right one. If you want John Savage, he will be here directly. You had better wait.’

‘May I ? Thanks,’ said the boy, in the short eager manner that seemed to match his pointed chin and bright eyes. ‘Come in, Edmund, and shut the door. My brother’s rather slack,’ he added apologetically, taking a seat upon the table, from which his legs swung restlessly as he talked. The younger boy closed the door and came forward ; he was silent, but quite unembarrassed, and stood leaning against the table by his brother’s side, looking with large brown eyes at John.

It was clear, from the manners of the two, that they were unaccustomed to meet with rebuffs. Their dress, too, indicated rank ; but John had no idea who they could be.

‘Where are you staying ?’ he asked.

‘At the Castle. We’ve just come. My uncle’s there, you know.’

John put two and two together. ‘Is your uncle the Earl of Huntingdon ?’

‘That’s right,’ the boy nodded. ‘Do you know him ?’

‘I do.’ Unconsciously John’s voice took an independent tone as he answered this question. The change was not lost on quick young ears.

‘I say,’ exclaimed the questioner, ‘are you a lord?’

‘Oh no! only a squire.’

‘Who’s your master?’

‘I haven’t one.’

‘I see. Well, if I were you, I wouldn’t come to Uncle John.’

‘I am only with him for the jousts,’ replied Marland, longing to hear more on this subject. But the boy was looking round the room, where, along the wall, the armour of the occupants was carefully ranged on wooden stands. The three shields, newly painted in silver and black, seemed to attract him especially.

‘This is Savage’s, with the six lions rampant,’ he said. ‘I should always know that, because it’s like William Longsword’s; and the big cross is Roger’s; and this is yours—with a bend and three lions’ heads of sable. I say, why are they all three the same colours? Are you relations? Are you all in mourning?’

John smiled at the crackle of questions.

‘In our part of the country,’ he replied, ‘there are a great many coats of black and silver.’

‘What name does this one belong to?’

‘Mells of Eastwich.’

‘Oh! John Mells—that’s rather a short kind of name, isn’t it?’

‘It is not my name; I am John Marland.’

The boy was mystified, as John intended he should be.

‘But you said Mells,’ he began in a tone of remonstrance.

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His brother here opened his lips for the first time, and gave his opinion deliberately, with a slight stammer.

‘Tom, you’re a b-bat.’

‘Shut up, Edmund, you stammering young cuckoo,’ said the elder boy; but Edmund went on unperturbed, his eyes fixed on John with romantic admiration.

‘C-can’t you see he killed Mells in a fight, and took his c-coat?’

‘Not so bad as that,’ said John; ‘but Mells is dead, and I have inherited his lands.’

Tom pounced again. ‘Then you had another coat for Marland?’

‘Yes,’ John replied. ‘It is wavy gules and silver, with seven marlions of sable.’

‘I like that better,’ said Tom. ‘I love scarlet; I shall have scarlet myself when I’m a knight. Shall you be a knight?’

‘Some day, perhaps,’ replied John, ‘if I am not killed first.’

‘I’ll tell you what,’ replied the boy, ‘if you like fighting, you’d better come with me; I shall be wanting a squire.’

‘When will that be?’ asked John, concealing his amusement.

‘When my father chooses,’ replied Tom; ‘he can always get anything out of Uncle Richard.’

Voices were heard on the stairs; the younger boy gave his brother a warning look. ‘Nicholas!’ he said.

Tom explained to Marland: ‘It is only Nicholas Love; he teaches us Latin and French and blazonry, and the kings of England.’

‘And p-poetry,’ added Edmund.

Nicholas came in with Savage, whom he had met outside. In the brief moment of a formal greeting, and beneath the fast falling twilight, he loomed but vaguely in John's eyes; a dignified and solid form—unusually solid for a man of thirty, and made more bulky by the thick white Carthusian habit which hung without a seam from his chin down to his feet.

'My young friends,' he said presently to the boys, who were busy with Savage, 'you have my leave to retire.' He spoke with a noticeable turn of dry humour, evidently habitual with him.

The 'young friends' seemed to be in no hurry. 'We can't go yet,' they said.

'I respect your scruples,' replied Nicholas, 'but you will probably be less missed than you suppose. I hope,' he added, turning to John, 'that they leave nothing owing?'

'I cannot quite say that,' replied John, laughing; 'there are my wages from my Lord Thomas.'

'He is going to be my body squire,' explained Tom, as his brother pushed him through the doorway. 'You see, Nicholas, I like him.'

'Get on, g-grab-all!' said Edmund.

4. AMONG THE CHAMPIONS.

Monday, March 21, dawned at last. Early in the morning, though not so early as they had intended, the Earls of Nottingham and Huntingdon left the gates of Calais at the head of a large and confused company of horsemen. A short distance outside the walls they halted, called over the roll of names, and marshalled their following in two orderly columns. Of these, the first was much the larger, and contained

the armourers, grooms, and spare horses; the second was composed of the combatants and other gentlemen of rank, riding on a narrower front to make the more imposing show.

The spot which had been chosen for the encounter was a level extent of plain, about half-way between Calais and the Abbey of St. Inglebert, where the three challengers had their headquarters. The ground, however, was as new to them as to their opponents, for their training had all been done at Boulogne, and the lists had been prepared independently by the two judges—the Earl of Northumberland on one side, and on the other the famous Jean de Personne, known invariably throughout France by the name of Lancelot.

When the barriers were reached, the leading column halted and parted to right and left, making a long lane down which passed the more splendid company, in order to take the place of honour in the grand entry. The Earl of Huntingdon entered first, riding between the Earl Marshal and Lord Clifford; and they were preceded by six trumpeters sounding a challenge, and followed by six body squires in their liveries. After them came the other combatants, eighteen knights in one company and eighteen squires in another, each man in full armour, bearing his own arms and colours, and with his body-servant in attendance, unarmed, but even more brilliantly apparelled. Last came a group of distinguished spectators, some twenty in number, who, though unable for various good reasons to play the game themselves, found it worth their while to come from England in great state to assist their friends with advice and applause. Some of them, indeed, were men of vast experience, and, though they

never rode in a match, had been present at every first-class meeting for twenty years past ; all were dressed with a splendour worthy of the privileged enclosure from which they were to view the contest.

The whole cavalcade made the tour of the lists from left to right at a walking pace, and John, as he passed in his turn through the barriers and saw the whole pageant before him at a glance, felt that only the voice of trumpets could express the triumph that was rioting through his heart. The pangs of doubt and disappointment, sharp enough at the time, which had troubled him more than once since he heard the Westminster bells, were now forgotten utterly, as though they had been but thorn pricks ; to-day and here, as he saw the procession winding round the long curve of the lists ahead of him, the figures of the two Earls seemed the embodiment of dignity and stately courage, and he felt that he could follow them anywhere.

At this moment the trumpeters were wheeling round to approach the spectators' balcony on the far side ; it was hung with blue and gold cloth, and surmounted by the lilies of France, but was at present empty. John's eyes instinctively turned from this to the left-hand side of the ground, which it faced, and he found that he was on the point of passing before the quarters of the challengers. Their three pavilions were all of crimson, but each was distinguished by the device of its owner, embroidered in large letters on a golden scroll. That of Boucicaut, which was close to him, bore the words '*Ce que vous voudrez*'—a motto which the young champion had but newly chosen, but which he ever afterwards retained in memory of St. Inglebert.

After passing the pavilions, and the crowd of gaily dressed French gentlemen drawn up between them, John found himself abreast of a huge elm-tree, which had been purposely included in the circuit of the high outer fence. On the wide-spreading branches near the ground were hung the shields of the three challengers : of these there were six, one set painted with their owners' arms as in ordinary warfare, the other set also in the owners' different colours, but all three with the same impress—three hearts, two above and one below—a bearing specially devised for this occasion. Beside each shield five spears were ranged : those by the shields of war had sharp steel points, those by the shields of peace were tipped with rockets or blunt heads, shaped like coronets. At the end of the nearest branch hung a golden horn, and, as John marked this unusual item of the ceremonial furniture, he felt that it added the last touch of romance to the most chivalrous contest of the age.

By this time the leaders had completed their circuit, and were taking possession of the enclosure allotted to their party, near the gate by which they had entered ; the servants were crowding into the space which the procession had just traversed, between the inner rail and the high outer fence. From the centre of the balcony a herald cried aloud the terms of the challenge to all comers, and ended by declaring the lists open, in the name of God and St. Denis.

Before the last note of the trumpet had died away the English ranks opened, and the Earl of Huntingdon was seen advancing towards the pavilions followed by two squires bearing his shield and helm. He rode with a slow majestic pace, and to the onlookers it seemed



The Earl of Huntingdon blows the golden horn.

long before he reached the great tree and took the horn in his mailed right hand. A loud and fierce blast followed, caught up and redoubled by a tremendous cheer from every Englishman on the ground. The French cheered in return, and the noise continued for some minutes, while the Earl's helm was being buckled on by his attendant squires. He then, with a light rod, touched the war shield of Boucicaut, and a fresh burst of cheering drowned the voice of the herald who was crying to summon that champion forth from his pavilion.

The call was quickly passed on, and Boucicaut appeared in full armour and with helm already fastened. He took his place at the far end of the lists, and John, from where he sat in his saddle directly behind Huntingdon, fixed his eyes like one fascinated upon the red eagle on the young Frenchman's silver shield. With the first note of the trumpet he saw it begin to move; nearer and nearer it came, the long bright lance gleaming above it; a sudden shock, a noise of splintering wood, and the two riders had passed one another, and were trying to rein in their excited chargers. The red eagle came on within a few yards of John, turned gracefully, and went back up the ground; at the far end Huntingdon was also wheeling, while his squires were examining the fragments of his shield, which had been completely pierced and broken by his opponent's spear.

It occurred to John that it was not a very fortunate omen for the lions of England to be thus defaced at the first onset; but he joined in the cheer that greeted the announcement that the Earl himself was uninjured, the spear having glanced harmlessly over his arm.

Again he watched the red eagle, this time without such tense anxiety ; the course was uneventful and his hopes rose. But, at the third round, both the chargers refused to cope, and a murmur of disappointment went round.

The Earl came to his place, and made ready to start again. He was hot and angry, and could be heard swearing under his impassive mask of iron. His anger turned to fury when he saw that Boucicaut was returning to his pavilion. No reason was offered for this withdrawal, but none was really needed ; for the judges had announced that no challenger was under obligation to run more than three courses against any one opponent. Huntingdon, however, was beside himself with rage, and so far lost his head as to roar out a boastful and violent order to one of his squires to strike the shield of Sempy, the least formidable of the French party.

The French, however—if they heard it—had the good taste to ignore this breach of manners, and Sempy responded without delay. The first course was a failure, the horses crossing before they met. In the confused shock which followed, Huntingdon was unhelmed, more by accident than design. When he returned to his place to be re-armed, Swynnerton moved forward as if to see that the new buckle was well secured, and John guessed that he had seized the opportunity to offer a word of advice to his infuriated lord. The Earl seemed mollified by his suggestions, which were probably administered in the disguise of admiration and encouragement. He made ready with more self-control, and levelled his spear deliberately for the body-stroke, a difficult form of attack but one more likely

to be decisive. Sempy adopted the same tactics, and the result was a fine encounter ; each of the combatants drove his lance fair and square into the centre of his opponent's shield, and both men and horses reeled with the shock—the riders barely saved themselves by sheer leg-grip from rolling over.

After a short breathing space, the Earl again presented himself. The judges had already agreed that though five courses was the number mentioned in the proclamation, six in all should be allowed to those who wished to run against more than one of the challengers. Sempy accordingly took his station once more. This time both men chose the high point, and each struck the other on the helm with sufficient force to make the sparks fly out ; but the Earl's spear held the better of the two, and to the delight of his party he unhelmed his opponent very smartly.

This was the first clear point scored by either side, and the English partisans showed a natural but disproportionate exultation. Huntingdon himself was so elated that he sent Swynnerton with a herald to challenge Sempy, for the love of his lady, to run one more course. This, however, was disallowed by the judges, and the Earl was unhelmed by his squires, both parties applauding him so generously that he had no further temptation to ill-humour.

His place was taken by the Earl Marshal, who sent to touch the war shield of Reynault de Roze. It was already known to everyone on the ground that he would do so, but the moment was an exciting one ; for the French champion had a great reputation, and there were few on the English side who had ever seen him in action. It was the more disappointing that the

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first course entirely failed, through the shying of both horses. At the second attempt Mowbray had a slight advantage, for he struck his enemy fair and broke his spear. But the third course went against him, for though both helms were struck, and apparently with equal certainty, de Roye passed on and made his turn, while the Englishman was unhelmed and dazed by the blow.

Lord Clifford, who followed him, was greeted warmly by the French, for they had heard that he was a cousin of their old enemy, the famous Chandos. He was successful in unhelming Boucicaut at the second attempt, but in his next course suffered the same fate at the hands of Sempy.

Boucicaut was somewhat shaken by Clifford's stroke, but recovered in time to take a signal revenge on the next English champion. This was Sir Henry Beaumont, who had the misfortune to cross ahead of his opponent, and so close to him that Boucicaut was able by a brilliant shot to catch him full as he passed and drive him headlong over the crupper. An overthrow such as this counted more than double the points given for unhelming an adversary. The first decisive success had fallen to the French, and the English party were considerably sobered by it. But there was at least one among them whose spirit nothing could affect. Sir Piers Courtenay had seen and felt too many hard knocks in England, France, and Spain, to care very much whether it was upon his own head or his opponent's that the next would fall. His young squire, Dennis, cantered gaily up to the elm-tree, and, with the breezy confidence of a true Devonian, struck the war shield of all three challengers in succession.

This all-round defiance seemed to astonish the French as much as it delighted the English party, and Sir Piers was invited to explain what meaning he wished to be put upon his challenge. He replied that if the judges allowed three courses against each of two antagonists, they might as well allow two courses against each of three; and they had, in fact, proclaimed the extra allowance to anyone wishing to run against 'more than one' opponent. The claim was held to be as reasonable as it was spirited, and all three of the French champions appeared at the entrance of their pavilions accordingly.

The first match was against de Roye, who dishelmed his man at the second attempt. Courtenay, however, took this misfortune with supreme good humour, and, as he cantered off with his helm dangling down, he called out to his victorious enemy, who was also an old friend, 'Mind yourself, Reynault; there are bigger men coming!'

He took Sempy next and had an ample revenge. The Frenchman missed, and though his spear took Courtenay crossways on the breast, it did not spoil his stroke; Sempy's helm flew off like a Turk's head from a post. The last match was the most even of the three—once the combatants staggered each other with a full point in the shield, and in the second course they unhelmed each other precisely at the same moment.

Sir Piers then begged hard for one more chance, against any one of the three challengers; but he was refused, as a matter of course, and made way for the next comer. This was Sir John Golafre, one of the 'bigger men' of whom Courtenay had spoken, and the same who had desired to be entered as 'first weak-

ling.' The joke was passed round again as he rode out, a gigantic figure topped with a bush of red, white, and black plumes, and the hopes of all his party beat high, for he was to run a single match against the great de Roye.

The first course showed the determination of the combatants, for they rode at a pace that no one had yet approached; but it was indecisive, each striking the other fair on the helm without scoring. At the second attempt the horses were both out of hand and refused to cope; the sight of their wild swerve only raised the excitement of the spectators to a still higher pitch. In the third course, both men chose the body stroke, and the shock was tremendous; both spears splintered to the truncheon, and it seemed a miracle that de Roye could have borne up against the weight of such an avalanche of steel. The fourth course was taken so fast that both spears missed; in the fifth they came together still faster, amid the wildest excitement, and John's heart bounded as if he had been struck himself, when he saw the two helmless champions parting in their padded coifs. The best match of the day was over, and it had ended in a draw.

There remained only two English knights to take their turn that afternoon, and neither of these was strong enough to try de Roye. One—Sir John Russel—ran level with Sempy; the other provided a surprise, for he defeated Boucicaut, unhelming him so sharply as to draw blood, and then fell from his saddle before the less formidable Sempy.

The day was over, and the points were twenty-four to fifteen against England—at least so said John's friends, Tom and Edmund, and they had kept the

score minutely. John only knew, when he reached his lodging, that he was as tired as he had ever been in his life; and yet he had been sitting still for more than five hours out of seven.

He found the second day much less fatiguing. As he had no grand entry to make, and no chance of jousting till the Thursday, he was able to discard his armour and attend in comfort upon a hack. He also got a far more ample meal, in the big dining-tent which Boucicaut had erected behind the pavilions, for the use of all comers; and now that he had to some extent worked off the feverish excitement which had at first kept him on the stretch, he enjoyed himself a good deal, and would have done so still more if the game had gone less steadily against his own side.

It was evident, almost from the beginning, that the disadvantage, which looked so great at first sight, of having to meet a continual succession of fresh opponents, counted in practice for very little when weighed against the superior training and experience of the French champions. They rode as well as if they had been resting for a week past; whereas, on the Monday, Boucicaut had been worsted by Clifford and Shirburne, and Sempy by Courtenay and Huntingdon, on Tuesday only four out of eleven Englishmen succeeded in even making a drawn match.

The interest in the meeting centred more and more in de Roye, who was to-day summoned only three times, while his two companions had each to meet four antagonists. Sir William Stamer, the new-made knight, showed more courage than prudence in attempting him; but he was ambitious of proving to his kinsman, the Earl of Huntingdon, that his honours were deserved.

In the first course he lost his spear; in the second, he made a bad swerve, and was all but thrown in spite of it. The third was a good encounter; but at the fourth he was dishelmed and again driven back, almost to the ground.

Sir Godfrey Secker, a Kentish knight, fared even worse, though he was a more experienced joustier. In his third course he actually succeeded in dishelming de Roye; but the Frenchman, with the determination which never seemed to fail him for a moment, drove on through Secker's targe and through his armour as well; the spear broke half-way up, and the end remained fixed in the shield and in the knight's fore-arm. With such a wound, the Englishman did well to make his turn and come to his place in good style; but the match was drawn, and there was no more running for him.

The last of his side to-day was Swynnerton; and though he certainly was not de Roye's equal in skill, his great strength and weight gave his friends some hope of a success. He came through his first course well, in spite of a shield stroke that almost unseated him and would have broken the back of a weaker man. At the second encounter both riders took the high point, and the spears flashed finely; but the third was fatal—the Frenchman unhelmed Roger with a stroke that seemed to stun both man and horse.

The day was over, and once more the points were against England. 'Twenty-six to eight!' said the boys ruefully, as they rode home among the squires.

'Wait until to-morrow!' cried Savage, with his usual gaiety. To-morrow was his day, and he was still sanguine.

Edmund thought the matter was being treated lightly, and remonstrated. 'N-no, but I say, why do they beat us like this? we always win the b-battles, don't we?'

'No, my friend,' growled Swynnerton, whose head was aching; 'the archers win them for us.'

'But they're not gentlemen,' said Tom.

'Good God!' said Swynnerton with an angry snort, 'when a man wins, who cares what he is?'

5. THE FORTUNE OF JOHN MARLAND

Wednesday was warm and fine, and the combatants, as they came away from mass in the new English church, talked hopefully once more. The three knights on Huntingdon's list who still remained available against de Roye were all first-rate men, and there were one or two squires to run who had promised well, though it was admitted that none of them could be expected to fly at such high game. Savage, however, knew better than that, and it was hardly his fault if the rest of his world did not know it too; for he talked and laughed in his most excitable manner, unrepressed even by Swynnerton's downright rebukes.

'Because you've a black eye yourself, Roger,' he replied, 'you see everyone else all over bruises.'

'Well,' retorted the damaged champion, 'there are plenty more where I got mine.'

The good-humour in his growl touched Savage.

'I know,' he said, 'I know I'm not fit to fasten your galoshes, Roger, but hope must count for something, and I'd give my whole bag of bones to see how de Roye looks the other way up.'

'So would I,' added John, with equal fervour.

Swynnerton laughed his loud short laugh. 'T'other way up! So you will,' he said, 'one or both of you!'

John repudiated this dismal prophecy for himself, but privately he felt less confident about his friend. Savage was certainly fearless; but he had no great experience, and was not yet come to his full weight. Moreover, he was first on the order of running for the day, and would have to face de Roye at his freshest, if he persisted in trying him after all.

Two hours later, these misgivings were all falsified. Savage did not achieve the miracle he hoped for; but he ran a very spirited match with his great antagonist, and came off upon equal terms with loud applause.

He had noted the Frenchman's methods, his great pace, his more frequent choice of the shield-stroke, and his trick of bending suddenly forward at the moment of the cope. All these he adopted in his first course, and brought off an encounter which was voted second to none that had yet been seen. Both men struck fair, and at such a pace both must have been thrown if their weapons had not given way. As it was, the spears splintered right up to their hands, and each left his point firmly embedded in his opponent's shield. The shock was so loud that everyone on the ground feared one or both had been seriously injured, and Savage's friends, when he came back to his place, tried hard to persuade him to be content with the danger and glory of one such encounter.

'Not at all,' he said airily; 'I did not face a Channel crossing to run only a single course.'

The words were repeated to de Roye, who had sent to hear his decision. He declared the answer most

reasonable, and two more courses were arranged. Of these the first was a failure, for the horses crossed; but the final one was again astonishingly good, both men being unhelmed in the best style.

The two Holland boys, by John's side, were jumping with excitement. 'I would rather be Savage than anyone on the ground, wouldn't you?' Tom asked.

John smiled at the young enthusiast. 'Not I,' he replied; 'what's past is past.'

Tom looked quickly at him and seized the point.

'If you do as well to-morrow,' he said, 'I shall think as well of you.'

'Weathercock!' remarked Edmund in his breathless way. He was hugging Savage's damaged shield, with the spear-head still in the centre of it.

Savage himself now joined them on his hackney, and the game went on.

Baskerville lost to Boucicaut; Stapleton drew with Sempy; Scott tried the same champion and unhelmed him at the second course, but was himself rolled head-long at the third. These were but chickens, and expectation rose higher when a full-fledged cock of the game rode out to meet de Roye. This was Sir John Arundel, a well-known dancing man and always good for a song, but his popularity did not rest only upon his social gifts, for he rode straight and hard.

Of his five courses four were brilliant, and he parted on even terms.

Two more squires fell an easy prey to Boucicaut, and then came the turn of Sir John Clinton, an ambitious young knight in fine armour. He bore the blue chief and silver mullets of his famous house, but to distinguish his shield from that of his kinsman Sir Nicholas, the

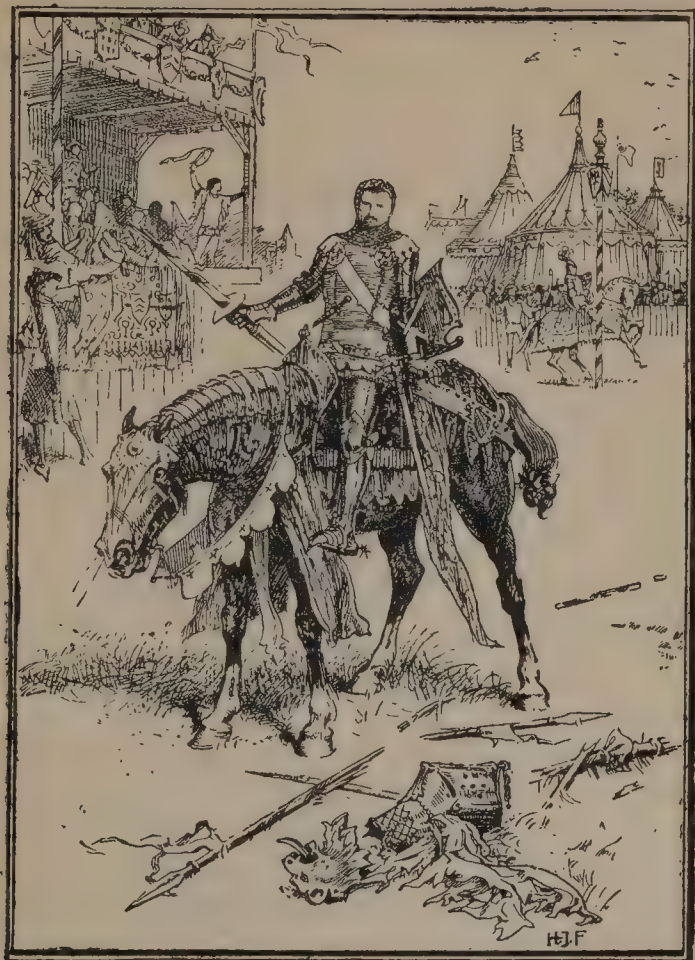
white field of it was fretted with azure. His reputation was good, and de Roye greeted his summons with a courteous word of welcome. The match was a splendid one; but the five courses ended in a draw, each having at last succeeded in unhelming the other.

And now, after Sempy had defeated young Roger Low, the supreme moment of the day was reached. The last combatant officially told off to meet de Roye was moving forward amid loud cheers. D'Ambrecicourt his grandfather and father had been called in their day, for they belonged to Hainault; but Sir John was English born and bred, by the name of Dabridgecourt, and differenced the red bars on their ermine shield with escallop shells of silver. He wore a coronet on his helm and towering plumes, like a prince; and there was something princely, too, in the simplicity with which he rode to the elm-tree himself to deliver his summons, as if he had been no more than a squire.

The first course of this match was run in breathless silence; fire flashed from both helms as the spears glanced off them, and a low murmur went round the ground, for the pace was terrific. The second course was even faster, and the spears were splintered like glass. The spectators drew in their breath sharply, and looked at each other with a kind of awe; the atmosphere seemed to have suddenly changed, and the game to be greater than they had known; they felt that the men before them feared neither pain nor death.

A third time the thunder and the crash came—it seemed to John that he himself was stunned; but a moment afterwards he recognised the sound of his

own voice as if it had been a stranger's, shouting madly with the rest. Dabridgecourt was turning at the far



‘De Roye sat dishelmed and beaten upon his motionless charger.’

end of the lists, and in the middle, among the wreckage of the spears, de Roye sat dishelmed and beaten upon his motionless charger.

The boys overtook John on his way to the field next

day. They were brimful of his secret and bubbling with excitement. Tom gave advice with the air of proprietorship, to which Edmund listened with undisguised impatience.

‘St-tiffen your wrist, and your b-back—st-tiffen everything except your n-nose,’ was his parody of his brother.

‘Children don’t understand these things,’ retorted Tom; ‘my uncle and I have been discussing them this morning.’

John pricked up his ears: ‘Discussing what?’

‘Well, he said there would be no dogs for the big bear to-day, and I said I knew of one—of course I didn’t say the name.’

‘Anything more?’ asked John.

‘Yes; he said he was sorry for the dog, because the bear had a sore head.’

John laughed, not altogether comfortably; but he reflected that, after all, even de Roye could not do better than his best, and he had probably been doing that already.

There he was wrong, as he soon discovered.

The day began tamely with a couple of drawn matches. Then a third Englishman rode out; but he, too, chose Boucicaut, and was beaten. He was followed by Herr Hansse, a Bohemian knight in the Queen’s service; a big man this one—but he, too, contented himself with summoning Boucicaut. It seemed evident that de Roye’s work was over, now that the official list of his opponents was exhausted, and both sides openly regretted it.

But the day was not destined to end as tamely as it had begun. In his first course the Bohemian rode

right into his opponent, and struck at him with his spear after the collision was seen to be unavoidable.

In the opinion of the judges, the action was deliberate from beginning to end, and they decided that Herr Hansse had forfeited armour and horse, according to the rules.

This incident caused a long interruption of the sport, for though Boucicaut at once refused to take advantage of the forfeiture, he was opposed by the majority of his own side. They urged, with much good sense, that the utmost severity should be enforced against an unfair trick, which might easily have caused the entire defeat of the challengers by putting one of their number out of action for the rest of the thirty days. The English, too, were divided. Many were anxious to save the credit of one who, though a foreigner, was a member of their team; but others feared still more lest the Bohemian, if pardoned, might doubly embarrass them by snatching a victory after all.

This last argument came to the ears of the French and touched their pride. They agreed at once to renounce the forfeit and let the Bohemian do his worst. Herr Hansse, in his turn, was stung by this, and when asked with whom he wished to continue the contest, he defiantly named de Roye.

Such unexpected good fortune restored the interest of the combat at once, and when the Bohemian was re-armed, and the two champions took their places the silence was as intense and breathless as it had been the day before.

The suspense was soon over—de Roye was in no mood to strike twice. The big Bohemian seemed to be but a straw before him as he swept him from the

saddle, bent him across, and tossed him broken from his path.

‘Dead, by God!’ said Huntingdon. No one else spoke a word; the sight was too much like an execution.

Fortunately Herr Hansse proved to be not dead, nor even seriously injured, though he was completely disabled. A buzz of eager talk broke out, every detail of the stroke was discussed, and no one paid any attention to the next match, in which Sempy defeated a squire of average merit.

‘John Marland, do you run?’ said the quiet, business-like voice of a herald.

John replied with icy calm, and, indeed, he felt as if he were all turned to ice except his heart, which was beating like a hammer upon a red-hot anvil. He made a little jest as Savage buckled his helmet, and was sure his voice had quavered. When the spear was put into his hand, he shook it in correct professional style, and wondered if the others saw the trembling that he felt. But he had never been more alive, never more keen-eyed or tightly strung.

‘Remember,’ said Savage in a low voice, ‘the high stroke first; then the shield; and come forward sharply at the cope.’

A moment afterwards a loud shout went up from all parts of the ground—the squire whom nobody knew was seen to have passed by the targes of Boucicaut and Sempy; amid a hurricane of applause, his spear touched the war shield of de Roye.

The noise came dimly to John’s ears inside his padded nutshell of steel; but he saw hands and caps waving; and, as he came back to his place, his charger seemed to be stepping on a lonely height above the

clouds. Then the muffled trumpet-note took all sense from him for a moment ; he woke to see his adversary's helm so near and clear that to miss it would have been impossible. Not till he had struck it, and passed on, did he feel, or remember to have felt, a sharp blow upon his own vizor. He made his turn with perfect ease ; everything seemed easier than it had ever been before. All round him the waving and far-off noise continued.

He levelled his spear again—for the body-stroke this time : he saw his opponent was doing the same. He fixed his eyes upon de Roye's shield : ' Gules with a bend silver,' he repeated to himself, to pass the time, for it seemed long before the trumpet sounded.

At last he was off, quite wide awake now, and spurring his charger. He came forward smartly for the shock, and felt that he had saved himself by doing so. The horses reeled apart, the spears vanished without breaking, and John found himself pushing a half-stunned charger into a canter for the turn. A moment later half a dozen hands were on his bridle, his helm was off, his coif laid back, and the full roar of cheering broke on his ears.

' He owes me one more, doesn't he ? ' he asked.

' One more,' replied the Earl's voice, ' and I owe you a gold chain; if you win.'

But knighthood and gold chains seemed as little now to John as any other of the small affairs of life. He was concerned with states of being, not with things.

' Thank you, my lord,' he said, and felt his mouth stiff and salt as he spoke : he was breathing hard, too, and losing that delightful keenness of the senses.

He took a deep chestful of air, mounted his second charger, and put on his helm. There was the red and white shield again, but it was less bright now; and the



‘He knew nothing more till he felt cold water splashing over his face.’

spear, which they had picked up and brought back to him, seemed a little heavier than before.

At what a pace that shield was coming: he must get forward—forward—ah!—late! He knew it, and knew nothing more till he felt cold water splashing over his face.

Above him; the Earl was looking down from his saddle with the unmoved expression of one who handles a dead rabbit.

‘So the crock is not broken this time,’ he said, and presently added, ‘You wished to enter my service, I believe?’

John tried in vain to collect his senses. He had but one feeling left—the desire to escape the presence of those eyes. He saw the boys by their uncle’s side: any shelter seemed better than none.

‘I am pledged to my Lord Thomas,’ he said.

‘It is the same thing,’ said the Earl, turning carelessly away, and John was left to the congratulations of his friends.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD

1. THE BOYHOOD OF A GOOD KNIGHT

PIERRE TERRAIL, Lord of Bayard, and one of the greatest knights of France, has been known to all Christendom for the last four hundred years by the title of 'Le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.' Everywhere and at all times since his death, his name has stood for the very type of chivalry : his renown is so much greater than that of other fighting men that those who hear of it for the first time may well ask the cause of this. The answer is that Bayard's character still shines out of the twilight of history, even more brightly than his deeds in arms. He gained high honour in the wars, but he is remembered not so much for what he did as for what he was himself : a hard fighter, but always generous, unselfish and merciful : a loyal friend and subject, but never to be commanded or persuaded against his conscience : and yet, for all his scrupulousness, he was full of good sense and good humour.

His life was written immediately after his death, in 1524, by Jacques de Mailles, 'the Faithful Servant' who was with him in all his wars. He begins with an account of the family from which his master came.

In the county of Dauphiné, he says, are many good and great houses of gentlemen, whence such a number of noble and virtuous knights have issued that their

fame is spread throughout all Christendom. Insomuch that as scarlet is the most excellent of all hues of cloth, the Dauphinese, without disparaging the nobility of other lands, have been called, by all who had any knowledge of them, *the Scarlet* of the Gentlemen of France. Among which houses is that of Bayard, of ancient and noble extraction, as by those who have come of it hath been clearly demonstrated. For at the battle of Poitiers the great-great-grandfather of the good knight without fear and without reproach died at the feet of King John of France. At the battle of Agincourt his great-grandfather was slain. At the battle of Montlhéry his grandfather remained on the field with six mortal wounds, beside others, and at the battle of Guinegate his father was so badly wounded that he could never after leave his own house. A short time before his death, considering that by nature, which already began to fail in him, he could make no long sojourning in this mortal state, he called four children that he had into the presence of his wife, a very godly and devout lady, sister to the Bishop of Grenoble. His children having appeared before him, he asked the eldest, who was about eighteen or twenty years old, what he wished to be. He replied that his desire was never to leave home, but to serve him at the end of his days. ‘Very well, George,’ said the father, ‘since thou lovest home, thou shalt stay here to fight the bears.’

The second, which was the good knight ‘without fear and without reproach,’ a lad then about thirteen years of age or little more, blithe as a lark, and of laughing countenance, being asked what calling he should prefer, replied as though he were fifty years old : ‘My lord and father, although filial piety maketh

it a bounden duty in me to forego all things for the sake of serving you at the end of your life, nevertheless so deeply graven in my heart are the good discourses which you daily hold respecting the noble men of times past, especially those of our house, that I am resolved, if it be your pleasure, to embrace that profession which you and your predecessors have been of, the profession of arms; for this is the thing for which I have the greatest desire, and I hope, with the grace of God, to do you no dishonour.' Then the good old man, with tears in his eyes, replied: 'My child, God grant that it may be so! In face and figure already thou resemblest thy grandfather, who was in his time one of the best knights in Christendom. I will therefore take pains to put thee in the way of obtaining thy desire.' The third and fourth brothers chose to be monks, and in the end each in turn became Bishop of Glandèves in Provence.

The next day a letter was sent to the Bishop of Grenoble, who came thereupon to spend the night at the house of Bayard, where he found his brother-in-law sitting in a chair near the fire, as people of his age are commonly wont to do. They consulted together about Peter, and the Bishop said: 'My brother, you know that a close friendship subsists between us and Charles, Duke of Savoy, and he reckons us of the number of his good servants. I believe that he will take Peter with pleasure as one of his pages. He is at Chambéry, near this place. If it seem good to you, I will take the boy thither to-morrow morning, after having put him in proper trim and furnished him with a good little horse, which I got three or four days since from the Lord of Uriage.' Immediately thereupon the Bishop sent to

the town to seek his tailor, whom he ordered to bring velvet, satin and other necessary materials. He came and worked all night, so that next morning everything was ready.

After breakfast, young Bayard mounted his horse and presented himself to all the company, which were in the lower court of the castle, equipped just as if he were to be presented forthwith to the Duke of Savoy. The horse, feeling so light a burden upon him, and being moreover pricked by the young rider with his spurs, made three or four leaps, whereat the company were afraid that he would do the boy a mischief. But while they were expecting to hear him cry out for help, he with a stout heart, as bold as a lion, when he found the horse make such a stir under him, spurred him three or four times and made him gallop round the said court, insomuch that he brought the animal under as well as if he had been thirty years old. It need not be asked whether the good old man were pleased; and smiling with joy, he asked his son if he were not afraid—for he had left school hardly a fortnight. He answered with a steady countenance: ‘My lord, I hope with God’s aid, before six years are over, to make either him or some other bestir himself in a more dangerous place. For here I am among friends, and I may then be among the enemies of the master whom I shall serve.’

‘Now come along,’ said the good Bishop, who was ready to depart, ‘dismount not, my nephew and friend, but take leave of all the company.’ Then the boy took leave of his father and all the gentlemen who were there. His mother, poor lady, was in a tower of the castle, weeping tenderly: for although she was delighted that her son was in the way to do well, maternal love

prompted her to shed tears. However, when they came to tell her that, if she wished to see her son, he was on horseback, ready to depart, the good lady went out by the back of the tower, and making him come near to her, said these words : ‘ Peter, my dear, you are going into the service of a noble prince : as far as a mother can command her child, I command you three things, which if you do, rest assured they will make you to pass through this present life with honour. The first is, that above all things you love and serve God, without offending Him in any way, if it be possible to you. Recommend yourself to Him every morning and evening, and He will give you aid. The second is that you be mild and courteous to all gentlemen, putting away from you all pride. Be humble and serviceable to all people, be not a slanderer or a liar, keep yourself temperate in eating and drinking. Avoid envy, for it is a mean vice. Be neither a flatterer nor a tale-bearer, for people of this description do not usually attain to any high degree of excellence. Be faithful in deed and word—keep your promises. Succour poor widows and orphans, and God will reward you. The third is, that of the goods that God shall give you, you be bountiful to the poor and needy ; for to give for His honour’s sake never made any man poor ; and believe me, my child, the alms that you shall dispense will greatly profit both your body and soul. This is all that I have to charge you with. I believe that your father and I shall not live much longer ; but God grant that whilst we do continue in life we may always have a good report of you.’

Then the good lady took out of her sleeve a little purse, containing only six crowns in gold and one in

small money, and gave it to her son. She also called one of the servants of her brother the Bishop, and delivered to him a little valise in which was some linen for her son's use ; with a request that when the boy should be presented to my Lord of Savoy, he would pray the servant of the equerry in whose charge he should be, to be pleased to look after him a little, until he grew older ; and she entrusted the man with two crowns to give him. Hereupon the Bishop took leave of all the company, and called his nephew, who, so long as he was on the back of his good pony, thought himself in paradise. So they took the direct road to Chambéry, where Duke Charles of Savoy was at that time residing.

Next day, which was Sunday, the Bishop rose very early and went to wait upon the Duke, who received him with a smiling countenance. They discoursed together all along the road from his residence to the church. When mass was ended the Duke took him home with him to dinner, during which his nephew Bayard served him to drink in an orderly manner, and behaved himself very prettily. The Duke took notice of this, and asked the Bishop, ' My Lord of Grenoble, who is this young child that gives you to drink ? ' ' My lord,' replied the other, ' he is a man of arms whom I am come to present you with, to enter your service, if you please ; but he is not in the condition in which I am desirous of giving him to you : after dinner, if it be your pleasure, you shall see him.' ' Truly,' said the Duke, who had already taken a liking to him, ' he must be a strange man who would refuse such a present.'

After dinner, Bayard went to his lodging for his horse, had it saddled, mounted, and came ambling to the

court of the house of the Duke, who had already come out of his hall and was leaning over a gallery. Seeing the boy enter and make his horse carrol like a man of thirty who had seen war all his life, he said to the Bishop, 'I suppose this is your little favourite, who rides his horse so well?' He replied, 'My lord, he is my nephew, and come of a good race, from which noble knights have sprung. His father, who is so wasted with years and infirmities, as also with wounds received in wars and battles, that he is not able to wait upon you, commends himself very humbly to your good graces, and makes you a present of him.' 'In good faith,' said the Duke, 'I accept him willingly: the present is a good and handsome one, and God make him a brave man!'

2. TOURNEYS, WARS, AND CHALLENGES

Bayard remained page with Duke Charles for the space of half a year, during which time he gained the love of people of all degrees. He was serviceable to the lords and ladies, even to a marvel. He leaped, wrestled, threw the bar, according to his size, and, among other things, rode a horse as well as it was possible, so that his good master conceived as great an affection for him as if he had been his own son.

At this time the Duke went to Lyons to see the young King Charles of France, one of the best princes, one of the most courteous, liberal, and charitable, that ever hath been seen or read of. He loved and feared God, and never swore, except *by the faith of my body* or some such little oath. Now one of the King's gentlemen, the Lord of Ligny, casting his eye on the young Bayard upon his horse, which was trotting daintily and showing him off to wonderful advantage, said to

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the Duke, 'On my faith, this is a young gentleman who in my opinion will become a noble gallant if he lives, and I think you will do well to make a present of the page and of the horse to the King.' And the



The young Bayard shows his courage on horseback.

next day he spoke of him to the King, who went to see the young Bayard upon the field upon his horse, in company with his equerry. So he cried out to him, 'Page, my friend, spur your horse'; which he did, and at the end of the course he made him take three or four leaps, and then returned at full gallop towards

the King and stopped him quite short before him. Then the King said to the Duke, 'Cousin, it is impossible to ride a horse better'; and turning to the page he said, 'Spur him, spur him again.' At these words the pages cried to him, 'Spur, spur, picquez, picquez!' so that for some time afterwards he was called *Picquet*. 'Truly,' said the King to the Duke, 'I will not wait for you to give me your page and your horse, but I beg him of you.' Then he put the page under the care of the Lord of Ligny, and truly a better school he could not have had than the house of France, where honour hath made its abode at all times. Three years he was page with the Lord of Ligny, who put him out of that situation at the age of seventeen, and appointed him to his own company of guards, though he still retained him among the gentlemen of his household.

After three years there came to Lyons a Burgundian gentleman, named Messire Claude de Vauldré, a man of great skill in arms, and marvellously given thereto. He obtained permission from the King, in order to preserve all the young gentlemen from sloth and idleness, to hold a tourney, on foot and on horseback, with career of lance and stroke of battle-axe, and he caused his shields to be hung up, which all who had a mind to prove their hardihood came and touched. Bayard, who was now called by everyone Picquet, was at this time little more than seventeen years of age, and had only been dismissed from being page some three days. He touched the shields, entered the lists, and there made his first essay, which was a rough enough beginning, for he had to do with one of the most experienced and skilful knights in the world. Nevertheless

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there was no man in the whole combat, on horseback or on foot, that played his part better than he ; inso-much that the ladies of Lyons awarded the honours of the day to him. After this tourney was ended, the Lord of Ligny said to him one morning : ‘ Picquet, my friend, you have a rare beginning to your fortunes : the war is to be continued, and though I retain you in my household at three hundred francs a year and three horses, yet have I put you into my company. Go therefore to the garrison to see your comrades.’ He went thereupon to Aire, in Picardy, where, having already heard of his nobleness of heart, everyone desired to be acquainted with him. Accordingly, the day after his arrival, he caused a tourney to be proclaimed in Aire, for the sake of the ladies, wherein the most successful combatant was to receive a bracelet of gold, and a fine diamond to give to his lady. It lasted two days, and for a little tournament it displayed as good fighting as they who were at it had ever beheld in their lives. At last it was declared, both by gentlemen and ladies, that the best combatant of both days had been Bayard himself. They therefore referred it to him, as the gainer of the prizes, to bestow his presents where he should think fit. So he gave the prize of the first day to the Lord of Bellabre, and that of the second day to Captain David the Scot.

Two years afterwards, King Charles resolved to go and conquer the Kingdom of Naples. This he easily accomplished, and in the battle of Fornova Bayard carried himself triumphantly above all the rest, in the company of the Lord of Ligny, and had two horses killed under him. The King, being told of it, gave him five hundred crowns, and Bayard in return presented

him with the standard of some cavalry which he had captured.

Not long after this King Charles died, and Louis Duke of Orleans became King and was consecrated at Rheims on May 27, 1498. He made war upon the Duke of Milan, and afterwards upon the Spaniards, who had retaken the city of Naples. In this war Bayard, who was in garrison at Monavino, one day rose early and went afield with about thirty young gentlemen; and on the same day a Spanish gentleman, named Don Alonzo de Sotomayor, rode out with forty or fifty Spaniards. Such was the luck of the two captains that they spied each other at about the distance of a cannon-shot. Both were highly delighted, especially when they perceived that their force was sufficiently equal. Then Bayard and his companions lowered their visors, and crying 'France! France!' put their horses to a great gallop to charge their adversaries; who, with a fierce and sturdy countenance, riding at full speed, and crying 'Spain! Santiago!' received them full at their spear-points. But, as every one knows, in such affairs one side or the other must of necessity come off victorious; so it befell that the good knight Bayard, in the last onset, broke through the Spaniards and called to Don Alonzo, 'Yield, man of arms, or thou diest!' 'To whom,' replied he, 'must I surrender?' 'To Captain Bayard,' said the good knight. Thereat Don Alonzo yielded himself up and gave the good knight his sword. Then, on his return to garrison, Bayard, who was an adopted son of Dame Courtesy, gave to Don Alonzo one of the handsomest apartments in the castle, and a habit of his own, saying, 'Señor Don Alonzo, I am informed that you belong to a good and

great house, and what is better, that you are, in your own person, highly renowned for prowess ; wherefore I am resolved not to treat you as a captive. Give me but your word that you will not quit this castle without my leave, and you shall have no other prison. It is spacious ; you may take your pleasure here among the rest of us, till you have settled about your ransom and paid it, in regard to which you will find me very lenient.'

'Captain,' replied Don Alonzo, 'I thank you for your courtesy, and I assure you on my honour that I will never depart hence without your permission.' But he did not keep his promise well, for within a fortnight afterwards he tried to steal away ; but the girths of his horse broke and he was retaken. When the good knight saw him brought back he said, 'Ha ! How comes this, Don Alonzo ?' and Don Alonzo replied : 'I thought not to do you any wrong ; you have set my ransom at a thousand crowns ; within two days I would have sent you that sum.' But the good knight was angry and had him led to a tower and kept there for a fortnight, without, however, putting him into irons, or doing him any injury—on the contrary, he was so well treated with regard to his eating and drinking that he had every reason to be satisfied. At the end of seventeen days his ransom was paid, and he took leave of Bayard civilly enough. But before his departure he saw the good knight give away the whole of his ransom money to his soldiers, without retaining a single penny for himself.

Don Alonzo then did an unjust thing. When his friends questioned him, he praised Bayard for a bold and liberal captain, but complained that, whether by

his orders or not, he had not been treated like a gentleman. This came to the knowledge of Bayard, who sent instantly for a clerk and dictated a letter to Don Alonzo, entreating him to withdraw his words and confess the good and honourable treatment he had received. 'If you refuse to do this,' he said, 'I declare that I am resolved to make you retract your words, in mortal combat of your body against mine, on foot or on horseback as it likes you best. And so farewell.' To this Don Alonzo made answer: 'I declare to you that I never unsay anything I have said, and that you are not the man to make me do so. Therefore, as to the combat you offer me atwixt us two, I accept it, between the present time and twelve or fifteen days hence.' The good knight was ill with an ague when he received this answer; but sick as he was, he would not have exchanged it for ten thousand crowns. He sent back word immediately that he accepted the combat and the day named.

When the day appointed had arrived, the Lord of La Palisse with two hundred men of arms conducted Bayard to the field mounted on a good charger and clothed all in white, in token of humility. But Don Alonzo bade the trumpeter, La Lune, tell him that he would fight on foot since it was his privilege to choose; for he never imagined, seeing the good knight's malady, that he would venture to fight on foot, and this looked as if Don Alonzo wished to avoid the lists.

When Bayard heard what the trumpeter had to say, he remained awhile in thought, for he had had his ague that very day. Nevertheless, with the courage of a lion, he replied: 'La Lune, my friend, go hasten him, and say this shall not stand in the way of his

redressing my honour, with God's aid, to-day. I am ready to fight just in whatever way he chooses.' He then had the field prepared, which was done merely by putting great stones side by side. When both had entered, the good knight threw himself on his knees and breathed a prayer to God; then he stretched himself out at full length and kissed the earth. That done, he rose, made the sign of the cross, and walked straight toward his enemy, as coolly as though he were in a palace, dancing among ladies. Don Alonzo also came steadily on, saying, 'Lord Bayard, what want you with me?' Whereto Bayard replied, 'I wish to defend my honour'; and without more words they rushed on each other, with a marvellous thrust of their rapiers. They made many passes without hitting each other. At last, when Don Alonzo raised his arm to make a pass, the good knight also raised his, but merely held the rapier aloft, and then, when that of his adversary was put by and himself uncovered, he gave him such a furious blow in the throat that, notwithstanding the goodness of his neck-piece, the rapier penetrated four inches therein, so that he could not draw it out again. Don Alonzo, feeling himself wounded to death, dropped his rapier and grappled the knight, who likewise seized him in manner of one wrestling, and they both fell together upon the ground. The good knight, alert and swift, takes his poignard and puts it in the nostrils of his enemy, saying, 'Yield, Don Alonzo, or you die!' But he could make no answer, having just expired. Then said his second, Don Diego di Quinones, 'Lord Bayard, he is dead already; you have conquered.' Right sorry was the good knight, who would have given a hundred thousand crowns, had he possessed them, to

have conquered him alive. Howbeit, he knelt down and gave God thanks, then kissed the earth three times, and said, 'Señor Don Diego, have I done enough?' who replied mournfully, 'Too much, Lord Bayard, for the honour of Spain.' 'You know,' said the good knight, 'that I have a right to do what I please with the body; however, I restore it to you, and of a truth I would that it had fallen out otherwise, saving my honour.'

3. LOVE AND LADIES

On the return of the King of France from Italy, the good knight went to Carignan to visit the Duchess Blanche, formerly married to his first master, Duke Charles of Savoy. In her house was a very worthy dame named Madame de Frussas; her husband was an honest gentleman, and master of the household. I must tell you that when the good knight was given as page to Duke Charles, this Madame de Frussas was a young lady-in-waiting, attendant upon the Duchess; and thus, in the way young people have of associating together, they fell in love with one another, to such a point that, if they could have had their own way, paying little regard to consequences, they would have taken each other in marriage. But as you have already heard, Duke Charles sent Bayard to the King of France, whereby the two young lovers lost sight of one another for a long time, and for three or four years had no intercourse except by letters.

During this time the lady married the Lord of Frussas, a rich man who took her for her personal graces; for of the goods of fortune she had but few. But desiring, as a virtuous woman might, to let the

good knight see that the honourable love she had borne him in former years still lasted, on his arrival at Carignan she showed him all the kindness and courtesy possible, and talked much about their youth and many other matters. This gentle Lady of Frussas was as perfect in beauty, and in a sweet and gracious manner of speaking, as any that could be anywhere found. She reminded the good knight of his success in his first attempt in arms against Messire de Vauldré, and of his other honours in tourney and battle, and praised him so highly that he blushed for shame. But to please and honour her, he resolved to hold a tourney at Carignan, and prayed her therefore that she would give him one of her sleeves. The next morning he proclaimed by a trumpeter that he would bestow a prize, consisting of his lady's sleeve, with a ruby worth a hundred ducats appended thereto, upon him who should perform the best in three strokes of the lance, without barriers, and twelve of the sword. All this was duly fulfilled to the admiration of everyone, and it was judged by the judges and by all present, that the good knight himself had gained the prize by the law of arms. But he, blushing with shame, refused it, saying that this honour was attributed to him wrongfully; for if he had done anything well, the Lady of Frussas was the cause of it, she having lent him her sleeve, and that he referred it to her to bestow the prize where she thought fit. Whereupon the lady, being informed thereof, spoke these words: 'Since my Lord of Bayard is good enough to say that my sleeve hath made him gain the prize, I will keep it all my life for his sake.' The ruby she gave to the Lord of Mondragon, who was held to have done the best after him. Five days after-

wards the good knight took leave of the Duchess, and then went to say farewell to his first love, the Lady of Frussas, who could not part from him without shedding tears ; and he, on his side, was greatly moved. This honourable love endured between them till death, and no year passed that they ~~did~~ not send presents to each other.

I will now tell you of the great courtesy that the good knight showed to another lady, who was not of his friends but of his enemies. This was in the year 1512, at the assault of Brescia, which town was then held by the Venetians against the French, under the Duke of Nemours. The good knight fought furiously at the first rampart, and was the first to pass it, and after him more than a thousand ; so that they gained the first fort, though not without much fighting. The good knight was wounded at the top of the thigh by a pike, which pierced so deep that the end broke and the steel, with part of the staff, remained in the wound, causing him such anguish that he surely thought he had received his death-blow. The blood gushed out from him in abundance ; so he was obliged to retire from the crowd with two of his archers, who staunched his wound as well as they could with their shirts, tearing them for the purpose. Then, when they saw that the citadel was won, they tore down a door from the first house they came to, and placing him thereon, carried him as gently as possible to the goodliest mansion in the neighbourhood. It was the house of a very rich gentleman, who had fled to a monastery ; but his wife remained at home with two fair daughters, who were hid in a hay-loft under the hay.

As soon as the archers knocked, she went and opened

to them, and thereupon beheld the good knight, borne wounded in the manner described ; who immediately caused the door to be shut, saying to the archers, ‘ On your lives, see that none come in here except my own people. Your coming to my aid hath hindered you from making some gain ; but be under no concern, you shall lose nothing by it in the end.’ The archers did as they were commanded, and he was carried into a very fine apartment, to which the lady of the house conducted them herself, and falling on her knees before him, spoke thus in French : ‘ Noble lord, I present to you this house and all therein ; for I well know that it belongs to you by the rules of war ; but be pleased to spare our honour and our lives—my own and those of two young daughters that my husband and I have now at an age to marry.’ The good knight, who never had an evil thought, replied to her : ‘ Madam, it may be that I shall not recover from this wound of mine ; but while I live, no wrong shall be done either to you or your daughters, any more than to myself. Only keep them in their chambers—let them not be seen, and I can assure you there is no man in my house who will presume to enter any place contrary to your pleasure ; further, you have here a gentleman who will not plunder you, but will do you all the courtesy that he can.’ When the good lady heard him speak thus virtuously, she was quite comforted, and went herself with one of the archers to fetch a surgeon, who lived only two houses off hers. The good knight then sent his steward and two archers to bring home the lady’s husband, whom he welcomed cheerily and bade him not be cast down, for in his house were none but friends.

For about a month or five weeks did the good

knight lie ill of his wound, without ever rising from his bed ; during which time the Duke of Nemours came often to see him and said, ‘ My friend, do your best to get cured, for I know well we must give battle within a month, and I had rather lose my whole estate than that you should not be present, so great trust have I in you.’ The good knight replied, ‘ Be sure, my lord, that I will be carried thither in a litter rather than not go at all.’ The Duke made him many presents, and one day sent him five hundred crowns, which he gave to the two archers who had remained with him when he was wounded.

At last he was ready to depart, and the lady of the house, who always looked upon her husband and her children as his prisoners, and all she possessed as his property, had many imaginations, considering that, if he chose to treat her and her husband rigorously, he might take from them ten or twelve thousand crowns, they having an income of two thousand. So she resolved to make him a handsome present, believing that he would be satisfied therewith. On the morning of the day when he was to depart, she entered his apartment with one of her servants, carrying a little steel box ; she found him resting himself in a chair, after having walked up and down to exercise his leg by little and little. She fell upon both knees ; but he would not suffer her to say a word till she was seated by his side. Then she said, ‘ My lord, the favour that God showed me in directing you to this house hath been the saving of all our lives, together with the honour of our two daughters, which should be still dearer to them. Moreover, neither have I nor the least of my people received the smallest offence, but perfect courtesy, and your

men have not taken of the goods they found here the value of a farthing, without paying for it. My lord, I know well that we and all this household are your prisoners, to deal with according to your good pleasure, as likewise the goods herein contained. But I am come most humbly to supplicate you to have compassion upon us, with your accustomed generosity. Here is a little present which we make you ; be pleased to take it in good part.'

The good knight, who never in his life set any value on money, fell a-laughing and said, ' Madam, how many ducats are there in this box ? ' The poor lady replied, ' There are only two thousand five hundred ; but if you are not content therewith, we will produce a larger sum.' Then he said, ' Madam, had you given me a hundred thousand crowns, I should not be so beholden to you as I am for your good cheer and kind attendance ; be assured that, wherever I may be, you will have a gentleman at your service, as long as God gives me life. For your ducats, I will have none of them—I thank you, but take them back. All my life long I have loved men better than money, and think not but that I go away as well pleased as if this town were in your gift and you had given it to me.'

The lady was astonished and threw herself again on her knees, whereupon the good knight bade her bring her two daughters, as he wished to bid them farewell ; for they had greatly solaced him during his illness, being accomplished singers and players upon the lute and virginals. When they came, they likewise threw themselves on their knees, and thanked him for their safety ; but he, almost in tears at seeing so much meekness and humility in these two beautiful girls, replied,

‘ Young ladies, you are doing what I ought to do, that is, thank you for your good company, for which I hold myself greatly in your debt. You must know that



The Chevalier gives a thousand ducats to each of the daughters of his hostess.

military men are not usually provided with pretty things to give to ladies. But the good lady your mother hath given me these ducats. I present each of you with a thousand, to aid you in marrying; and by way of return, please you to pray for me—I ask nothing

else of you.' Then he said, 'Madam, these other five hundred ducats I accept, to be distributed among the poor nuns of the convents that have been pillaged. I give you charge of them, as you know where there is most necessity ; and with that I take my leave of you.' So he kissed all their hands in the Italian fashion, and the lady spoke thus : 'Flower of Chivalry, with whom none can compare, God reward you both in this world and the next !'

As he was leaving his chamber to get to horse, the two fair damsels came down and each made him a present, which they had worked during his illness. One was a pair of neat and pretty bracelets, made of beautiful hair, and gold and silver thread—the other a purse of crimson satin, most curiously wrought. He gave them many thanks, and to honour them the more he had the bracelets put upon his arms, and placed the purse in his sleeve, declaring that he would wear them as long as they lasted, for their sakes. Then the good knight got upon his horse and went to the French camp, where he arrived on the evening of the Wednesday before Easter, April the seventh ; and there both men of arms and adventurers made such joy that it seemed as if, by his coming, the army had received a reinforcement of ten thousand men.

4. THE FOUNT OF HONOUR

In the year 1513 the King of France received information that King Henry the Eighth of England, the Emperor Maximilian's ally, had landed at Calais with a vast force, to enter into his country of Picardy ; whither, to oppose him, he immediately despatched a numerous army. The English, as soon as they had got into the

country, proceeded forthwith to lay siege to the town of Therouenne, and began to cannonade it. The King of England was not yet there in person, but in a few days he arrived. During his march to Therouenne, the good knight, with his company, attacked the rear, obliging them to draw up so close that they were forced to abandon a piece of ordnance which went by the name of St. John and was one of twelve, called the Twelve Apostles.

The King of France had now come to Amiens and sent word that Therouenne must be victualled at all hazards. The French therefore appointed an expedition for this purpose, but were defeated by the King of England, who had stationed ten or twelve thousand English archers and some other troops, with eight or ten guns, on a rising ground, so that when the French had gone by they might descend and cut them off: and so it fell out. The French in vain tried to regain their camp; the good knight retired very sorrowfully, and over and over again turned upon his enemies with fourteen or fifteen men of arms who had stood by him. Upon a little bridge he made a stand, which gave time to those French who had returned, to put themselves in order and defend the camp. But soon, finding himself enclosed on both sides, he advised his people to surrender to the Burgundians, lest if the English archers came up they should be shot to pieces. The French, therefore, having no further means of resistance, surrendered; but while each of the enemy was endeavouring to take his prisoner, the good knight espied, under some little trees, a gentleman in goodly attire, who by reason of the excessive heat he was in had taken off his helmet, and was so turmoiled and

weary that he cared not to be at the trouble of taking prisoners. Bayard spurred straight up to him, pointing his sword at his throat, and cried, 'Surrender, or you are a dead man !' Terribly dismayed was the gentleman ; for he thought his whole company were taken, and he replied, 'I give myself up—who are you ?' Said the good knight, 'I am Captain Bayard, and I surrender to you—here is my sword.'

Then was the good knight conducted to the English camp and into the tent of that gentleman, who entertained him very well for three or four days. On the fifth the good knight said to him, 'Sir, I wish that you would have me brought safely to the King my master's camp, for I am tired of being here.' 'How ?' said the other. 'We have not yet treated of your ransom.' 'My ransom ?' said the good knight. '*Your own* you mean ; for you are my prisoner. And if, after you gave me your word, I surrendered to you, it was to save my life, and for no other reason.' Great was the amazement of that gentleman, especially when the good knight added, 'Sir, if you do not keep your word, I am confident I shall make my escape by some means or other ; and be assured that I shall insist upon doing battle with you afterwards.' The gentleman knew not what reply to make, for he had heard much of Captain Bayard, and had no desire to fight him ; all the same, he was a courteous knight ; so he said, 'My Lord of Bayard, I wish to do only what is right by you ; I will accept the decision of the captains.'

Meantime the Emperor sent for the good knight, and gave him a wonderfully gracious reception, addressing him thus : 'Captain Bayard, my friend, it gives me very great pleasure to see you. Would to God that

I had many such as you.~ I believe we were formerly companions in war; methinks at that time it was said that Bayard never fled.' To which the good knight replied, 'Sire, had I fled, I should not have been here now.' Then the King of England coming in, the Emperor made him acquainted with the good knight, who was by him welcomed with great cordiality. They began talking of this retreat, and King Henry said that he had never seen people fly so nimbly and in such numbers, being chased by no more than four or five hundred horse. But the good knight said that they had express orders from their captains not to fight, and he added, 'And you cannot but know, most high and mighty lords, that the noblesse of France are renowned throughout the world. I do not say that I ought to be of their number.' 'In good sooth, my Lord of Bayard,' said the King of England, 'if they were all like you, I should soon be forced to raise the siege of this town. But however that may be, you are a prisoner.' 'Sire,' said the good knight, 'I do not admit it, and I should like to appeal on the question to the Emperor and you.'

The gentleman was present to whom he had surrendered, after having had his word of honour. So Bayard gave them an account of the whole transaction, the gentleman saying, 'What the Lord of Bayard tells you is perfectly true.' The Emperor and the King of England looked at one another. Then the Emperor spoke first, and said that in his opinion Captain Bayard was no prisoner, but rather the gentleman prisoner to him; howbeit, that for the courtesy he had shown him they should both be free one of the other, and that the good knight might depart when the King of

England should think fit; and the King was of the same mind, and said that if he would remain on his faith, without bearing arms, for six weeks, he would afterwards give him leave to return, and that in the meantime he might visit the towns of Flanders. During this time he had Bayard solicited to enter his service, with many offers of reward; but it was lost labour, for his heart was wholly given to France.

The Emperor and the King of England abode some time longer before Therouenne, which at length surrendered for want of food. They took also the city of Tournai, and then, the winter being now far advanced, withdrew each to his own dominions. In the following year they made peace with the King of France, who married King Henry's sister Mary and altered his whole mode of living on her account; for whereas he used to dine at eight in the morning and go to bed at six in the evening, he now dined at noon and often retired not to rest till midnight. Thereupon he fell sick at the end of the month of December, and died on January 1, 1514, after midnight. He was succeeded on the throne by Francis the First, aged twenty years, as comely a prince as ever lived; who, after his consecration and coronation, which was the most pompous and splendid ever seen in France, began to make secret preparations for the conquest of the Duchy of Milan. Now the good knight, who always chose to be put foremost when the army went forward, and hindermost when it retreated, was despatched in advance with his company to the confines of Dauphiné, and there by skill and valour he made prisoner the Lord Prospero Colonna, who had boasted that he would take Bayard like a pigeon in a cage.

The King of France, who was much rejoiced at the capture of the Lord Prospero, as he had reason to be, now made his army march to within twelve or fifteen miles of Milan, where he was frantically attacked by a body of Swiss troops, who were in turn charged by the good knight and others, until it was so late that the combatants could not see each other. But by dawn the Swiss chose to renew the conflict, and went straight to the artillery of the French, which was liberally served up to them. Yet never fought men better, and the battle lasted three or four good hours. At length they were broken through and defeated, ten or twelve thousand dying on the field. The remnant retired in good order, and departed thence next day for their own land.

On the evening of the Friday, when the battle ended to the glory of France, rejoicings were made in the camp. And some were found to have behaved better than others ; but above all it was determined that the good knight had approved himself such as he had ever done on all former occasions, and the King, desirous to do him signal honour, resolved to receive the order of knighthood from his hands ; wherefore, before he began to create knights, he called unto him the noble Chevalier Bayard, and said, ‘ My friend Bayard, I wish this day to be knighted by your hand, because the knight that hath fought on foot and on horseback in many battles is held and reported among all others the most worthy. Now thus it is with you, seeing that, in divers battles and conquests, you have valiantly fought against many nations.’

To the King’s words, Bayard made answer : ‘ Sire, he that is King of so noble a realm is knight above all



Francis I, the King of France, receives the order of
Knighthood from Bayard.

other knights.' 'Howbeit, Bayard,' said the King, 'do quickly as I say : no laws or canons must be alleged here, save those of steel, of brass, or of iron. Obey my will and commandment, if you desire to be reckoned among my good servants and subjects.'

'In good sooth, Sire,' replied Bayard, 'since it is your pleasure, if once be not enough, I will do it times out of number, so to fulfil, unworthy as I am, your wish and commandment.' Then Bayard took his sword and said, 'Sire, may the ceremony be as efficacious as though it were performed by Roland or Oliver, Godfrey or Baldwin his brother. Verily, you are the first prince that ever I dubbed a knight. God grant that you never fly in time of war!' Then, holding his sword in his right hand, he sportively exclaimed, 'My good sword, thou art very fortunate in that thou hast this day conferred the order of knighthood on so brave and powerful a King. Certes, thou shalt be carefully preserved as a relic, and honoured above all others ; and I will never wear thee, except against Turks, Saracens, or Moors.' With that he made two flourishes and then replaced the sword in his scabbard.

Thus, then, the King of France received the order of knighthood from the hands of Bayard ; wherein he did wisely, for by one more worthy it could not have been conferred upon him.

5. DEATH AND FAME

At the beginning of the year 1524, the King of France had a vast army in Italy, under the command of his Admiral, the Lord of Bonnivet. The same had in his company many good captains, and Bayard among them. But finding his camp daily diminish, as well

through lack of food as through sickness, which prevailed among his men, he held a council with his captains wherein it was judged best to retire ; and he formed his squadrons accordingly, the good knight remaining, as usual in all retreats, in the rear. The Spaniards followed them every day, marching after the French in excellent order, and often skirmishing ; but when it came to the attack they invariably had to encounter the good knight, who made his men of arms march with as much composure as if he had been in his own house, and slowly retired, keeping his face ever toward the foe and brandishing his sword, wherewith he inspired more dread than a hundred others. But it so fell out that a stone, discharged from an arquebuse, struck him across the loins and completely fractured his spine. As soon as he felt the blow he cried out ‘ Jesus ! ’ and then, ‘ O God, I am slain ! ’ After that he waxed quite pale, as one swooning, and nearly fell ; but he still had strength to grasp the saddle-bow, and remained in this position till a young gentleman, his steward, helped him to dismount, and placed him under a tree.

It was not long before it became known that the good knight had been killed, or at least mortally wounded, and when the tidings were spread among the two armies, even in the camp of the Spaniards, though there was no man upon earth of whom they had a greater dread, much sorrow was excited in all the gentlemen and soldiers, and that on many accounts ; for he had ever been wont, when he made military excursions and took prisoners, to treat them with singular mildness, and was so lenient in regard to their ransoms that he gave content to every one. They knew that by his death all that was noble would suffer a grievous

decline ; for, without detracting from others, he was a paragon among knights, and by warring with him the young gentlemen of the adverse army gained instruction.

Now seeing that his death was so earnestly bewailed by his enemies even, how can the profound sorrow be described which it caused throughout the French camp, among captains, men of arms, and foot soldiers ? For, by each in his station, he had made himself marvellously beloved. Above all, the unhappy gentlemen of his company made inexpressible lamentation ; and his miserable domestics were in a trance of grief. Among them was his poor steward, who never quitted his side ; and to him the good knight confessed, for want of a priest. The unhappy gentleman melted into tears, seeing his good master so mortally hurt ; but the good knight sweetly consoled him, saying : ‘ My friend Jacques, cease thy mourning ; it is God’s will to take me out of this world. By His favour I have abode long therein, and received blessings and honours more than are my due. The only thing which makes me loath to die is that I have not done my duty as well as I ought ; and in good sooth I hoped, had I lived longer, to have redeemed my past transgressions. But since it hath fallen out thus, I implore my Creator, of His infinite mercy, to have compassion upon my poor soul, and I have hope that He will hear my prayer and through His great and incomprehensible goodness, will forbear to deal with me after the rigour of justice. I pray thee, friend Jacques, let me not be taken from this spot ; for when I am stirred I feel the utmost torment that it is possible to experience, short of death, which is about to seize upon me right soon.’

A little while before the Spaniards came up, he had speech with the Lord of Alegre, Provost of Paris, to whom he declared somewhat touching his will. Also a Swiss captain named Hans Diesbach came thither, and was desirous to carry him off upon a litter of pikes with five or six of his people, thinking so to save him. But the good knight, who knew well how it was with him, begged that he might be left a brief space to think about his soul; and he said to them, 'Gentlemen, I entreat you go your way, or you will fall into the hands of the enemy. To God I commend you; furthermore beseeching that you salute the King, our Master, for me, and say how much it troubles me that I can render him no further service, which I had every inclination to do.' As he uttered these words, the noble Lord of Alegre wept bitterly, and then bade him farewell.

He lived two or three hours longer, his enemies spreading a fine pavilion for him, and laying him upon a camp-bed; also a priest was brought him, to whom he confessed devoutly, and then the good knight without fear and without reproach rendered up his soul to God, whereat all of the enemy were unspeakably affected. The lords of the Spanish army appointed certain gentlemen to bear him to the church, where solemn service was performed over him during two days; then was he by his servants carried into Dauphiné.

All noblesse ought to have put on mourning when the good knight departed this life; for it was believed that since the creation of the world, neither among Christians nor heathen, hath any human being appeared that hath done less that is dishonourable, or more that is honourable, than he. God had endowed him with



The death of the Good Knight.

all the virtues which can belong to a perfect character, and which he well knew how to display, each on its proper occasion. He loved and feared God above all things, never swore by Him nor blasphemed Him, and in all his affairs and necessities recurred to Him alone, having a settled conviction that from Him and from His grace and infinite goodness all things proceed. He loved his neighbour as himself, whereof he made ample manifestation throughout his life; for he never possessed a crown which was not at the service of the first person that had need of it, and he often supplied poor gentlemen that were reduced to poverty with money, according to his means, never requiring any sort of return at their hands.

He followed the wars under Charles the Eighth, Louis the Twelfth, and Francis the First, Kings of France, for the space of two and thirty years, in the course of which time was no man found that surpassed him in the noble profession of arms; and his valour was perfectly unequalled. In discretion he was a Fabius Maximus, in subtle enterprises a Coriolanus, in strength and courage a very Hector; fierce with his enemies; mild, peaceful, and affable with his friends. No soldier under his command ever lost his horse whom he did not assist to remount himself; and in order to make gifts of this kind more delicately, he would often exchange a charger or Spanish horse of the value of two or three hundred crowns, with one of his men of arms, for a cob not worth above six, persuading the gentleman that the horse he gave him suited him exactly. It was a common thing with him to give a dress of velvet satin or damask for a little cloak. This he did in order to bestow his bounties the more amiably,

and to the satisfaction of everyone. It may be said that it was not in his power to make large presents, because he was poor. Yet he had the reputation of being as munificent, according to his ability, as the greatest prince upon earth. In his life he gained as much as a hundred thousand francs in war by prisoners, all of which he distributed among those that had need of them.

He was a great giver of alms, and he gave in secret too. Certain it is, that, without making any noise about the matter, he enabled a hundred poor orphan girls, of gentle birth or otherwise, to marry. Poor widows he comforted, and made them share his substance with him. Always, before quitting his chamber, he commended himself to God; but when he did this, he desired to be alone. In a conquered country, if it were possible to find any man or woman belonging to the house in which he lodged, he never failed to pay for what he thought he had cost them. Men often said to him, 'Sir, it is throwing away your money to bestow it thus; for when you depart, this place will be fired, and what you have given will become the prey of spoilers.' Whereto he made answer, 'Gentlemen, I do my duty. God hath not sent me into the world to live on plunder and rapine; besides, this poor man may go hide his money at the foot of some tree, and when the country is free from war he will be able to make use of it, and will put up a prayer for me.' He was in many wars where there were Germans in the camp; and they, when they quit their billets, are fond of setting fire to them. The good knight never left his till he deemed that the Germans had gone; otherwise he placed guards there to prevent the house from being fired.

Among all sorts of men he was the most gracious person in the world, the one who most honoured people of virtue and who spake least concerning the vicious. He was very inexpert at flattery and fawning ; he had the greatest possible regard for truth, and never paid court to any prince or great personage whatever, by saying anything contrary thereto. Of worldly pelf he took no thought at all, as he clearly proved ; being at his death little richer than he was at his birth hour. When others told him of rich and powerful people who were thought to possess a scanty store of virtue, he turned a deaf ear to such discourse, and made little reply. On the other hand, he was never weary of talking about the virtuous. In his heart, he honoured a true gentleman with an income of only a hundred francs, as highly as a prince with one of a hundred thousand ; and it was his creed that riches ennoble not the heart.

None ever followed the profession of arms who better knew all the tricks of it ; and he often said that there is no one thing upon earth in which you are more often deceived ; for a man will play the hero in a chamber, who in the field before the enemy is as soft as a maiden. He, in his day, made small account of men of arms who abandon their ensigns to put on a show of valour, or for the sake of plundering. He was the most confident warrior that was ever known, and by his words alone he could have moved the sorriest coward on earth to fight. He won fine victories in his time, but was never heard to brag of them ; if he were under the necessity of alluding to such subjects, he always gave the credit to someone else. He was present in many battles lost and won, but when they

were won, Bayard was always in part the cause ; and when they were lost, he always gained great honour by his conduct. He would never serve any but his own prince, under whom he enjoyed no great riches ; much more abundant were offered him elsewhere, but he always declared that he would die to promote the welfare of his own country. He never in his life declined a mission, though many dangerous ones were proposed to him ; but God gave him power to maintain his honour, and to his dying day he never had so much steel taken from him in war as would have sufficed to make a needle.

He was Lieutenant for the King, his master, in Dauphiné, where he so completely gained the heart both of nobles and plebeians, that they would all have laid down their lives for him. That he was prized and honoured in his own country need excite no wonder ; for he was honoured still more by other nations, and that not for a year or two only, but as long as he lived. And, indeed, he continues to be so now after his death ; for the good and virtuous life he led confers upon him everlasting praise.

THE OLD ENGLISH SCHOOL

ONE of our enemies in the present war is said to have summed up the differences between his countrymen and ours in these words : ' I suppose it will be to the end as it has been from the beginning : you will always be fools, and we shall never be gentlemen.' It is very much to be hoped that the story is true, for if it be so, the speaker was a witty and generous enemy, and his account of us shows great understanding. As a nation we have always been fools in our unpreparedness, our easy good-nature, and our faith in the good-nature of others ; and we have always kept alive and handed down more and more widely the belief that to be a gentleman is the secret of social life.

Every one knows that the word ' gentleman ' has been often misused : it has been used as a boast, or a claim to privilege, and, worse still, it has been taken to mean a man who, by reason of birth or wealth, is able to live without working, and to look down upon and domineer over those who are in a different position. This is turning the better and older meaning upside down. There have no doubt always been ill-conditioned people whose only idea of superiority was to rely on their advantages of position, or to despise and bully those within their power ; but in practical life they do not pass current for real gentlemen, for the national ideal has been entirely opposed to theirs ever since England was a nation. Let us go back to the middle

of the fourteenth century, the time when English began to be spoken by all classes alike, and when the old division between Norman and Saxon had finally disappeared. If we put ourselves under Chaucer's guidance and look into the courtyard of the Tabard Inn in Southwark, on April 18, 1387, we may see a company of about thirty riders setting out together to go on pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. They are all English, men and women, of every profession and class except the highest and the lowest, and the first two whom Chaucer sets before us are gentlemen, a father and son. The father is a knight, the son a young squire : they are not persons of unusual distinction, but just ordinary examples of their class.

A knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That from the timē that he first began
To riden out, he lovèd chivalry,
Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy.
Full worthy was he in his lordēs war,
And thereto had he ridden, no man far [farther],
As well in Christendom as heathenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthiness.

He had, in fact, spent most of his life in fighting ; he had been in many campaigns in many countries, present at three great sieges and fifteen mortal battles, and three times he had slain his man in single combat in the lists. But though he was a war-hardened soldier, there was nothing brutal in his character, and nothing proud or overbearing in his manners.

And though that he were worthy, he was wise.
And of his port as meek as is a maid.
He never yet no villainy ne said
In all his life, unto no manner wight.
He was a very perfect gentle knight.

Not a word is said of high birth or wealth ; whether he had these or not he made no show of them. He had only one servant with him, and he himself was in plain and soldierlike kit ; he wore a coat of fustian under his shirt of mail, just as he had come from the wars.

But for to tellen you of his array,
His horse were goodē, but he was not gay.

The young squire, his son, was only twenty years of age, but he was a well-grown boy, strong and active, and he had already been some time on active service in Flanders and the North of France, and had done well, in hope of standing in his lady's grace. He was a good deal smarter in appearance than his father, with hair carefully pressed and an embroidered coat. His education was complete : he could ride well and joust, make songs and sing them, dance, write, and draw. In everything he did he was keen ; he was singing or whistling all the day, and so hotly in love that at night ' he slept no more than doth a nightingale.' But with all this youthful vivacity he had the makings of the same character as the knight.

Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,
And carved before his father at the table.

It is hardly necessary to say that in these two portraits every line and every touch of colour is obviously true to life. We know that Englishmen were like that in Chaucer's time, and probably in every generation since, because we know that they are like that now, not here or there, but everywhere, by tens of thousands. They belong to a type, which remains true by inheritance, and by tradition, which is a kind of spiritual inheritance.

This tradition is of great importance : an Englishman's kindness and fair-mindedness may be his by nature, but courtesy and self-restraint are acquired qualities and have come to him from the order of chivalry, into which his ancestors were initiated by another race. That order contained perishable and imperishable elements ; the perishable, that is to say, the ceremonies and pageantry, died out, perhaps more quickly in England than elsewhere ; even in Chaucer's time they seem to be already in the background. But the imperishable part of chivalry, that which belongs to character, has survived, and we have only to look at the history of our latest war to see this. When the peoples who make up our great Commonwealth have finished their present work, they will have no need to boast about it ; but we may be confident that they will gain the verdict of posterity. It will be found that they have, as an army, kept faith with humanity ; they have fought without hatred and conquered without cruelty, and when they could not conquer fairly and lawfully they have preferred death, and even defeat, to the deliberate use of foul means.

Our enemies have adopted a theory which is the opposite of ours : they proclaim that victory is an end in itself, and justifies any method used to attain it. We cannot understand this ; to us it seems clear that human welfare is the end in view for all communities of men, and that if victory for any one nation can only be achieved by ruining and corrupting human life, then we must do without victory. This will often mean that we must forego the use of our physical superiority ; we must treat peaceably with our neighbours though we have the power to end the discussion

by brute force, we must keep our treaties, and respect the rights of small States ; in short, in public as in private life, we must see that the weak do not suffer injustice from the strong ; otherwise the world will be destroyed as a place for men to live in, and not even the strongest will have gained anything worth having. This was the danger that threatened Europe in the Dark Ages, and it was to meet it that chivalry arose. The same danger has threatened us in these days, and it is being met by the same method, a method handed down through the centuries. If we in turn are to hand it on to those who come after us, we ought to know how the tradition has been kept and developed in the past. Happily it is a very interesting story, being made up chiefly of the lives and deeds of famous fighting men.

The ' Song of Roland ' may be said to be the oldest soldier's pocket-book in Europe : it was to the early Middle Ages what Homer's ' Iliad ' was to the Greeks, not only a great tale of war, but an example or manual of conduct. The night before the battle of Hastings, while the Saxons were drinking jovially, the Normans were reciting the ' Chanson de Roland ' to fire each other to great deeds of arms. The next day, when the two armies faced one another, the Norman minstrel Taillefer rode out between them, tossing his sword into the air and singing of Roland. He charged alone, struck the first blow, and died among his lord's enemies—an example, not of tactics, but of the spirit that is above the fear of death. Wherever the ' Song of Roland ' is read, this should be told for a remembrance of him.

But though the poem is full of the pride of fight, there is much more in it than that. There is the first

glow of patriotism, a love of country of a kind well known to the French, but not even yet common among us. We love our royal commonwealth, and its good name, and all that is kindly and honourable in its life ; but we have not yet that passionate affection for the very soil of the fatherland. To the *poilu* to-day, as to Roland a thousand years ago, France is always 'sweet France'—*le doux pays* ; an Englishman may go as far as 'Old England,' but he would never get to 'sweet England,' because that is not our way of thinking of our country. Another saying of Roland's would suit our men better : 'God forbid that France by me should be the loser !' and we understand him perfectly when he says to his sword, 'May no man own thee that does cowardly. God ! let not France be so dishonoured !' and again, when in the moment of death he remembers Charlemagne, his lord, and 'the men of France, of whom he was so trusted.'

Here we have come on two of the great principles of chivalry. The first is the principle of service : you may think of it as the service of your King, or the service of your country ; for all free peoples it is the same thing, for the king of free men is only the symbol of their country personified, and everything he does is the expression of their will. A soldier knows this better than others because he knows it instinctively : he finds the only perfect freedom in service, where all men might find it if they would ; and he is proud to serve, because the finest pride can only come from serving something greater than self. So from the beginning this joy of service was strong in the knight, who was just *miles*, a soldier, and had the soldier's pride, not in himself, but in his order—*parage*, he

called it, as distinguished from *orgueil*, which was the evil personal pride; and *parage*, of course, means simply 'equality.' This is the second principle of chivalry: every man within the order was the equal of every other, and was bound to him as by brotherhood. No doubt there must be commanders and subordinates; no doubt among soldiers, as among other men, there must always be particular friendships, and the friendship of Roland and Oliver is one of the most famous instances. To Roland, Oliver is not only 'Sir Comrade,' he is 'Oliver my brother,' and when he is dead, Roland weeps over him: 'Never on earth will you hear tell of a man more sorrowful.' But for the other men of France too he mourns 'like a noble knight'; and at the same moment, among the army beyond the pass, 'there is none but is lamenting not to be with Roland, the captain who is fighting the Saracens of Spain.' In later times, when chivalry had spread to other nations, this bond of brotherhood among soldiers was so strong that it held good even between those of different races; honourable knights could never be foreigners to one another, since they all belonged to one spiritual fraternity; and this feeling, though it did not abolish war, went a long way towards taking the bitterness out of it. There were plenty of reasons why Bertrand du Guesclin and the English should have hated each other; he was an enemy of the rough and tough kind, bent upon turning his opponents out of France at all costs; they, on their side, were playing a losing game, and no one likes to be beaten. Yet again and again they treated him even better than they would have thought it necessary to treat one of their own men: they let him come storming into their tents

to complain of his wrongs, they gave him their own chargers to put him on a fair footing with their own champion, and when he was their prisoner they subscribed enormous sums to help him pay ransom to themselves !

In the same spirit Saphadin the Saracen sent to Richard Cœur de Lion, when he saw him hard tried in battle, two Arab horses of the finest breed, wishing to honour and help so brave an enemy. ‘What a virtue is chivalry,’ says the Chronicler, ‘even in a foe !’ And it is good to read how the Christians on their side admired the Turks for their valour and honesty all round, in spite of their not being ‘of the right faith.’ Richard was almost too generous, in the opinion of some of the Crusaders : they thought he went too far in his interchange of courtesies with Saladin. But so wonderful a fighter could never be unpopular, and his own men know that he was true to them. When he was advised not to attempt a rescue against dangerous odds, he changed colour with indignation, and swore that if by his default his dear comrades met their death, he would never again be called a king. With all his faults of temper, Richard was a great knight.

So was St. Louis of France ; he had neither Richard’s skill in war nor his tremendous bodily prowess, but he was wise with a deeper wisdom and courteous with a more perfect gentle courtesy. He too thought of his men before himself : he might have escaped the pestilence that was destroying them, by living aboard his ship, but he would rather die than leave his people. Richard, for the Holy War, would raise money by any and every means ; he atoned for his unscrupulousness by his great generosity, but St. Louis was more generous

still, for he would not take advantage even of his enemies. When the Saracens, in counting his ransom, made an error of ten thousand livres to their own loss, he was enraged with his men for not correcting the mistake, and refused to go free till the amount promised had been paid in full. This scrupulous honour about money became in time so characteristic a part of chivalry that in Froissart's day the English and French, he says, always made good cheer to their prisoners and let them go 'all only on their promise' to return and pay their ransom. It may have been unbusinesslike, but they seem not to have lost by it, and in any case it was the way in which a gentleman to this day would always prefer to deal. Let the churl call him fantastic; where money and love are concerned the word 'fantastic' only means high-minded.

Certainly in their worship of their ladies the young knights and squires of the Middle Ages did go to extremes, but their feelings were right and natural, however they expressed them. They set women in their right place, as the stars and counsellors of men, and it was only when chivalry declined for a time that the position of women was altered for the worse. Among the real knights there was never any talk of the inequality of the sexes: ladies ruled castles and armies in the absence of their husbands, and more than held their own in their presence. As for the lovers, if they did dress extravagantly, and lie awake at nights, and do reckless things to gain the approval of their ladies, they only acted as lovers will always be acting to the end of time; the fashions have changed but little, the feelings still less. The important thing was the habit of a particular courtesy towards women, a gentleness of manner and a readiness

to serve, based upon a real feeling of reverence. We may see this custom and this feeling, as they were known in England, set forth plainly in the story of Robin Hood. The writer of the ballads in which that story is told is not likely to have been a knight—probably he was a plain middle-class man—but he knew how a gentleman should feel, and he tells us that Robin Hood's rules were rules of perfect chivalry. 'Look ye first that ye do no harm to any company where there is a woman therein; and after that look ye do no man harm that tilleth with plough; no more shall ye harm no good yeoman, nor knight nor squire that will be a good fellow.' The whole of the 'Lytel Geste of Robin Hood' is made to turn upon Robin's devotion to Our Lady, the ideal of womanhood, and rather than break his lifelong faith, he forgave a treacherous woman his death. In all the romances of chivalry there is no better story than this, and it is the more delightful because it expresses the feeling, not of one class in England, but of the Commons. We can say nothing more honourable even of Bayard, the pattern of all knighthood, than that in a later and much degenerate age, he still upheld the old law of the English greenwood.

In another way, too, Robin was a right Englishman: yeoman though he was, he loved sport as much as any knight. At court he pined, and ran away to his forest. 'It is a far time,' he said, 'since I was here last; it would please me to shoot a little at the dun deer.' A year or so before, King Edward had caught him at it, but he had forgiven him easily, because of the natural fellowship of sport—he was 'a good fellow.' The same spirit was common among the knights who met

in tournament: they desired honour for themselves and their own country, but so long as they kept their courtesy, they acknowledged that the love of sport was the strongest bond. The French knights at St. Inglebert challenged all nations, and especially the English, not 'for any pride, hatred, or ill-will, but all only to have their honourable company and acquaintance, the which with our entire hearts we desire,' and the English team, when they went home defeated, 'thanked them greatly for their pastime.' There are many earnest people who will read the account of so elaborate a 'pastime' as this without sympathy, perhaps even with indignation, just as there are from time to time protests against our national fondness for our modern games and modern forms of sport. Certainly these things may be overdone, they may monopolise the interest and the prestige which ought to be shared with other activities, and they may end in dulling the minds of the young. But the objectors, though they are right in fearing this, fail to understand the real source of the prestige of sport. They do not know the history of our love of games—they have not themselves come under the influence of the tradition. Our ancestors, like ourselves, liked an outdoor life and the practice of bodily skill and endurance, with the spice of bodily danger. But the deeper reason for which they valued these exercises, the deeper foundation on which they built their great fellowship, was the feeling that in games, as in war, and in all active life, there is something more than amusement. You cannot make a bond of brotherhood out of a companionship in amusements. That which bound the hunting men

and jousts of old time together was their faithful observance of the rules. You may win a battle, perhaps a war, by carefully prepared treachery and unscrupulous brutality, but you will have corrupted human life, the life you depend upon for your own happiness. In the same way you may make sure of killing your fish or your fox, or winning your game or your race, if you put killing or winning before every other consideration, but you will have spoiled the sport in which you looked to find your own pleasure. If you give your opponent, man or animal, no fair chance, you will, in a minor department, be corrupting life for yourself as well as others. It is the sense of this, the sense that there is something better than success, something that must not be sacrificed even for the sake of winning, which bound men together and will always bind the best of them.

The knights of old time felt this, instinctively, but very strongly. To secure the safe handing on of their feeling they made chivalrous sport and chivalrous games a large part of the education of their sons. The history of schools and schoolmasters in England is a very significant one. From the first the keeping of schools, for the education of boys' brains, was entirely in the hands of the clergy, and the main object, almost the only possible object, was to train the more promising pupils to become clerics themselves. For boys who had no special bent, and who were not driven that way by the necessity of getting a living out of the Church, these schools were of little or no use ; the sons of knights, franklins, gentlemen, or yeomen were either not sent to them, or were kept there only during childhood.

We need not wonder at this, for we know with some accuracy what a boy's life was at a fourteenth-century school, and it is clear that he got nothing there which could be of much value to a soldier or country gentleman, a farmer or a man of business. The poet John Lydgate was a Suffolk boy; he was about twelve years old when Chaucer's Pilgrims rode to Canterbury—that is, about eight years younger than the squire whom we have already met—and he is thought to have been educated at the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds, where he afterwards became a monk. This is his account of his schooldays up to the time when he 'entered into religion.'

Void of reason, given to wilfulness,
 Froward to virtue, of thrift took little heed,
 Loth to learn, loved no busyness
 Save play or mirth; strange to spell or read;
 Following all appetites longing to childhead;
 Lightly turning, wild and seldom sad [serious],
 Weeping for nought, and anon after glad.

Full lightly wroth to strive with my fellowe
 As my passions did my bridle lead;
 Of the yard [rod] sometime I stood in awe,
 To be scoured, that was all my dread.
 Loth toward school, lost my time in deed,
 Like a young colt that runneth without bridle;
 Made my friends their good to spend in idle.

I had in custom to come to school late,
 Not for to learn, but for a countenance;
 With my fellowes ready to debate,
 To jangle or jape was set all my pleasure;
 Whereof rebuked, this was my chevisaunce [resource]
 To forge a lie, and thereupon to muse
 When I trespassed, myselfen to excuse.

To my betters did no reverence,
Of my sovereigns gave no force at all ;
Waxed obstinate by inobedience ;
Ran into gardens, apples there I stall [stole] ;
To gather fruits spared neither hedge nor wall,
To pluck grapes in other mennës vines
Was more ready, than to say matines.

Loth to rise, lother to bed at eve ;
With unwashed handës ready to dinnèr ;
My *paternoster*, my *crede* or my believe
Cast at the cook, lo ! this was my mannèr !
Waved with each wind, as doth a reed-spear ;
Snibbed of my friends, such tetches [faults] to amend,
Made deaf ear, list not to them attend.

When John Lydgate wrote that, his conscience was plaguing him—perhaps not without good cause, for he goes on to say that even after he had ‘made his profession’ he continued his evil course, and added secret wine-bibbing and other sins. But when we think of the methods of the monkish schoolmasters, we cannot help sympathising with the bad boy. Bishop Grandisson of Exeter, the greatest Churchman of that generation, himself complains that these masters had ‘a preposterous and unprofitable method of teaching’—they made their pupils learn Latin prayers and creeds by heart without knowing or understanding how to construe anything of them, so that ‘when they are grown up they understand not the things which they daily read or say.’ In future, he says, he shall refuse to ordain to the priesthood boys so badly educated. We know also how horrible was the whole system of the clerical schools. ‘Espionage and the rod were the two main pillars of monastic and scholastic discipline in the

Middle Ages. The scholars of Pembroke, Cambridge, held their scholarships on the express condition of acting as faithful tale-bearers; and a frequent complaint recorded by an inspector against the monasteries which he visits is that "they do not inform against each other."

No wonder that when England became the land of Englishmen this kind of education became unpopular. It was at this exact time, when Lydgate was eighteen and Chaucer's squire would have been twenty-six, that William of Wykeham founded the first English Public School. Evidently he meant it to be an improvement on the monkish system and to attract a better class of boys; and it is easy to see what was the improvement that was needed if we compare the boyhood of poor Lydgate with that of the squire.

The squire, no doubt, was a child once, desirous of 'following all appetites longing to childhood': probably he too was loth to learn his books, and sorry when bedtime came. But he did not, like Lydgate and his like, go on till the age of fifteen with the 'private school' tricks of a little boy, playing truant, robbing orchards, and spending his time on such games as 'cherry-stones.' At the age of seven he left babyhood behind, and was sent to live in the house of some nobleman or great Churchman to receive knightly breeding among the squires and pages in service there. This was his school; the knight or nobleman or bishop was his housemaster, and took in hand to teach him not merely book learning, but the whole art of life.

The first thing in chivalrous life, as we have seen, was personal service; it was the foundation of everything. No one even thought of being 'independent'; it was realised that society cannot exist at all except

by every man both giving and receiving service. In those days 'no kind of service was ignoble in itself, but the service of the hall, the armoury, the tiltyard, the stable, the park, and all that concerned hunting and hawking, was eminently noble.'¹ The boy who entered a great household was at first left a good deal to the ladies, and to the chaplain, who taught him reading and writing and heraldry and the kings of England, and, if he were like Nicholas Love, poetry too. Then came the time when, like young Bayard, he was old enough to ride a pony and pour out the wine at table; he was then a page or henchman, and was under the orders of a senior squire called 'the master of the henchmen.' After that he learned to be useful in the stables, kennels, and hawk-pens, and to work in the armoury. At the age of fourteen he was old enough, if he had done well, to wear a silver collar and be entitled squire.

These forms of personal service were matters for care and pride; in some degree they lasted on for centuries in schools and colleges where junior scholars used to wait on the seniors, and they were the origin of fagging in our schools of to-day. In degenerate times people became unchivalrous enough to look down on 'servitors'; they forgot that all great knights had once carved at table and stood behind their lord's chair, as the Black Prince and his best friends waited on King John of France, Joinville on the King of Navarre, Sir Thomas More on Cardinal Morton, and a whole 'mess of young lords' on Cardinal Wolsey.

¹ This and the following notes on education are taken from *Chivalry*, by the late Frank Warre-Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton, and the very perfect gentle housemaster of his time.

No doubt it was hard work, but it was honourable, and the compensations were great. The outdoor part of the education filled the larger half of the time-table: it began with wrestling, boxing, fives, and racquets, tilting at the ring and the quintain, and, better still, it included attendance on the lords and ladies at every kind of hunting party. There was not much study of books, but a great deal of music and singing. The squires who had charge of the pages were required 'to learn them to ride cleanly and surely, to draw them also to jousts, to learn them wear their harness (*i.e.* armour), to have all courtesy in words, deeds, and degrees . . . Moreover to teach them sundry languages and other learnings virtuous, to harp, to pipe, sing, dance . . . with corrections in their chambers.' And always there was before the boys the example of the knight, their housemaster, whose manners they imitated every day and whose fame they knew by heart. In time the best of them might hope to be the body squires of such a man—to arm him for tourney or for battle, to unhelm him when victorious or pick him up when defeated, possibly to bring him off from some great field, as the four brought Sir James Audley out of the scrimmage at Poitiers, and to leave to their descendants a coat of arms with an honourable augmentation from his own. In time they might themselves have squires and hand on the tradition they had received.

This was a very different education from that of the monastic school. Its defect was that it trained boys only for one kind of career, the career of soldiering and sport. Its great merit was that it made men, and not sneaks or bookworms, and that its direct objects were character and efficiency. What troubled

John de Grandisson and William of Wykeham was that the clerical education of their time aimed at neither of these ; its effort was directed to the making of sham Latinists and sham saints. But the world of chivalry, though limited, was a real world, a world of real needs and real feelings. It had no use for any pretended efficiency ; your fighting, your riding, your shooting, your singing, your courtesy, your love, were all put to the test of action, of competition, of risk, of life and death. Shamming and cramming were useless, for you were examined every day in the whole art of life by those who lived it on the same terms. And you obeyed them because you wished to be like them.

CHIVALRY OF TO-DAY

WILLIAM of Wykeham no doubt intended his new type of school to provide a training in the art of life, for he gave it the significant motto, 'Manners makyth Man.' To a certain extent he and those who followed his example at Eton and elsewhere did succeed in combining the merits of the two old forms of education : from the monastic system they took on the book learning without the espionage and the parrot-like repetition ; from the custom of the castles they adopted the principle of the boarding-house and the system of prefects, 'with corrections in their chambers.' But they had to provide for a society which was rapidly developing into many different classes and professions ; and among these the country gentlemen were only one class, and the soldiers a still smaller number. Education became more and more scholastic and less and less chivalrous : the tradition of the knights was kept alive, not by the school curriculum, but by the boys themselves, and thus a division crept in, for, however you may educate them in school hours, nearly all English boys are born to the love of fighting and of service.

This division between book learning and the life boys love continued for four hundred years—from 1393, when the premier public school was founded, down to 1793, when the Great War began. Then came twenty years of fighting, in which, to save Europe from Cæsarism,

England had to make a great and sustained effort both by sea and land. It was difficult but always possible to get the men for navy and army; what might well have seemed impossible was to find the officers. The old English navy had been worked by sea-dogs—the few gentlemen aboard were of little use, for they had not been trained to the profession. It was only after some heavy beatings from the Dutch that the Duke of York invented the modern midshipman—that is, the young gentleman born to the chivalrous tradition and bred to the sea. The sea-dog, with all his skill, was not first and foremost a fighting man; in the seventeenth century he was too often, when the pinch came, a dog with his tail down, going for home. By the time of Jervis and Nelson all that was forgotten; the training had been provided, the officer class was ready. The tradition had been successfully introduced and kept so perfectly that if the Black Prince and Chandos and Audley looked in upon the Nile and Trafalgar, they must have seen themselves reflected as in a mirror by Nelson and his captains, that ‘band of brothers’ who served and loved and died by all the rules of chivalry. And if the founders of the Garter still feast on St. George’s Day, as some have thought, in the castle of Windsor, it is likely enough that the Iron Duke sits with them, and Colborne and Ross, and Pack and Picton and Ponsonby, and they agree heartily about the meaning of war and honour, and wonder together at those who do not understand.

The boys of that generation were happy, because they felt that their education had a direct bearing upon life—the life they desired. Their letters show that whatever they learnt, they learnt with a single object

in view—to serve their country as soon as they reached the age for a commission. Wordsworth says they were taught too much book learning, and taught it badly. He was no doubt right, but beneath all the conventional elegance of the classical education they succeeded in finding the ideas they needed, the patriotism, the fellowship, and the love of fair play. They may have got it from their Homer and Virgil lessons; more likely they got it from their own tradition or from their masters out of school. In any case, their books did not trouble them long, for the navy took them at eleven, and the army at seventeen or even earlier.

But after Waterloo all this was changed; soldiering went into the background, and the old division between books and life began again. After forty years came the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny; when they were past, the boys of England took matters into their own hands, invented organised games, and revived the old passion for tournaments under many new forms. For thirty years the gulf between learning and athletics, between the training of the mind and the training of the body, widened every year. Some criticism began to be heard; the answer was that athletics trained the character as well as the bodily powers. Then came the Boer War; the army was outwitted in a new and peculiar kind of fighting, and a cry arose that we had wasted our time on mere games and sports, which were no preparation for war. The nation resented this cry, especially when uttered in verse; but it had truth in it: you may get from the playing-fields the moral qualities, such as leadership and endurance and fair-play, which are indispensable for war, but you cannot get the scientific training which is also indispensable. The

old school of mediæval chivalry gave both ; the squire who learned his business learned not only to be brave and serviceable and courteous, but to be master of the whole science of war as then practised. It was not for the making of 'records' or the amusement of idle afternoons that he gave and took those terrific tumbles in the lists : he was rehearsing shock tactics, and not infrequently the rehearsal was as deadly as the real thing. If our games are to be a thorough training for war, they must include throwing the bomb as well as the cricket ball, and racing not only in boats, but in aeroplanes and armoured cars. The same thing holds good of the non-military departments of life : a great deal of science is needed, and it must be taught if we are to live to the advantage of the commonwealth. Let it be taught then ; the matter is no longer seriously in dispute.

The fact remains that the more valuable element in war and the more difficult to make sure of, is the moral element, and for that there is nothing like the old English school tradition. In 1914 we began the Great War of our own time with an expeditionary force of seven divisions, unsurpassed for spirit, training, and equipment. The scientific part of their efficiency was due to Lord Haldane and those who carried out his organisation ; the moral part was due to the chivalric tradition, handed down in the rightly called 'gentle' class and fostered in the schools where they are bred. This is not a matter for mere self-congratulation ; it would be a national misfortune if any feeling were engendered which could increase the sense of class differences among us. But it would be an even greater misfortune if the truth were not recognised, for

our future development depends upon this recognition. The plain fact is that among the few absolutely vital elements of success in modern war, one, and that, perhaps, the most vital of all, has been supplied by our schools and universities. Our enemies were aware that if we could but gain the time, we might reach a certain number of enlistments and a certain output of material; what they openly denied to us was an adequate supply of officers, for they were certain that the necessary spirit of energy and self-sacrifice was dead among our wealthier class. Yet that class has not only made possible the winning of this war, it has proved to be almost the only trustworthy source of leadership. It follows that our hope for the future must lie in extending the tradition beyond the boundaries of class; and happily a great deal has already been done in this direction. There is more yet to be done. The better a tradition is, the more it should be spread by those who hold it; if this tradition is, as we believe, a noble one, it must ennoble all who receive it. There must be no exclusiveness, no *orgueil*, no looking down upon comrades, no talk of 'temporary gentlemen.' Everyone knows and recognises with admiration that in that first black year of the war our line was held by the men of birth—that is, by the great-grandsons of those who faced Napoleon a hundred years ago. They in their turn cannot fail to welcome to their fellowship the men from smaller schools and less known families who rushed in to take their places when they were decimated and exhausted. Harry the Fifth allowed coats of arms as of right to all who had fought with him in France. He would have approved the saying of a great Englishwoman in 1915: 'There are only two

classes now—those who have been in the trenches, and those who have not.'

The widening of the chivalric fellowship is the more vitally necessary because its principle is not one for soldiering only; it is good for all social life, national and international. If it were universally adopted it would free the world at once of both militarism and pacifism. The militarist cannot see that aggressive war is a monstrous and inhuman crime; the pacifist cannot see that to stand aside, in sight of wrong and oppression, is a monstrous and inhuman crime no less. Both agree in speaking of Peace as if it were simply the opposite of War, as if it were attained whenever physical force is not resisted by physical force. This is the peace experienced by Belgium and Servia after complete conquest by their enemies.

But if both militarist and pacifist are mistaken, are they both mistaken in the same way? They are not; their objects are different. The militarist aims at domination; for him there is no virtue in peace if only he can have power, for by his creed it is power alone which distinguishes a good State from a bad one. We need not stay to reason with those who hold this doctrine; it is contrary to the natural desire of all peoples for freedom and equal rights, and it has been professed by one nation only out of the nineteen or twenty now at war. The pacifist is in reality a greater danger to the world, for he desires what nearly all of us desire, but he thinks and feels about Peace confusedly, and he proposes to attain it by impossible means. In theory he would admit that it is a state of mind, a spiritual condition; but when it comes to practice he identifies it with physical passivity, the mere negation

of physical war. The man of peace, he says, will never be tempted to aggression. All civilised men will assent to this. He says, further, that the man of peace will rather submit to suffer wrong than oppose it by brute force. Few people have ever been able to act on this principle; many have professed it—in England a whole sect—but they have been led unconsciously into a false position, for they have practised their passive virtue under the protection of military and civil forces, maintained and administered by others for their benefit. Let us hasten to add that when war came the conscience of all honourable Quakers was touched by this reflection, and the majority of them, with a doubly heroic courage, gave themselves to the active service of their country in the fight against oppression. A remnant only hold still with the extreme pacifist, that the man of peace will never use force, even to defend the weak from oppression, women from outrage, children from massacre, and whole populations from the cruellest slavery. His own salvation, his own spiritual happiness, his own peace, requires that he should sacrifice not only his own life, but the life and happiness of his nearest and dearest, and the whole brotherhood of men, rather than strike a blow in their defence. This, they say, is demanded by the law of Christianity, which forbids man to hate his brother.

On this point chivalry long ago accepted and put in practice the law of Christianity. The soldier was not to hate his enemies; he was bound, by the brotherhood of arms, to honour them even while he did his best to defeat them, and no less when he had defeated them. This rule has not been kept invariably—it is not easy to honour men who have been guilty of bar-

barous cruelty and cold-blooded murder; but towards clean fighters it has been kept so often and so conspicuously that it has become not only a rule, but a custom among white men. The British soldier seldom feels hatred or ill-humour towards his enemies in the field; he fights hard, but he does not sing Hymns of Hate—he does not even resent the singing of them in the trenches opposite. The British airman, when he has killed an Immelmann or a Boelcke in the aerial lists, will plane down under fire to drop a wreath upon his grave. The officers of the *Sydney* cordially admired Captain Müller of the *Emden*, and the whole country heard with pleasure how Admiral von Spee, at a banquet in South America, rebuked an orator who spoke offensively of our Navy. No, hatred does not come of fighting between honourable men and according to the rules; it comes only of aggression and insolence and frightful cruelty, and against these man must defend the weak as he would defend them against wild beasts or maniacs.

War, then, will not destroy the soldier's peace, if he is a soldier of chivalry. On the contrary, the sense of service, of brotherhood, of self-sacrifice, may give him peace for the first time. 'I never knew what peace was before'—so men have written from the trenches in France. But the soldier inflicts pain and death? Certainly, and faces them too. Pain and death are incidents in the life of time; they come to all men sooner or later. The soldier sees them in their true light; he knows better than other men how little is the difference between 'sooner' and 'later' when compared with the eternal difference between honour and dishonour. His belief holds good for his enemy

as for himself; he will take from him his life or his power of fighting, but not his peace or his self-respect.

The pacifist desires to end all war. For this, too, chivalry has long ago provided. It aimed at ending, not war, but the main causes and evils of war, and if we now propose more sweeping measures, we must take care that our attempt is equally consistent with human nature. It will, at any rate, do no harm if we keep the old tradition in mind as an alternative. We have done, perhaps for ever, with the pageantry and symbolism of chivalry, but we shall see how far it is from being obsolete as a faith and a way of life if we imagine it formally refounded and its principles restated in modern fashion. It might reappear, perhaps, as follows :

THE UNIVERSAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ATTAINMENT OF PEACE

The object of this Society is the attainment of peace by the elimination of hatred from human affairs. Membership is free to all who are, or who wish to be, gentle, brave, loyal, and courteous.

The Society recognises no distinction of rank, creed, colour, or nationality.

RULES

(1) Members are bound to one another in all circumstances by the obligation of brotherhood.

(2) Every member shall be bound to forbear all men courteously, to deal honourably, to fight in a just quarrel and in no other.

(3) Every member shall bear himself in war without hatred, in pain or death without flinching, in defeat without complaining, in victory without insolence.

(4) Every member shall hold himself under a special obligation to help and serve those who are weak, poor, or suffering, and particularly women and conquered enemies.

This prospectus was written many years ago, during the first winter of the South African War, as part of a reply to the pacifists of that generation; and for the purposes of argument it was composed after a formal and scientific pattern. It does not perfectly express the tradition which has come down to us, for chivalry, though it once had some of the forms of an institution, is not really an institution, but an ideal, a personal standard of conduct communicated by the touch of a personal fire. The writer who imagined this Association for Peace looked forward to seeing the chivalrous ideal spread from the older schools and older families to the younger and newer, a long and gradual process, which might in time bridge the gaps between social classes, but not the old gulf between the life and the education of boys. He could not foresee that a high-spirited and ingenious soldier, then busy with the defence of Mafeking, would, when the war was over, solve both these problems by one simple device.

Colonel Baden Powell, desiring like others to spread more widely the tradition which he had inherited, did not, like others, confine his hopes to spreading it slowly from the centre to the circumference of the English boy world. He went straight to the outer circle, to the youngest and least wealthy class, to the great mass whose schools and schooling were then of so recent a date that they could not yet be said to have any tradition of their own of any kind. These boys he

summoned to be Scouts. The Scout Law which he set before them is the Law of what our ancestors called 'the Noble and High Order of Knighthood'—the law of honour, loyalty, brotherhood, and courtesy, and especially of service to women and children, to the old and to the weak or suffering. The astonishing and almost world-wide success of the movement is due to the method of the call. It is not an appeal to the intellect, nor a habit imposed by teaching, nor even a reminder of inherited pride—it is a personal invitation to play the game of life after the manner most desired by the heart of boys. Come and make yourself a man, with a man's life; not a narrow, shut-in life, selfish or idle or entirely specialised, but a useful, friendly, all-round life, with a wide outlook on the world you live in and the people you live among. Take the full happiness of life, the happiness of serving, loving, befriending, and defending—the happiness of fighting and conquering all that is difficult or dangerous or devilish, whether in men or circumstances. Play games, for recreation, but not too seriously, because when they are serious they are neither quite games nor quite the real thing. The real thing is mastery, the power to use the world and all its resources, and hand it on improved to those who come after you. One joy of this mastery is what is called sport—the joy of pitting your courage, your endurance, or your skill against others, men, animals, or mechanisms; better still if it is team work, and best of all if it is the great hazard of life and death, in the service of a cause that is worth a man's life. To gain this mastery, to fit yourself for such a service, you must accept the training offered you, and you must help to train yourself; learn to do everything that man

can do, learn the wood-craft of an Indian trapper and the multifarious handicrafts of a modern soldier; learn to ride and run and march and swim, not for the sake of a prize or a record, but for the power to serve your country. Above all, learn to admire men and obey them, that in your time you may understand men and lead them; learn the history and the languages of great nations; learn the lives and the adventures of great men, and the thoughts and feelings they have recorded in their books; learn to be a man yourself, not a half-developed or lop-sided creature, but a man full grown, full of all life that can be got from men and spent for men again.

This organisation, this school for Happy Warriors, is open not only to English and Welsh, Scottish and Irish, not only to the nations of the Commonwealth, but to all nations whatever, and it has already been accepted by several who are not of our own kindred. It offers to the whole world what the old chivalry offered to a single class, a fighting ideal and a scientific training. The militarist will hate and fear it, for it forbids his existence: the pacifist will reject it, for it teaches clear instead of confused thinking, and service rather than personal salvation. But the great majority of our people will accept it readily, for it is in accordance with the tradition of one class and the instinct of all. From this time onward we may hope that the tradition will become the tradition of all; it is vain to believe that it can ever be obsolete. The time may come when fighting will be infrequent, but so long as there remain in the world wild beasts, savages, maniacs, autocrats, and worshippers of Woden, there will always be the possibility of it, the necessity for the indignant heart

and the ready hand. And even if the possibility were done away, man must still keep the soldier's faith, for human life itself is a warfare, in which there is no victory but by the soldier's virtues, and no security but in their faithful transmission. Peace is given only to the Happy Warrior, in life or in death.

HIC JACET

Qui in hoc sæculo fideliter militavit.

He that has left hereunder
The signs of his release,
Feared not the battle's thunder
Nor hoped that wars should cease ;
No hatred set asunder
His warfare from his peace.

Nor feared he in his sleeping
To dream his work undone,
To hear the heathen sweeping
Over the lands he won ;
For he has left in keeping
His sword unto his son.



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